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LASELL LEAVES



Vol. XXXVIII

No. I

October, 1912

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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

Vol. XXXVIII

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GARDNER HALL

Literary



THE BACKSLIDER

"Girls, come on in my room, *I* have a plan," called Ruth Pine as she swung up the corridor to her room. Her four chums ambled in expecting any sort of a wild suggestion because one of Ruth's weaknesses was forming impossible ideas. Peggy Moffat, a small, pretty girl, Nan Armitage, dark and slender, Nell Ward, a stout good-natured girl and Flo Parker constituted the visitors who lounged on the beds and chairs in the cozy little room. Ruth, herself was of a common type, not pretty but jolly and always game. Crackers and peanut butter were served or rather grabbed, a pair of scissors and a paper cutter serving the purpose of knife.

"Well, Rufus, out with it!" mumbled Nan.

"Yes, what is it this time, be careful though," warned Peggy, as she reached for another saltine.

"Yes, for heaven's sake, Ruth, don't suggest any more walks to Boston. No six mile tramp for mine," Flo chimed in.

"No, girls, but listen! What do you think

of a full dress reception to be given half an hour after 'lights out?' No sneaking or underhand fooling about it. Just have the lights go on, the orchestra begin a selection, and the reception commence."

Speechless amazement followed. The jar of peanut butter was halted in mid-air. Not a sound was heard in the room for a minute.

"Great! Bully! *You* have a head. At last an inspiration. Fine idea," exclaimed the girls, all talking at the same time.

"Yes, but would all the girls be game or would they back out at the last minute?" suggested Ruth.

"Well, I should hope not! I for one would be right there with the rest. You couldn't keep me away," boasted Peggy.

"Of course, any girl of the right kind would be game for a harmless lark like this," said another.

Suggestions, arguments, disputes, and all sorts of arrangements followed. Every detail was minutely discussed. Other girls were called in. Great enthusiasm was shown immediately. Various committees were ap-

pointed. The orchestra and receiving line were selected. Everyone entered into the right spirit. Forty girls vowed they would come. Then the question of gowns was brought up. Full dress was to be the rule. The affair was to outshine the select receptions given by the four hundred. It would take place that evening at ten-thirty.

In Miss Partridge's select school for young ladies, it was the rule for lights to go out at ten o'clock. They went out. But tonight at ten thirty they went on again. A green screen which usually concealed the washstand now partly concealed an orchestra. And such an orchestra! The signal was given. Soft strains were heard. They were strains indeed. Mouth organs and combs covered with tissue paper were predominant. Five beautifully gowned young ladies formed the receiving line. Gorgeous French creations, evening capes, aigrettes, plumes, vivid cloaks, and capes and jewels flashed among the furniture and floral display. Many important personages were present. All indulged freely in society small talk and a delicious beverage sometimes referred to as punch. This latter was served from a tall slender white pitcher. Suddenly a hush fell upon the assembly. Everybody had been taken down the receiving line at least twice, all had partaken of the "punch." Permit me to insert here that it was slightly flavored with lemon. But some one was missing. Peggy Moffat, the girl who had been the first to sanction the entertainment had not put in an appearance. Perhaps she had met some one and been detained. Of course, that was it. Peg would never squeal or desert her friends. The party broke up rather suddenly. Everyone told the hostess what a charming evening she had spent and all departed in various conveyances.

The following morning Flo met Peggy in the hall. "Well, you are a dandy, why didn't you show up last night?" "Missed the time of your life, Peg."

"Did *you* really think I would come to

that? I was only joking when I said I would," replied Peggy, rather confusedly, "Now don't be silly about it, Flo," hurrying after her.

But Flo had another engagement somewhere.

Christine Charles.

THE IDEAL LASELL GIRL

The girl who's strong—her health unmarred
By foolish risks, she'll not retard
Her crew next spring on River Day,
The others by her strength she'll sway
Until they win a hard fought race.
Ah, she is one to set a pace
For the ideal Lasell girl!

The girl who works—no, not a grind,
Nor must she have a brilliant mind;
But one who's not ashamed to say
She has her lessons every day,
Or does at least her very best.
She'll surely stand the hardest test
Of the ideal Lasell girl.

The girl who's happy, full of fun
And in for play when work is done;
She doesn't try to break a rule,
Or tell how she would run the school
If she were head. With all the rest
She likes to show the life and zest
Of the ideal Lasell girl.

The girl who knows what's wrong and right,
And shows she's steadfast e'en in spite
Of strong temptations, not afraid
To see that conscience's debts are paid.
It's just because she's right at heart,
That she's a necessary part
Of the ideal Lasell girl.

The girl who helps—is always there
With greeting smile a load to share;
Unselfishly she tries to give
A helping hand, each day to live
So someone's glad. She scatters seed;
The harvest reaps a golden deed
Of the ideal Lasell girl.

The girl who's there—to study, play,
To help somebody every day,
To stand for right, and try to gain,
A lasting health and strength, to train
The mind for work and joy and fun—
Let's all of us, each, every one
Be the ideal Lasell girl.

—Mildred Westervelt, '12

SEND IT IN

If you have a bit of news, send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse, send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you! Send it in.

LASELL AND THE COMMUNITY

One of the topics suggested for the weekly prayer meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society by their enterprising leaders is "You Can Do Better." Thousands of societies are holding interesting and profitable services every week, hundreds of thousands of young people are constantly developing in nobility of character and personal power, societies are multiplying, membership is increasing, and efficiency is being augmented, yet the topic is "You Can Do Better." That is the spirit that refuses the "dope" of success achieved and demands movement toward the heights. That is today's version of the "Excelsior" of the good Cambridge poet.

There is so much that is happy in the relations already existing between the Seminary and the Village, there is such a complete absence of everything that borders upon hostility, that the carping critic would be compelled to look elsewhere for a field of operation. Long ago Mme. Grundy lost her job here and moved on to more congenial parts.

The friendship existing between the school and this "loveliest village of the plain" is not a recent creation. It is historic. There are no grudges to be paid, no unpleasant traditions to be outlived. It is only fair to say that it has been developing with the years and is now firmer, stronger than ever before. We now have more happy memories behind us to make us feel that the tie that binds us is indissoluble. More teachers and students have gone out into the world's work with a love for this village and its people in their hearts. More of the residents of Auburndale have accepted the courtesies offered by the Seminary and been profited by the lectures and entertainments to which they have listened within its walls. Warm personal friendships have been developed between teachers and students on the one hand and the dwellers in Auburndale on

the other. Such facts as these indicate some of the reasons for the growing affection between Lasell and Auburndale. We residents of this village realize that this institution for the training of young women here in our midst brings to us a delightful social and intellectual atmosphere, assures the presence of fine young people with their abounding life, their contagious good cheer, their enlivening enthusiasms, and brings to us as citizens, teachers whose helpful personalities we would otherwise have never known. Instructors and pupils alike are awake to the high privilege of living for a limited time at least in a place of such unusual natural beauty and containing so many able men and women, some of whom are known not only throughout this land but also all over the world.

One of the limitations of almost every institution like Lasell or like our New England colleges is its isolation. Young men and women in school and college need among other things to be trained for helpful living in the community. Yet most of these young people while in school constitute a community within a community. Their studies and recreations absorb their time and strength, so that they know little of what is going on in the larger community of which they are a part. This is not good training for citizenship in such a land as ours. Young people should know the problems of their own city and should share in their solution.

I know that the practical difficulty is great. There are obvious reasons why young people, especially young women should be carefully guarded in their work outside the school walls. But the problem is not insoluble. Some of our colleges are solving it by giving their students real community work to do under a thoroughly competent guardianship and supervision. This is one thing in which some day we shall learn to "do better."

May I, with all modesty, offer certain suggestions which bear upon this subject.

The church is an important factor in the development of the community life, especially in a village like ours. In the churches the people come together not only for common worship, but also for fellowship and the expression of friendly interest in each other. Why could we not have in the churches of Auburndale the active membership of the Christian young people who come to Lasell? In certain cases letters have been brought from the home church to the church in Auburndale which the student elects to attend during her stay at the Seminary. This has been a great help in developing the unity of school and community life. If this is not done why could we not adopt the plan in use at so many of our colleges by which young people at school take the "wayside covenant." In this way they become associate members of the church of their choice while students without removing their membership from the home church.

Last year one of the able instructors at the Seminary conducted a Teacher Training Class for the Teachers in the Sunday School of our village. This was a real community service rendered by the Seminary through one of its faculty. Why could not this service be continued and extended? Why could not teachers in Lasell, and the older students become teachers and helpers in the Sunday Schools of the village? Help of this nature is greatly needed and the competent workers are here.

The principal of the Seminary is now the president of the Village Improvement Society and of the Good Government Club. This means much. It gives visible expression to the confidence of the people in the principal of the school, and to the intelligent interest of the school in the welfare of the village. Why could not teachers and students follow the example of the principal and aid in securing and equipping a suitable playground for the children of the village, and in doing other things that need to be done for the betterment of our civic conditions.

The Seminary has been exceedingly kind and generous in providing lectures to which the general public has been invited. It is not fair that the expense for such delightful and profitable evenings should be met by the Seminary alone. Further cooperation is surely possible and desirable here. By working together in such ways as these we can strengthen the already strong band of friendship existing between Lasell and its enthusiastic supporters in this community. May this friendship strengthen with the years and become an ever increasing blessing to all who share its joys.

*Rev. William C. Gordon,
Pastor of the Auburndale Cong. Church.*

THE CALL OF THE CLOISTER

Many years ago, when but a young man, I spent a winter in Southern California. Almost every nook in that region was visited, I think, but my most novel experiences were had while travelling in an unconventional way. Memorable among those interesting days is one beautiful March evening closing a day spent in riding on my horse through golden poppy fields, breathing in the intoxicating air laden with flower-scents, on its way from the snow capped mountains. Tired out and still several hours from home, as it neared sunset, I decided to beg a night's shelter at the mission near-by, and rode up to the large building, its whiteness gleaming in the sunshine against the background of huge eucalyptus and graceful pepper trees. The atmosphere was one of peace and quiet. In the tower at the other end, the three great bells hung silent, and the crumbling vine-covered stairway leading up to them was deserted.

As I came into the yard, the impression of complete desertion was broken by the appearance of a single figure, one of the brothers clad in his dark simple robe. He greeted me, introduced himself as Brother Francis, and when he heard my plight, graciously and gently offered a night's entertainment. Together we put up the horse, and then he led me up the broad steps of the mission, through its heavy wooden

door and into the main chapel. Here as we moved through softly, I had a fleeting impression of a long, dim, and refreshingly cool room, and of a candle-lighted altar before which knelt two or three worshippers, then from a narrow hallway we passed into a small white-walled room, where the brother left me with a bowl of cold water and a coarse, fresh towel. The furniture of the room consisted of a chair, a washstand, and a rude cot with a crucifix over it.

Presently my host returned, and conducted me to the refectory where I met the other monks and shared with them their simple evening meal. After we had eaten, my friend took me into the court where were the monastery gardens. No woman had ever stepped foot within this enclosure, and few men other than the brothers, so that I doubly appreciated the privilege of being allowed to enjoy its beauty. The court was closed on two sides by the mission arcades, on another by a high vine-clad wall of cypress trees. The precise beds of lovely plants and flowers were divided by gravel pathways, and centered about a shimmering pool in a high basin in the middle. Seating ourselves on the low steps surrounding this pool, facing a large image of of the Saviour on the cross, relieved against the dark wall of cypress foliage beyond, we fell a-musing, speaking little. I studied Brother Francis interestedly as a new type of acquaintance. He was, seemingly, comparatively young, wore his hair closely cropped, and the usual garb of his order, severe in its simplicity; but in his steady grey eyes, which seemed to look beyond his surroundings, lay great charm and seen in the dusk, the lines of his face spoke of sorrow overcome by peace.

After one of our periods of silence, I remarked, "The beauty and quietude of this cloister garden appeal to me; there is a strain in us all with which solitude accords at times very strongly. One would surely know many an interesting story, if he but heard in what ways the call to this quiet life has come to the brothers who have lived here."

"Yes, indeed, friend," was his soft reply. "There is one old tale, which has been handed down for a hundred years, about one of the brothers, a story most sad and most interesting. Would you care to hear it?"

Scarcely daring to say how very glad I should be of this rare treat, I asked him to proceed, and as the dusk deepened into starlit night, he told me this tale, while we sat in the sweet-scented garden.

"It was many years ago in California's early days, when the great redwood forests were unbroken and our Spanish ancestors held sway, that a certain Don Carlo lived in a small settlement a few miles from here. They say he was valiant as few are, tall and handsome withal, so that it was no wonder that Brinca, a child of the neighborhood, even as a little girl loved this lad. They lived but a little distance apart, and their lives were intertwined throughout the years. When Brinca came into the bloom of maidenhood, not in the whole country-side was there a lass to compare with her in charm and beauty. Brinca of the carmine lips and shining jetty hair. But it was her eyes that dazzled, that captivated every one, and her flirtations were many, for she was a gay lass. These annoyed Don Carlo sorely, and none the less when he remembered her wrath whenever he chanced to show his admiration for another. Once he had taken another village girl to a dance, and it had been many a day before Brinca would deign to give him a glance, although her love for him always triumphed in the end. Her only other keen interest in life, was in the great outside world, which she did not know, having left Spain as a tiny girl. The village padre, a learned man, often read and talked to her about the great cities and wonderful sights of the world, while she listened with rapt interest.

"Finally Don Carlo's passionate pleadings won Brinca, and she promised herself to him. The bans were duly read in the little church, and one day the padre joined them in the holy bonds. The story runs that they had

joy in plenty during those first few weeks and months, and for them, the whole world seemed to centre in the little house covered with Gold of Ophir roses.

"But, ah, friend, black days came too soon. A traveller happened into the little town, whence no one knew. He was very different in appearance from the Spanish men,—a tall, fair Englishman, who had traveled the wide world over, and had had many a strange adventure. Don Carlo generously asked the newcomer to share the joy of their home, and frequently during the following weeks, the handsome stranger took the opportunity of seeing Brinca's black eyes flash and soften in understanding sympathy as he told her of his travels. He was a fiend. He came to love the girl-wife, fascinated by her beauty, and realizing her longing to see the world, and availing himself of this weakness, he offered her everything if she would only go with him. At last Don Carlo suspected, and one afternoon before going to work in the olive grove, he chided her, and forbade her to see the stranger again. Friend, that night when he came back to the little home, *Brinca was gone!*

"They tell of her husband's cursing, of his raging all that night, of his silence in the morning, when he was again calm but gloomy. Sad and sullen, he worked alone among the scenes of his ruined happiness for a few days, and then came, a broken man, to the mission, begging entrance. Here the monks would be kind, and would not question him maddeningly, nor look with such unendurably pitying eyes upon his sad face, and in rendering services to the Indians he might find peace. So, all the fire of his youth quenched, he came hither.

"He labored earnestly in the work of the mission for a few months, but was ever brooding, for of Brinca he never heard. Long before his time he grew aged, and in ten years or so, his strength had become so impaired and his mind so weakened, that he was as a child and could do nothing but work in the

gardens. This, however, was his pride, and here he spent many days with the flowers, loving to sit alone on these very steps, even far into the night. Often, too, he prayed before the altar, and often sat in the tower where the great bells hang, gazing out over the country, and watching the few passers-by on the road just below.

"One evening at sunset, one of the brothers who was going up the stairs to the tower, saw a gay and beautiful young girl riding past. Just then he heard a hoarse cry from the tower, but rushing up, found no one. He looked down in the garden, and there, still and quiet in a clump of flowers, lay Don Carlo—*dead*. The brothers thought that he must have believed the passing maid to be his beloved Brinca, and in his eagerness leaned out to reach her, thus falling to his death.—So, friend, you see how Don Carlo came to the call of the cloister."

I drew a deep breath as we quietly rose to go indoors. Ah, this must be the secret of the mystery of the old missions,—the lingering spirits of the brothers who have gone before, who have felt the summons to a life of quiet, seclusion, loving work for others, and meditation on holy things, and some, who, perhaps, like the poor Spanish Carlo, never found in these fully the forgetfulness sought.

Georgina Fankboner, '12.

JOKES

"Your money or your life," shouted the foot-pad.

"Take my life; I'm saving my money for my old age."—*Ex.*

A green little Senior, on a fine sunny day,
Some chemicals mixed in a green little way;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Seniors' green little grave.
—*Ex.*

Classified.

"How do you like your new son-in-law?"

"Well, I've just put him on the list of my poor relations."—*Detroit Free Press.*



Such points of interest as the "Haunted House," and the canoe course, brought forth many exclamations of joy and rapture; and many were heard to exclaim, "Do you suppose I can make the canoe club?" or, "Aren't you crazy about canoeing?" We hope girls, that your enthusiasm will not have decreased by spring.

On Friday evening the old girls serenaded the new by singing the Lasell songs, and by giving a "Ho-e-la," at each house for the newcomers. They were much encouraged by the applause received at Hawthorne and Bancroft cottages.

On Thursday evening, October third, we were glad to welcome back Dr. Vincent, who delivered his first lecture to us on, "Washington Irving." It was greatly enjoyed by all, and we are impatiently awaiting the time when he again comes to us.

The opening night of school this year, September twenty-fifth, saw more than two hundred girls assembled in the dining-room. Mr. Fletcher, the leading florist of Auburn-dale, had decorated the tables with flowers which were a credit to any greenhouse. The usual orchestra for dinner and for dancing afterwards made all signs of homesickness disappear. The evening was spent in dancing and in making many new acquaintances. About nine o'clock frivolities were interrupted by the Seniors, who entered the gymnasium in a body, and forming a circle gave their yell and announced their class officers to a breathless audience. The officers are: President, Georgina Fankboner, Vice-President, Elizabeth Linn, Secretary, Josephine Clapp, Treasurer, Mary Fenno, Yell Master, and Sentinel, Edna Mathias.

On Friday and Saturday afternoons, both the new and the old girls were taken for a launch ride. The weather was ideal, and the new girls seemed to be delighted and impressed by the beauty of the Charles River.

Saturday evening, September twenty-eighth, we were all summoned to the gymnasium for a frolic, under the auspices of the Missionary and Christian Endeavor societies. At the door of the gymnasium each person received a letter P. or H. or D. or Y. and then went to her respective corner, which was shown by banners. First on the programme was an athletic contest between Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth. The Relay race was really a race to see who could eat five saltine crackers, and whistle first. Then came the standing broad jump, which was replaced by "Broad Grin," and the 100 yd. dash consisted of winding a thread around your tongue in order to reach the marshmallow at the end of it. Dr. Winslow had hard luck with his, but Miss Potter got along splendidly. The shot put, was dropping beads into a small glass. At various intervals the gym was rocked by the various college yells and cheers. For each stunt two delegates were sent on to the stage to represent their college making eight on the stage at one time.

Miss Warner acted as judge and Ruth Ketcham as time keeper. The two colleges receiving the greatest number of points, had a tug of war. Yale and Harvard met in this mighty conflict, and Yale came out the winner. A grand march, with our noted pianist, Miss Swanger, at the piano, led by Miss Fankboner, brought us to the "Ice Cream Cone" stand. It is needless to say that was appreciated. We were then entertained by the impersonation and reading of two poems, "Maude Muller," and "Barbara Freitchie." The soldiers taking part in the latter were truly veterans and the country should be proud of them. We almost fell in love with Isabel when she rode in on her fiery steed.

Between the contest and the grand march, May Joseph favored us with, "Alaska," and Ruth Thresher with, "Colombo." After "Good Night, Ladies," the company disbanded to their rooms, having spent a jolly evening.

Saturday afternoon we were given the great honor and pleasure of hearing Baroness Bertha von Suttner speak on "The Scholar's Duty to Promote International Friendship." The Baroness is sixty-eight years old and is a cousin of Count Morti Cuculi, the present commander of the Austrian Navy. Her book, "Down With Arms," aroused all of Europe, and it was through her that the first Peace Conference at the Hague was instigated; and she has the honor of being the only woman present. The following message was given to us by her, and we are more than glad to pass it on to our readers:

"Universal peace is sure to come, but only step by step—and you must *take* the steps."

Last Saturday evening, October fifth, a dance was given for the new girls. We began to assemble at half past seven, and about eight the grand march began, led by Miss Fankboner and her partner. The girls all looked

very pretty in their many colored evening gowns, and although the floor was crowded, everyone had a good time. The "orchestra" furnished us with delightful music, and it was with reluctance that we heeded the persistent call of the nine-thirty bell.

EXCHANGES

We have come again to the beginning of a new school year with all its hopes and ambitions for the future as well as high ideals in school work. Sharing all these are the school magazines, recorders of all local events as well as those of outside interest, and to them we extend our heartiest wishes for success during the coming year: to the new ones which we hope to see on our Exchange shelf this year, and to the old ones which in the past have come faithfully month after month, and to which we are looking forward eagerly to seeing again. We want the co-operation of you all in our work in the criticisms of our magazine in all of its departments, for we want it to be of interest to others than those directly connected with it, and these criticisms, friendly and otherwise, are one of the greatest helps toward this. We want to thank you for all you have done in this direction in the past and again we wish you the most successful year you have ever experienced.

The sentence was "I hope he'll come with all four limbs intact."

Mlle. (to Elsie Wight)—Can you tell us what we have been reading about?

Elsie—Well, at first I thought it was a man, but now I see it's an animal.

"Possessed an air and grace by no means common."—*Myrtle Ellis.*

"The hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."—*The dining room at dinner hour.*

"A maiden modest and yet self-possessed."—*Charlotte Joseph.*

"Silence is the best ornament of woman."—*Helen Wise.*



HELP!!!

During one of the class reunions last June a member of the faculty told the following interesting narrative. .

"The members of the faculty were assembled at their regular weekly meeting. After the routine matters had been considered and completed the new business came in order, which of course meant the time for suggestions and ideas of all kinds.

"One of the newer members of the faculty spoke up somewhat in this way: 'I have noticed among the girls under my charge an apparent growing disposition to break up into cliques in friendship and companionship. Doubtless you have all observed a similar tendency among the other girls. I do not need to argue the undesirability of such a condition. Lasell stands for equality and democracy.'

"Obviously this is a matter that requires some tact and care in handling. We cannot force a fraternal feeling. It should be inspired naturally and gradually become a habit. I would suggest, however, that there is one place in which the school may interpose

a rule that will seem reasonable and that will work towards the desired object.

"The girls, as you know on their daily walks, which form a part of their exercises, are accustomed to go in threes. My idea is that the teacher in charge shall assign the companions on these walks, so that on the seven days of the week the students shall have different associates. Take my group of fifteen girls for instance. On Monday A would walk with B and C, on Tuesday with D and E, etc. Likewise on Monday B walks with A and C, on Tuesday with F and G and so on.

"The idea met with immediate approval. Some of those who were more inclined to classics than to mathematics asked her to draw up a plan by which it would be made certain that with fifteen girls, assigned in groups of three on the seven days of the week, no girls should walk with the same companion on any two days."

That's where the trouble started.

"Certainly," said the young teacher, "just a minute" and she started the figure it out on paper.

"Five minutes later she appealed to a fellow

member for help. A little later another member volunteered aid. Shortly afterwards every available authority was impressed into the hunt for the solution. It was only after several days that the right solution was found."

The editors of *The Leaves*, upon hearing the story, decided it was a pretty good one and agreed that it was worth printing in this number.

It was also decided to print the names of the first ten who send to the editor the correct solution.

The following is a list of pupils registered:

Ruth M. Adt, New Haven, Conn.; Frances D. Allen, Akron, O.; Mildred L. Ames, Westfield, N. Y.; Winifred M. Anthony, New Haven, Conn.; Helen C. Baird, Austin, Minn.; Katharine Baker, Lynchburg, Va.; Sophie R. Barrett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Olive F. Bates, Hanover, Mass.; Margrethe M. Bauman, Grayling, Mich.; Juliette B. Beach, New Milford, Conn.; Marian Beach, New Milford, Conn.; Edna M. Beaver, Norwood, Mass.; Esther S. Beidelman, Montreal, Can.; Genevieve M. Bettcher, New Haven, Conn.; Irene M. Bezner, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Hortense Bienenstok, Chicago, Ill.; M. Hannah Bingaman, Plainfield, N. J.; Irene L. Bollman, Tuscola, Ill.; Lois M. Brader, Lehighton, Pa.; Bertha G. Bradley, Gloucester, Mass.; Doris A. Brien, Boston, Mass.; Alma L. Bunch, Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy M. Bushnell, Mansfield, O.; Helen M. Beaty, Warren, Pa.; Dorothy Canfield, Los Angeles, Cal.; Helen S. Carothers, Pontiac, Mich.; Catherine G. Carter, Lynchburg, Va.; Christine Charles, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Helen J. Christian, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mildred M. Christian, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Josephine Clapp, Toledo, O.; Beatrice F. Cobb, Newton, Mass.; Madeline G. Cobb, Newton, Mass.; Isabelle M. Collins, Bainbridge, N.Y.; Aimee J. Cohen, New York City; Frances N. Comstock, Wellsville, N. Y.; Pauline M. Cook, Salida, Colo.; Frances B. Cox, Dorchester, Mass.; Elise C. Craddock, Lynchburg, Va.; Mary L. Cummings, Claremont, N. H.; Marion Cutting, Chicago, Ill.; Mildred Cutting, Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy W. Dale, Omaha, Neb.; Dorothy C. Darrow, La Porte, Ind.; Rosalie Davies, Westfield, N. J.; Constance H. Davis, Portland, Ore.; Ruth P. Davis, Galveston, Tex.; Lillian M. Davison, Charleston, W. Va.; Gratia deZouche, Troy, N. Y.; L. Griselda Downs, Orange, N. J.; Ruth Decker, Orange, N. J.; Myrtle C. Ellis, Battle Creek, Mich.; Myra C. Eby, Harrisburg, Pa.; Bess E. Emery, Fostoria, O.; Angeline E. Emery, Albany, N. Y.; Ruth Emley, Huntington, Ind.; Florene M. Evans, Cincinnati, O.; Georgina Fankboner, Marion, Ind.; Mary A. Fenno, Canton, Mass.; Rachel H. Field, Northampton, Mass.; Dorothy Fink, Reading, Pa.; Mabel C. Flagler, Mechanicville, N. Y.; Marcia J. Fogg, Biddeford, Me.; Dorothy C. Franck, Boston, Mass.; Alice R. Frasch, Seattle, Wash.; Muriel M. Fuller, Los Angeles, Cal.; Monserrate Gallardo, Nahuabo, Porto Rico; Marion F. Gibbons, Roslindale, Mass.; Dorothy Gilbert, New Haven, Conn.; Gladys S. Goodman, Hartford, Conn.; Dora E. Goodwillie, Oak Park, Ill.; Theresa Gordon, Sharon, Mass.; Dorothy S. Greene, Cossackie, N. Y.;

Margaret Gregson, Morgan Park, Ill.; Marion M. Griffin, Bloomfield, Conn.; Laura S. Hale, S. Glastonbury, Conn.; Florence L. Hallock, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Lois C. Hammond, Rockville, Conn.; Mary E. Hanchette, Ft. Madison, Ia.; Frances M. Harris, Rumford, Me.; Hazel E. Harris, Orleans, Vt.; Marion A. Harris, St. Louis, Mo.; Dorothy F. Hartshorne, Gardner, Mass.; Evelyn L. Hauser, Evanston, Ill.; Maude J. Hayden, Dorchester, Mass.; Amelia S. Hill, Colon, Mich.; Caroline E. Hill, Pontiac, Mich.; Katharine A. Hoag, Ogden, Utah; Mildred E. Hotchkiss, Ansonia, Conn.; Florence Humbird, Spokane, Wash.; Katharine Humbird, Spokane, Wash.; Elizabeth A. Hurlburt, Hartford, Conn.; Edna M. Hyde, Prince Rupert, B. C.; Marion Jackson, Flint, Mich.; Frances L. Johnson, Greenport, L. I.; Barbara A. Jones, Paris, Ill.; Wilhelmina E. Joscelyn, Gardiner, Me.; Charlotte G. Joseph, Stonington, Conn.; May A. Joseph, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Viola Kafka, New Haven, Conn.; Marian L. Keefer, Mechanicville, N. Y.; Martha W. Keith, Middleboro, Mass.; Lena V. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.; Josephine E. Kenower, Huntington, Ind.; Ruth E. Ketcham, Oak Park, Ill.; Sadie G. Kivlan, Fitchburg, Mass.; Gertrude C. Knickerbocker, Albion, N. Y.; Mildred E. Koch, Cincinnati, O.; Carolyn F. Lawton, Sheffield, Ill.; Gertrude L. Lay, Westfield, Mass.; Ernestine F. Lederer, Terre Haute, Ind.; Bertine W. Libby, Cleveland, O.; Grace M. Lindsay, Helena, Mont.; Frances E. Lindstedt, Worcester, Mass.; Mary Kathryn Link, Springfield, Mo.; Elizabeth H. Linn, Brookline, Mass.; Edith R. Littauer, Yonkers, N. Y.; Margaret S. Livermore, Providence, R. I.; Louise E. Lucas, Johnstown, N. Y.; Hazel F. Lynch, Worcester, Mass.; Evelyn Lebowich, Boston, Mass.; Clara P. MacDonald, Guanajuato, Mex.; Etta E. MacMillan, Providence, R. I.; Lelia P. Maddocks, Gloucester, Mass.; Edna Mathias, Joliet, Ill.; Ruth A. McCracken, Paxton, Ill.; Florence L. McKittrick, Winnipeg, Man.; Carolyn B. Moe, Duluth, Minn.; Gwendolyn N. Nelson, Somerville, Mass.; Ruby H. Newcomb, S. Hadley Falls, Mass.; Marion H. Newland, Newport, Vt.; Edna Nichols, Minneapolis, Minn.; Clara L. Paton, Leominster, Mass.; Dorothy P. Payne, Vera Cruz, Mex.; Inez K. Payne, Vera Cruz, Mex.; Ruth A. Perry, Pawtucket, R. I.; Alison C. Pitblado, Winnipeg, Man.; Esther C. Porter, Higganum, Conn.; Mildred M. Post, New York City; Mary L. Quick, Muncie, Ind.; June Raymond, Belmont, Mass.; Katharine L. Richmond, Boone, Ia.; Emma S. Robinson, West Haven, Conn.; Lenette M. Rogers, S. Carver, Mass.; Helen S. Rollins, Rochester, N. Y.; Beatrice F. Roos, Scranton, Pa.; Pauline B., Rouse, Noonan, N. Dak.; Mary E. Rubert, Howell, Mich.; Evelyn C. Schmidt, Lynn, Mass.; Lillian M. Schwartz, Cincinnati, O.; Lucile Scott, Temple, Tex.; Hazel E. Shaw, Worcester, Mass.; Marion H. Shaw, Greenfield, Mass.; Florence M. Shields, Bombay, N. Y.; Dorothy B. Smith, Brockton, Mass.; Eleanor E. Smith, Danielson, Conn.; Mildred R. Smith, W. Barrington, R. I.; Olive M. Smith, Red Deer, Alta.; Margaretta R. Spooner, Harrisburg, Pa.; Sarah E. Springall, Malden, Mass.; Dorothy Steele, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Katharine Steele, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Regina L. Stern, East Las Vegas, N. Mex.; Marie T. Stockman, Newton Highlands, Mass.; Helen E. Stockwell, Sharon, Mass.; M. Cornelia Stone, Kankakee, Ill.; Ada E. Swanger, Marion, Ind.; Charlotte Swartwout, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Alva L. Thomas, Lansford, Pa.; Merriam Thomas, Franklin, Pa.; Ruth

(Continued on page 16)

EDITORIAL



WELCOME

Welcome to the new girls is the thought that fills our hearts at this autumn time of the year. Welcome to each and every one. We wish you all the happiest and most fruitful year of your lives. May you make many fast true friendships which will last through all the years to come. When your conscience says that you are shirking your work or duty, ask yourself if you are living up to the standard set for you by the folks at home? Are you fulfilling their expectations? Are you making them feel proud that they have sent you here? But above all have you the right spirit? No one knows what a world of cheer may be in the little words "good morning" said in the right way. What you do does not matter half so much as the spirit in which the deed is performed. As Dr. Gordon so wisely said, we must obey the law of mutual helpfulness. We must have the desire to *be* and the ability to *do*. We are sure that the record of each one will be a credit to themselves and to the school and we wish you all again "Welcome."

The forming of life long friendships should be one of the vital aims of every true-hearted school girl. Certainly each and every one of us realizes the value of a true and loyal friend, for not only is she a genial companion now, entering into our life with its joys and petty trials with an intimacy impossible outside of our school home, but as years go on she will become nearer and dearer to us because of this very intimacy. We should therefore, exercise great care in the selection of these friends who are to play so important a part in our lives. There is a great danger, in the enthusiasm of the first few weeks of a new school year, of mistaking infatuations for real friendships. We are sometimes attracted to girls because of their looks or their clothes, when in reality we have nothing in common with them, and this attraction often grows into an infatuation which becomes ridiculous because carried to an extreme. This makes itself manifest in longing glances, frequent sending of flowers and expensive gifts. Beware of these so-called friendships, for they are insincere and short-lived and

are often a hindrance to the making of real true friends.

Let us, then, take time in selecting our friends, the better to insure our making those who will be congenial and stand by us always; but, above all, let us be careful not to destroy a sincere friendship by calling it a "crush."

NOTICES

We want to ask the girls who have kodak pictures of the school or of school events to kindly contribute them for use in the Frolic Book or in *The Leaves*. Both Dr. Winslow and *The Leaves* staff would be very grateful for any contributions. The Frolic Book is sent out with each catalogue and new pictures are needed. Get busy your kodaks. All pictures may be turned over to the Editor-in-Chief of *The Leaves*.

PAUSE AND CONSIDER!

The Story Contest for *The Leaves* is on! Start your brain to thinking—*then write*. Time is up on the 20th of November and all stories must be handed in before that date.

First prize—a gold Lasell ring.

Second prize—a big Lasell banner.

Everybody has a chance. Take it now.

LIST OF STUDENTS

(Continued from page 14)

Thresher, Pawtucket, R. I.; Eleanor Tingley, Washington, D. C.; Ruth E. Trowbridge, Linwood, Mass.; Esther L. Underwood, Summit, N. J.; Harriet B. van Emden, New York City; Abbie L. Viener, Natchez, Miss.; M. Eunice Votaw, Boston, Mass.; Ethel E. Wade, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Alice E. Wardman, Washington, D. C.; Genevieve E. Watkins, Mt. Carmel, Pa.; Sophie A. Wendt, Brighton, Mass.; Mildred G. Westervelt, South Bend, Ind.; Mary L. Wheatley, Danielson, Conn.; A. Evelyn Whidden, Presque Isle, Me.; Elsie C. Wight, Stockton, Cal.; Mary G. Wilcox, New Bedford, Mass.; Virginia Williamson, Charleston, W. Va.; L. Adelle Wilson, Paxton, Ill.; Avalon Wilson, Auburn, R. I.; Helen R. Wise, Cincinnati, O.; Una Wise, Allentown, Pa.; Gladys W. Wright, Pomfret Centre, Conn.; Nellie M. Youngers, Geneva, Neb.

RILEY AS A LYCEUM MAN

By Paul M. Pearson

Few writers speak so well. In our own time three literary men of national reputation may be counted the best speakers of the country: Mark Twain, F. Hopkinson Smith and James Whitcomb Riley. Of these none is more artistic than Riley. His art is as fine as Joseph Jefferson's. It is not the actor's art, however, but the reader's. This may not be specific enough, for, in the minds of too many readers there is no distinction. There are many points of difference which may not be discussed here, but a familiar illustration covers most of them. When an actor is to use his sword he places the left hand on the scabbard, while, with the right, he draws his sword, uses it, and returns it. When the reader wishes to suggest to his audience the use of a sword he takes it from nowhere, thrusts and lets it fall. He does not take it from the scabbard, and he is under no necessity of returning it.

Such is Riley's art, the reader's art, the art of suggestion. When he wishes to convey the idea that the character presented is crippled he does not retreat to the rear of the platform and come limping up center. By slightly favoring one leg as he stands, or by taking a step or two, the suggestion is conveyed to the imagination as it could not be if he hobbled about, his face drawn with pain, all the physical manifestations appealing to the eye, and leaving nothing to be imagined. The children he presents do not wipe their mouths and noses on their sleeves, or stick their fingers in their mouths, yet you can fancy them doing it. Indeed, his action is always secondary to his elocution.

It is through no inability to act that Riley makes gesture of less importance than voice. His friends all say that he is a born actor. Major Ridgeway, who knew him intimately as a boy and young man, tells a number of incidents that show his clever acting, two of which I repeat. At an amateur performance

(Continued on page 20)

PEDSONAL



Lasell girls' wedding bells ring the year round! On account of the crowded columns of our Commencement number we were unable to record the June weddings. We are glad to insert the following interesting announcements in our first number of the new school year. Lasell extends to this happy "companion" her heartiest congratulations.

On Saturday, the 15th of June, Carrie Bates Sessions became Mrs. George Clinton Dodge. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge are now at home at Yorktown Court, 615 W. 162nd Street, New York City.

Mrs. and Mrs. Francis Milton Clark announced the marriage of their daughter, Mary Roberta Clark, '05, to Mr. Finton Allen Crull on Tuesday, the 18th of June

at Frankfort, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Crull's new address is 502 S. Main Street, Frankfort.

On Tuesday, the 18th of June, also occurred the marriage of Gertrude Bragdon, '08, to Mr. Bruce Vincent Edwards. Gertrude's new home is at 307 Seymore Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

Alma Rosalind Bendixon became Mrs. William Meierding on Wednesday, the 26th of June. Dr. and Mrs. Meierding are now at home at Springfield, Minn.

On Saturday, the 29th of June, Helen Mary Plass was married to Mr. George Percival Gregory. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory are at home at 760 Morton Street, Mattapan, Mass.

Annie Dealey, '06, became Mrs. Rice R. Jackson on the evening of Thursday, the

25 th of July. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson will be at home after November 1st at Dallas, Texas.

August 22nd Agnes Drake, '03, became Mrs. Calvin Whitten Foss. Mr. and Mrs. Foss will be at home after November first at 105 Clark Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

On the 27th day of August occurred the marriage of Amye Vickery to Mr. Marcus M. Bright at Fort Worth, Texas.

On Wednesday, the 28th of August, Martha Ransom Hazelet, '10, became Mrs. William Davison Crooks, Jr., at Williamsport, Pa.

On Saturday, the 31st of August, Ruth Annie Sykes, '08, was married to Mr. Rudolph Samuel Nathan Bloch, at Minneapolis, Minn.

On Saturday, the 14th of September, occurred the marriage of Beatrice Mary Whitney to Mr. George Everett Caswell. Mr. and Mrs. Caswell will be at home after the 1st of November at 618 Kempton Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Mary Edith Dodge became Mrs. Henry Ernest Whittemore on Wednesday, September the 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore will be at home after the 1st of December at 25 Mellen Street, Ashmont, Mass.

On Tuesday, September the 24th, occurred the marriage of Stella Marx, '09, to Mr. Nathan Rosenburg.

On the 28th of September, Dorothy Grace Caldwell became Mrs. Frederick Gerhardt Schipper. Mr. and Mrs. Schipper will be at home after December 1st at 1590 Centre Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

On Tuesday, October 1st, occurred the marriage of Grace Perrine Holman to Mr. Arthur Lincoln Jaggard at Bloomfield, N. J.

On October the 9th, at Minneapolis, Minn. Julia Elizabeth Potter, '06, became Mrs. Frederic Becker Schmidt. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt will be at home after December 1st at 5427 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. William Franklin Plant announce the marriage of their daughter Amy Elizabeth to Mr. Edward Demming Van Tassel, Jr., on Thursday the 10th of October

at Newton Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel will be at home after the 1st of January at 12 Edgehill Road, Winchester, Mass.

Lillian Buehner writes, after six months' stay in Europe, "We have enjoyed especially the Dresden Art Gallery. The picture of the Sistine Madonna made me think especially of our Bible lessons and I went several times to get a lasting impression of it."

Mary Gallaher, '10, bids fair to be one of the most traveled and best educated Lasell graduates. She has decided to spend another winter in Paris. Her message came from Venice, which she declares "is most beautiful."

Josephine Siggins has a kind word to say concerning one of our new students, "If she loves Lasell and its girls and teachers half as much as I do, she will be perfectly happy."

Nell Fuller writes from Minneapolis, "I am sorry I cannot be with you this coming year." And we too are very sorry, dear Nell, but thank you for the good substitute you send in Edna Nichols!

Gladys Stults speaks a very kind and cordial word for Marion Griffin and we are finding her words are true. She also adds "My best wishes go out to Lasell which did so much for me."

Elsie Fies writes she has had a delightful vacation with Agnes Adelsdorf, '12, and as usual the chief topic of conversation was "Lasell." She too wishes us a thoroughly delightful year and sends love to all the faculty.

NOTES

In a personal note to Dr. Winslow from Martha Laurens Patterson, '07, comes the assurance that she hopes soon to visit Lasell and bring with her Professor Patterson, whom she declares "is devoted to Boston and Cambridge" and she is sure will be devoted to Lasell.

Pauline Rowland sends us a word of appreciation and tells us that she expects to spend a happy year at Northfield Seminary.

Caroline Marsh Chapman, mother of little Edward Prichard, Jr., referred to in our baby column, promises to visit Boston before long when she hopes to "introduce Edward, Jr., to the little Winslows." She also writes that her little sister, Helen, may sometime be a Lasell girl.

Ella Pucleta Knight, '10, sends her very best wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and the girls and teachers for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Chapman, nee Caroline Lawrence Marsh, announce the arrival of Edward Prichard, Jr., June 17th, and on September the 19th, Virginia Wells Seller came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Seller (Dorothy V. Welles, '09.)

We have before us the "dearest, sweetest" picture of little Elwood Harris Seward, born December 29, 1911. Edith Harris Seward and her husband have certainly a right to be proud of this little son.

Lasell is greatly indebted to Mr. F. W. Fletcher, Florist, of Auburndale, whose generous gift of flowers added so much to the table decorations of our dining room on "opening night."

Eva Kennard Wallace, of "Fairacres," Omaha, writes that Dr. Bragdon was the guest of honor at a meeting of the Omaha Lasell Club. She says that they all had a lovely visit with him and were sorry it was so short.

AN APPRECIATION

I have just heard of Julia Hogg Powell's death after nearly a year has passed and am deeply grieved that one so bright, cheerful and dearly loved, should be called away from the earthly life which she loved so well. Those of us who knew Julia so well, will ever remember her cheerful, sunny nature which seemed to send its rays broadcast over Lasell, among all the girls.

Her genial disposition was felt far and wide and made her every body's friend. More than one home-sick girl just entering life at

Lasell, vividly recalls a kind word of welcome from Julia Hogg.

Teachers and fellow students loved her for her sterling worth and hundreds of hearts are saddened by her early going away.

Ill with nervous prostration for nearly two whole years, the death of her beloved and devoted father proved too much for the weakened body and she grew rapidly worse until an attack of pneumonia closed her earthly life.

Even in her last illness she talked of her Lasell days and her beloved roommate, Bertha Lillibridge. At one time she improved so rapidly that she seemed on the sure road to recovery and the week preceding her father's death, seemed so bright and happy that she and her husband were planning for a new home.

Prof. Hogg died at Johns Hopkins' Hospital in Baltimore, following an operation and the four days' wait for the body to reach the family home in Fort Worth, was a strain too severe for Julia to stand. Every Lasell girl of Julia's time, who knew her well, understood her devotion to her father and many of us have since known her devotion to her own little ones. Volumes might easily be written concerning our departed friend, but what more beautiful tribute than the words of Mr. Powell, her own husband, in a letter to Bertha Lillibridge Merrill when he writes thus of Julia,—“a superb woman and mother, the most gracious, queenly woman in the world. Every body loved her. Her home life was a blessing and a benediction to her husband and children.”

Josephine H. West, Lasell '91-'93.

Word has come to us from Rev. Benjamin Chappell, of Tokio, Japan, containing the sad tidings of the passing away of his beloved wife, the mother of our Mary and Constance Chappell, after a long and trying illness. Mrs. Chappell was a woman of rare gifts and will be greatly missed in the Mission field. Dr. Chappell assures us that her closing days were

especially a beautiful manifestation of the power of Divine grace.

The *Montrose Democrat* of June 13 paid a most loyal tribute to our Clare Baker who died June 6 at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Baker. The writer accentuated the noble patience with which our Clare had borne her long illness. Special mention was made of her talent as a singer.

July the 15th, Pauline Rowe (Mrs. Gray E. Safford), Glens Falls, N. Y., passed away. She is survived by her husband and two little children.

Franklin L. Almy, editor and proprietor of the *Fall River Evening News*, and father of our Sarah Louisa and Nancy Buffington Almy, died suddenly June 15th, aged seventy-five years. He was an officer and director of a number of corporations, and was greatly beloved by the citizens of Fall River.

Lasell's tenderest sympathy is extended to these bereaved friends.

RILEY AS A LYCEUM MAN

(Continued from page 16)

in Riley's own native town, the early numbers on the program went off with the usual uncertainty. When all the players but Riley and Ridgeway were preparing for the closing farce, however, it was discovered that two young women who were to appear just before the farce were not present. The audience could not be kept waiting; something must be done at once. As they rushed about in their excitement Riley found an old linen duster, which he threw over his shoulders, and putting his hands into a pair of boots, stood them on the table. Then Ridgeway was told to get under the duster, put his arms around Riley, and into the arms of the duster, so that he could gesture as Riley spoke. When the curtain rose nothing could be seen below the table so the appearance was that of a very little man with big feet and hands. While Ridgeway gestured, Riley gave an impromptu speech which is till spoken of by some of the

older residents as one of the most eloquent ever delivered in Greenfield. Of course, the whole performance was absurd, but Riley acted the part of an ardent speaker so well that the impression was hardly spoiled even when Ridgeway put his hands into the vest pocket and popped a lozenge into Riley's mouth.

Sometime after this, when the "Aeolian Club," a musical society of Greenfield, gave a benefit for the poor, Riley presented a number by an Italian Harpist. Out of store-boxes and cotton wrapping cord, Riley made a harp that from a distance might deceive any one. He carefully rehearsed a small boy in drawing a bow over a string, and these two dressed in clothes borrowed from some Italian musicians who were wintering at Greenfield, went through the motions of playing, while carefully hidden behind the scenes members of the orchestra supplied the music. The audience was completely deceived. But when the fake Italians came back for an encore, someone in the secret gave them away. After the prolonged cheering had ended, Riley made a speech in broken Italian, and sent the boy through the audience with his cap. The collection was larger than the door receipts.

Though Riley has this genius for acting, he has the artistic temperament which holds him to the reader's art when he recites his poems. Though the quality of his voice is always the same, possessing unmistakably what we call the Hoosier dialect, yet he manages it with

(Continued in November Leaves)

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ETTA MacMILLAN
(Special)

OUR CLASS PRESIDENTS

Literary



LONG MIKE'S THANKSGIVING

The much fingered magazine dated November, 1902, slipped from Long Mike's roughened fingers, and a wistful look stole into his mild blue eyes as he lazily watched a band of sheep feed hungrily on the scant buffalo grass that grew in thin patches on the brown Montana hills. It was not often that he thought of the old days, almost forty years ago, befege he had left his father's prosperous little New England farm to seek his fortune in the great west; but in November there seemed to be a feeling in the air that brought visions of a table that could be stretched to such a size that all the aunts, uncles and cousins could gather around it for the feast.

"It often was a pretty tight squeeze," he reflected, "but we kids used to huddle up on the bench, while the old folks sat upon the best chairs. It *must* have been big, Jim" declared he, addressing his shaggy-

haired collie, who was laboriously trying to extricate a cactus from his broad paw, "for if you could have seen the turkey, pies, cakes, fruit and pickly things the winmen folks made, piled on that table you would have howled when you thought of the bones you would have to bury."

For fifteen years Long Mike had traveled over the hills and plains, herding a few months here and there, and always managing to dispose of his hard earned wages at the nearest town. At one time he had been the proud possessor of a "department" store that bore the sign, M. H. Morgan, General Merchandise, but a weather beaten building across the street bearing the label "First and Last Chance," soon was the downfall of the thirsty Mike. He learned that the hills, forty miles or so from such places was his only chance. The Thanksgiving number of the old magazine had brought back the days before his failure and made him long for companionship of old

friends. A hasty inventory of his pocket book proved to him that a visit to the old home would be impossible, and down in his heart he felt ashamed to go back and face his prosperous brothers with only the ragged clothes on his back and a revolver as his earthly possessions.

"I've got it, Jim," he exclaimed, shaking his companion's shaggy hair, "let's have a Thanksgiving dinner of our own. We've got a hull lot to be thankful for, haven't we? The boss sends plenty of grub and we don't have to worry 'bout passin' the plate in church, wearin the proper style of coat and such things, so let's celebrate."

Jim evidently impressed, wagged his stubby tail in an approving manner and gave an answering yelp to a noisy coyote who was yapping in a nearby coulee. Long Mike believed a lot in Jim's decisions.

Quietly, peacefully and contentedly the sheep gathered under clumps of leafless willows to rest, or trotted down to the clear spring that poured from under a huge boulder so Long Mike hastily betook himself to his camp wagon to prepare his feast. A hasty search of his week's supplies was not exactly encouraging. It was rather hard to see just how a feast was to be prepared from two cans of corn, tomatoes, a strip of bacon, condensed milk, dried fruit and a half a sack of flour.

"This won't do," he muttered, scratching his head reflectively, "We've got to have something extra today. Let's hunt up a cotton tail, Jim."

Jim agreed with barks of delight as he saw his master reach for a shiny 22 rifle.

A half hour later the herder returned with two fine rabbits, "one for you and one for me, pard" he explained, as he deftly skinned them.

"Now let's get busy at this cooking business. I ain't got the fixin's for any fancy biscuits and blamed if I know how to make a'bloomin' thing like that, but here goes some good corn bread."

He was carefully removing a soiled and

greasy paper that served as a cover to his meal, when his eye caught the words, "Good cooking recipes for small waged families."

"That's us Jim, forty a month ain't any graft at all, maybe this will help us along. 'Salad dressing,' he slowly read.

6 tablespoons of olive oil

3 tablespoons of vinegar

1 cup of fresh milk

"— sufferin' cats, I ain't got nothin' but coal oil, canned milk, and I haven't seen a spoonful of vinegar since I hit these hills. We'll have to call that off and fix our own coverings, I'll bet Marion what's her name didn't mean that for the economical family."

Soon the tiny stove was covered with greasy looking pans containing potatoes, (peeled for the occasion) a can of corn, a few dried apples and the prized rabbit, while the odor of baking corn bread filled the narrow covered wagon.

"Let's set the table," Long Mike announced to the placidly dozing Jim, and he unhooded a two foot square board from the wall and pulled it into place.

"How about a tablecloth today," said he, surveying a greasy flour sack ruefully and spreading it on the table. "That steam laundry doesn't clean them properly," he apologized in his best, ladylike voice.

"Now for our cut glass," and he reached for a can of pepper and one of salt, labelled "Shilling's Best, Satisfaction or your money back," on the side.

"This silver is rather dark looking," he soliloquized, as he placed a tin spoon and wooden handled knife and fork in a heap on the table, "and Jim, don't you poke your cold nose on this china plate," he ordered, shaking a bent tin pie dish before the dog's meek eyes.

"Now then let's eat," announced the cook sticking a fork in the largest potato to see if it was done.

First he placed the collie's rabbit in a chipped pan on the floor. Jim eyed it eagerly but long ago Long Mike had "taught him

manners," so he waited quietly until his master seated himself on a shaky box and reached for the good things.

"It's rather handy after all," mused Mike. "It isn't everybody that can reach their stove, cupboard, bed and dining room table from their chair without moving."

Everything on the table, the old herder, instead of immediately beginning to cut up his rabbit, gravely regarded the opposite side of the table. Presently, very gently, and with a look in his eyes that frequenters of the Last Chance had never seen, he reached for a shabby canvas bag and gravely, almost reverently drew from its depths a small colored picture surrounded by a bent gilt frame. Tenderly he placed it on the opposite side of the table and gazed earnestly and lovingly into a pair of dark eyes, lips that seemed to smile at him, and hair that he could imagine waved about the tiny face in the soft Montana breeze.

"You are likely a-settin across from a man that's a heap worthier of you than I am, little gal, and I'm glad of it," he murmured, "but just this once you are going to help me celebrate my Thanksgiving dinner. Yes, we've a heap to be thankful for, Jim," and Long Mike sighed, contentedly split a potato, his eyes on the far away snowy mountains, "a heap to be thankful for," he repeated.

Jim peacefully gnawed a bone and the sweet face in the picture smiled a blessing on the Thanksgiving feast.—*Jean McKay.*

"THANKSGIVING AT HOME"

"Over the river and thru the woods,
To Grandmother's house we go,
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifting snow,
Over the river and thru the woods—
Oh! how the wind does blow!
It stings our nose and bites our toes,
As over the ground we go."

Jack and his wife and children had arrived on Wednesday night, to spend Thanksgiving at Grandmother's old-fashioned country home. Bobby and Nell were all excited over the wonderful odors of pies and cakes which

surged up from the kitchen. They were strictly forbidden however to enter, for old Mammy could never work well with children hanging upon her apron strings. Besides Marse Ned and Miss Katherine were coming home from college and were to bring their two roommates, so she wanted everything especially fine. Far back on the pantry shelves were rows of the finest pastry and oh, such a great fat turkey.

Thanksgiving dawned, clear and cold. The snow lay thick upon the ground and covered everything with a soft white mantle. Katherine, called Kate for short, was to be the first arrival. All was in readiness. A great log fire burned brightly in the large fireplace at the end of the living-room and the children were in great excitement, because their young uncle and aunt had promised to bring them treasures from the cities.

The long-awaited-for whistle of the locomotive, down at the little country station, was heard and soon Uncle Mose was seen driving the lively team of grays up the long lane. Yes, way down in the rear seats, buried in many furs, peeped the heads of Kate and her roommate. How grand Kate looked as she hopped out of the sleigh before it had hardly stopped. She was a typical Easterner. Her long flowing veil and her sweeping skirts made her look twenty years old instead of the quaint little girl of sixteen, who had left them for school, a few months earlier. Grandma was startled. How could Boarding School spoil her baby? But when she had introduced her roommate to all the family, and had gone into the living room and begun to talk, Kate was found to have left all her grown-up airs at school. Grandmother found it difficult to understand some of the things Kate was talking about, but then Grandmother had never been to boarding school.

Soon a shrill whistle greeted their ears and Ned and his roommate came up the lane. What was the matter with Ned? Grandma nearly fainted. A great white patch across his forehead and a white cross on one of his

cheeks. Nothing more nor less than the result of an exciting game of football. As they sprang up the steps, Ned spying Grandmother back by the door, yelled, "Forty, thirty-six, forty-four," and making a mad rush to avoid the arms of Kate and the children, he embraced his dear old mother. Seeing the frightened glance directed to his face, he said, "Never mind, mother, just a few cleats struck me."

"Cleats!" shrieked Grandmother.

"Cleats!" echoed the children. "Oh, do tell us all about it, Uncle Ned!"

"Not just now, kiddies, for we are freezing and want to hunt the fire."

The young people were just becoming fairly well acquainted when the bell rang for dinner. Such a feast! They ate and ate and ate and still Mammy brought in more and it was four o'clock before they came to the ice cream and coffee.

After many funny stories they all went into the living room. Kate's roommate was much skilled in piano playing and she and Kate sang all of their school songs and then listened to the songs of the fellows and all four joined in the popular hits of the season. No one could think of eating anything more so at an early hour the children were put to bed and the old people sat listening to the merry talk of the young folks until their heads began to nod. So they left the four sitting before the dying embers in the great fireplace.

Kate jumped up and ran into the kitchen and emerged with a bag of pop corn in one hand, a corn popper in the other.

"Get busy, fellows, while we toast the marshmallows," she cried.

After the girls had told of their mischievous pranks, they listened to the wild tales of the mysterious fraternity initiations of the fellows. When all the pop corn had been eaten and the marshmallows all toasted they looked at the clock and found it was in the wee small hours of Friday morning. Was it possible that they could stay up so late?

"Oh! what would the teacher in our corridor

say, Kate?" whispered her room mate. After they had said their goodnights they went quietly upstairs.

"Just think of going back to school and going to bed at nine-thirty," sighed Kate, as she stretched her tired bones on that adorable soft bed.

"Anyway, we can sleep till noon to-morrow. Hasn't this been a happy Thanksgiving, Roomy?"
Dorothy Bushnell, '14.

MOLLY UNDERWOOD TACKLES A THEME

"Jean," screamed Molly Underwood at the top of her voice, "What is the English for to-morrow?"

"Look in Room 4, in the note-book. I think it is there, Molly. I must run now for I'm in a hurry. Good luck."

"Write a theme of five hundred words on the following subject—'A Summer's Vacation,'" ran the allotted work for the following day's English lecture. We may here state that Molly's best subject was not English; in fact, when it came to writing themes, her brain refused to conjure up a single brilliant idea. The consequence was an unprepared lesson and a sad look of dejection upon her face. This time, however, she determined to endeavor to overcome her failing and upon



the morrow to startle the class with a clever essay.

There was a rushing of feet, a slamming of

doors, soft murmurings in the corridor and then a silence. The evening study hour had begun. Seated at her table, Molly, deeply absorbed in the blank sheet of paper before her, thought and thought. "A Summer's Vacation." How could she begin? The end of the pencil was chewed and bitten until it resembled a bone, which a dog has just left. Still, all the ferocious workings of her jaw would bring no inspiration to her mind. A figure of dejection she looked indeed, her fluffy hair ruffled and dishevelled, her pretty face smeared with various smuts from her much-abused pencil.

"Why did anyone ever invent English?" she grumbled. "I can't do it and I just won't." A resounding emphatic stamp of her foot followed this outburst. Poor little girl! Her pent-up anger broke loose. The once blank sheet of paper became smeared with large drops of tears. Sob after sob rent her body and it seemed almost as if her heart were breaking. Soon, however, the tumult within her gradually subsided.



A faint scratching of a tiny pen could be heard. Molly stared open-mouthed. In front of her, busily writing, sat Mr. Forms of Discourse, upon the up-turned ink bottle. He was so deeply absorbed that he did not hear the cry of amazement, which escaped her,

A final flourish of his pen and he turned around, courteously doffed his silk hat to the young lady, and said, "Your futile efforts, Miss Molly, touched my heart. I have just completed your theme. Good night."

Molly tried to catch him but he was gone and nothing remained in front of her but the same hated Cairn's Forms of Discourse, as lifeless and uninviting as ever. She picked up the theme, read it over and uttered a groan. Why couldn't she write a story like that? Description was perfect, narration was perfect, grammar was perfect, punctuation was perfect—in fact, every requirement of Rhetoric had been fully observed.

Molly heaved a sigh of relief. Just then a knock sounded. She started, rubbed her eyes and rose.

"Lights out, Molly," came from without.

"Why, I've just started my work," she cried. "It can't be that late."

Her glance fell on the sheet of paper, upon her table. Where was the brilliant theme she had just read? In its place lay the blank paper, swollen and spotted with tears. Molly could not suppress a laugh, although her heart was heavy. She knew, now, that it had been all a dream. And is it not a saying that "dreams go by contrary?" No brilliant, or even ordinary essay would startle the class on the morrow. Instead the customary excuse, "I couldn't do it," would be heard, and accompanying it the usual titters of the amused class, at her remark. She flung her pencil and book to the other end of the room, switched off the light and threw herself on the bed, in abject misery. Her theme still lay uncompleted.

ALWAYS BUSY

"What sort of a chap is Wombat to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to some one to get busy with the frying pan." — *Pittsburg Post*.

RILEY AS A LYCEUM MAN

(continued from October Leaves)

consummate skill. His inflections, his melody, and above all, his pauses, could not be improved upon. As the pause is the severest standard by which to judge a reader's art, Riley measures up to the full requirements of greatness. In many of his poems of mingled humour and pathos, an audience is stopped in the midst of a laugh, and before the echo has died away tears come to the eyes. Yet all this is without apparent effort on Riley's part. Like all good humor, his laughter is so close to tears that he goes from one to the other almost imperceptibly. As a gentleman who sat listening to Riley wrote on the back of an envelope:—

"There's a feller, name of Riley,
Wandering roun' the sunny South,
With er heart so full of music,
It's a drippin' from his mouth—
And so full of fun and sadness
That the folks who go to listen
Git to laughin' an' er weepin'
At them ole songs of his'n—
An' if you go to hear 'im
Better mind what you're about;
When you laugh you'll need your kerchief,
Ef
 You
 Don't
 Watch
 Out."

As he speaks, the real people seem to stand before you. His old men are people you have met, while his small boy is your next-door neighbor. Those how have heard him must agree with Mark Twain who says that the best-told story on the American platform is that by James Whitcomb Riley. Mark Twain refers to the old story that has come down to us from the Greeks—a man who has heard a funny yarn, and in trying to repeat it forgets the point. What most of us would tell in a minute Riley takes ten minutes for, but from first to last it is a masterpiece. This rare skill is shown in his "The Educator" and "Alex' Bear Story." To me one of his best told stories is of a German undertaker at Greenfield who was sent to the insane asylum.

It was not heartily applauded the night I heard it, but it came late on the program, which may account for the lack of enthusiasm. The character is perfectly drawn, and the story is of such mingled fun and sadness that it could not be given by any but a master in story telling. What Mark Twain says of the one is true of many, "the best old stories on the American platform."

It is as difficult to analyze Riley's style as to say why charm is charming. We know it charms, and that is sufficient. His reading is characterized by the same gentle, genial spirit which wins us in his verses. As he says over one of his pen names, "I write from the heart out." And the same Ben F. Johnson, of Boone, writing to the editor regarding his poetry, says, "There is times when the tears rolls down my cheeks." We may say of him what Eugene Field says of "Bill the Lokil Editor." "You can see how we all liked him; he touched our hearts, and there's nothing like sympathy, after all. His poetry had heart in it. It jes' got in under your vest, and before you know'd it you was all choked up." The sympathy which is so manifest in Riley's poetry is the characteristic of his reading. It is all simple, genuine and sincere. He enters into the characters and sentiments of his poems so simply and effectively that for the time you cannot help sharing them. As on one occasion a lady who heard him read "An Old Sweetheart," said to her friend, "What an ideal husband Mr. Riley would make!" When told that he is a bachelor she was incredulous.

There is no striving for effect, no extravagance, nothing superficial. The heart is melted as by an old song, and all as effortless,

"As woodland nooks send violet up
And paint them blue."

You never see his art. You trust him as a faithful guide, and from doubt and care he leads you home, to the sweet faces about the fireside, and on to the Father of all.

"Who has never made anything in vain."

He makes the laughter of the brook infec-

tious, the cool shade restful. His children climb into your lap, and the soft hand smooth away the frowns. His old men tell you the secrets of trees and flowers. His pathos enlarges your heart, and his humor lengthens your days.

As a young man Riley was recognized in his village as an elocutionist of ability, and was frequently called on to recite at Christmas and Decoration Day exercises. Carleton's "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers" recited on Decoration Day in 1875, is recalled by Major Ridgeway as especially effective. Later Riley became bold enough to recite his own poems on such occasions, and from these home appearances his reputation gradually spread to nearby towns, where he was called to recite. His later experience with a patent medicine company, where he recited some of his own stories and verses, gave him an excellent training for the platform work he has since done so successfully. After Riley had gained some recognition as a reciter of his own verses, he was called to the White House to read for President Cleveland and distinguished guests. When Riley was asked where he got a certain story which had received great applause, he replied, "I wrote that myself to recite from the steps of a medicine wagon in Indiana."

Nor is this faculty of impersonation used only in the platform as an incident will show. Major Pond relates that when Riley and Bill Nye were travelling together a gentleman came up to Mr. Nye on the cars one day and said:

"Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train."

"No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over there."

"I knew his father, and I would like to speak with him."

"Oh, speak with him, yes. But he is deaf, and you want to speak loud."

So the farmer went over to him and said in a loud voice:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er, what?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Riley, yes."

"I knew your father."

"No bother."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father."

"Oh, so did I."

Major Pond says that the Nye-Riley combination was not only the most popular, but the most profitable he ever managed. Their popularity is easily accounted for. Nye had been on the platform before, and at the time was writing a syndicate letter which appeared in 800 newspapers every week; so he must have had millions of readers. Moreover, Riley had achieved some success as a reciter of his own verses, and wherever he spoke he was wanted again. Besides these advantages they were cleverly managed. The fact that they were under Major Pond's personal direction was a guarantee that they would be well advertised. One of the methods of advertising was an autobiography of each written by the other. At a glance it may be seen that this offered an opportunity for writing some very readable things.

One measure of Riley's great success as a reciter is his innumerable imitators. There is hardly a village in the country where his poems are not recited several times a year by home talent and professional elocutionists. His poems not only lend themselves to recitations, being short, melodious, abounding in apt phrases, and chock full of human nature, but Riley recites them with such ease and it seems anybody could do it. But they are not easily interpreted; true they are of such excellence from the reader's point of view that no one can quite fail in them. Nevertheless those who have not heard Riley recite his own poems have never heard them perfectly interpreted.

Another measure of Riley's success on the

platform is the fee he receives. Many literary men of prominence spend a season on the lyceum platform, but are not in demand a second season. Riley continues in popular favor. Every year there is an increasing demand for his work. Though he receives a larger fee than any other man on the lyceum platform, he takes fewer engagements each year, and it is only with much urging that he is induced to give any. It is so unusual for a man to persistently refuse to make as much money as he can that this of itself should give Riley distinction, though he had no other claim to it. He is content to have a few friends, congenial tasks and just enough money to live on comfortably.

Though his friends and admirers everywhere wish him happiness and contentment in his home life, they are still selfish enough to hope for at least a few opportunities to hear him each year.

Prof. Paul M. Pearson.

A FRIEND IN NEED

It was Thanksgiving morning, but oh, such a morning for Elsa James. She had received a splendid box, full of all the good things that girls at school appreciate and the box was from home. That thought alone was enough to make Elsa lonely. She longed not only for home, but for companions. From the next room and from the one across the hall, there arose shouts and laughter. The girls were enjoying each other's company and incidentally their feast. Why had no one asked Elsa to join them? Why had she been entirely forgotten? Elsa knew.

She realized that she was not pretty. Her brown hair refused to curl and the short locks in front hung around her face unbecomingly. Her blue eyes, which were large and serious, lacked the life and mirth that was always evident in the eyes of most of the girls. Her small nose, plentifully sprinkled with freckles, turned up slightly and gave her an air of aloofness. Gravity seemed to have a powerful

effect upon her mouth for its corners were always turned down. She was tall and thin, indeed, she appeared very awkward and unattractive.

She was sitting dejected before her box, mechanically nibbling a piece of cake and brooding over her deficiencies, when she heard the door across the hall bang and one of the girls say, "Come on, let's take a walk up town and back."

It occurred to Elsa that it would be a splendid idea for her to go out awhile even though she would have to go alone. So she took some candy, put her box away, and started out.

When she reached the street, she met a poor little news boy, who looked hungry and she offered him her candy which he ate greedily. As Elsa watched him she began to realize that she had met another person just as lonely as she but not as well provided for. She became interested in him and asked him about his parents.

The child began to cry and said, "I ain't got no papa and my mama is sick."

Elsa felt her heart beat faster and whispered "You must wait here, I'll be back in a minute."

She rushed up to her room, seized the box which had been merely opened and hurried down again.

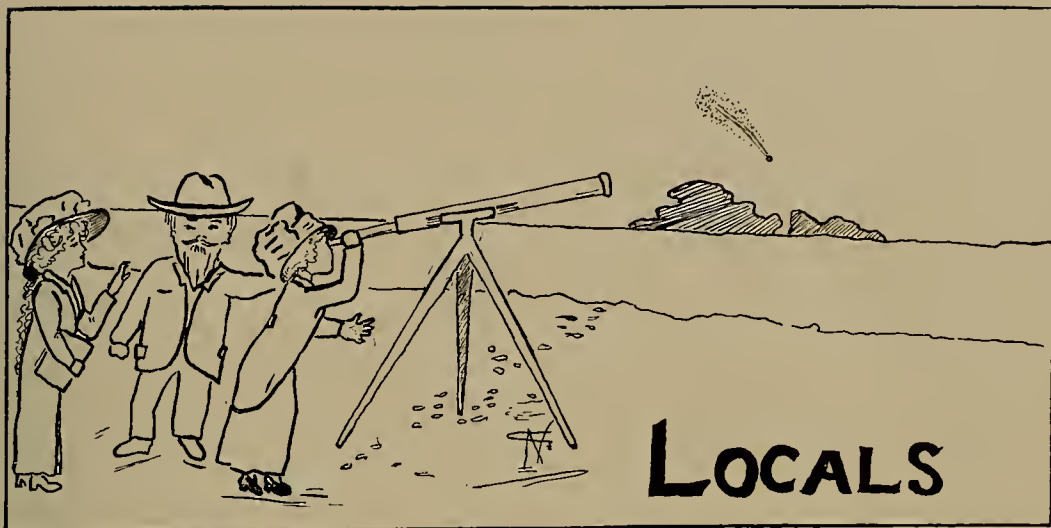
Just as she reached the boy, the girls turned the corner and heard her say, "My child, please take this to your mother. I think she would like these things to eat."

Her voice stuck in her throat and her eyes filled with tears. She turned and flew back into the building.

The girls had not moved during this pathetic scene, but now one of them said, "Well, that is what I call the right kind of girl. Want to come on up to my room, girls? I'm going to ask her to share my box."

"We shall be glad to pitch in and have a spread for her," exclaimed every member of the crowd.

Ernestine Lederer, '13.



LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

On Monday morning October the fourteenth eighty Lasell girls left Cushman Hall for the annual trip to Lexington and Concord. Dr. Winslow, Miss Tuttle and Mr. E. J. Winslow acted as chaperons and four barges were used to convey the party.

made at the Orchard House, the homestead of the Alcotts, where the party ate lunch, and visited the School of Philosophy in the Alcott grove. During the rest of the trip to Concord the houses of Hawthorne and Emerson, and the Concord vineyards were viewed; also many places made famous in the Rev-



Some of the points of interest were, Waltham Watch Factory, the home of Annie Payson Call and Lexington. In Lexington a visit was paid to the park where the Minute Man Statue and several old cannon were on display, and to the house in which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when they were roused by Paul Revere. The next stop was



lutionary War. In Concord, the old cemetery and bridge proved most interesting, and the girls purchased many souvenirs, in memory of Thoreau and Emerson. The next stop was Walden Pond, the summer refuge of Thoreau, where a huge pile of stones marks the site of his hut.

The beautiful country together with the interesting places made a lasting impression upon the minds of the girls and they returned at dinner time a very hungry, but happy crowd.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

It happened to be Hallowe'en night when Skygack from Mars came down to earth with his scroll and pen to record the wierd actions of the earth beings existing on this globe of ours, which he had visited often before. Some thing drew him toward Lasell; for some reason it looked interesting; with light shining from every window and the sound of merrymaking everywhere, especially from the rear of the big building on the hill. So Skygack all unseen, perched himself on the sill of an open window, took his pen in hand, and this is what he wrote:

I was looking into a large room, lined along one side with queer wooden instruments of warfare, on one end a raised floor and on the other side a high balcony. This spacious room was filled with a number of earth beings, all very queerly dressed, and uttering high-pitched sounds accompanied by wild gesticulations. Suddenly one being seated itself in front of a large black box which contained a long row of black and white teeth. The earth being drew very loud but beautiful sounds from the box, whereupon all the other beings hastily embraced each other, two by two, and moved very nimbly over the floor by means of many mysterious movements, some of them not at all to my liking. When the sounds ceased all beings immediately clapped their arms together, whereupon the being at the box began drawing sounds from it again, much to the delight of every other.

Suddenly, upon the raised floor, a curtain parted and there appeared a number of beings clad in long white robes and muttering moans and groans which made me wonder if I were not in the valley of death. They circled around a greenish blue light over which stood a hunchbacked figure in a long ugly costume. All suddenly stopped and uttered long groans, terrible hisses and shrieks, which made me quake with fear and I was so glad when they finally disappeared.

The next thing I heard was a sweet voice

saying something behind the curtain; it must have been telling something interesting as all beings were very still and when the sweet sound ceased they clapped their arms together, as if to show their appreciation.

But I was glad to find out that these earth beings did not retain the faces I first saw upon them and was quite relieved when they removed their outside visages and I could see that they were really lovely beings whom I would enjoy visiting again.

THE HALLOWE'EN TABLE DECORATIONS

One of the most pleasant features of Hallowe'en this year was the table decorations at dinner. The gong rang as usual and everyone descended the stairs to the dining room as they would any other night. As we turned to go down the second flight of stairs we were all surprised to find the dining room in darkness. On looking around we saw queer faces looking at us from all parts of the room. When we were all assembled the electric lights were switched on and we found our places by the aid of pretty little place cards. Around Miss Potter's table were baskets with autumn leaves twined around the stem. Noise was furnished by both Miss True's and Miss Dolly's table. The girls at Miss True's table had bonbons with mottoes to pull inside. At Miss Dolly's table each girl did her duty to a whistle. Stuck into the big pumpkin head (at Miss Packard's table) were many little pumpkin heads. Each one had a string tied to it which reached to each place. Each table varied in its decoration, some were decorated with straw and autumn leaves with black cats and witches which made it look particularly "Hallowe'enish." Altogether, with thanks to the Seniors, the room looked exceedingly pretty and effective.

While we were eating lunch on October the twelfth, we were looked in upon by members of the Epworth League. After having all come down in small groups, they descended

in a body, and standing on the landing and steps, gave the Epworth cheer. We reciprocated by giving our "Ho-he-la." We hope that the League will again visit us.

Saturday, October twelfth, Dr. Vincent gave us a delightful talk on Benjamin Franklin, and his works. It is needless to say that it was enjoyed by us all, for Dr. Vincent's lectures are always looked forward to.

On Thursday evening, November seventh, Dr. Henry Powers lectured to us on "Venice and Her Arts." The lecture, which was illustrated, was greatly enjoyed by all; and I am sure that we all learned a great deal about Venice which we had not known before.

On the seventeenth of October we were again delighted to have Dr. Vincent with us. His subject was "Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning." It was very much enjoyed by all, and we were sorry when it came to a close.

On October twenty-first, Dr. Vincent delivered his last lecture, the subject being "James Russell Lowell." We were all very sorry that this was Dr. Vincent's last lecture, but we are looking forward to his series next fall.

SERENADES

Che-he, che-he, che-ha-ha, ha!
Juniors, Juniors, rah, rah, rah!

Blue is a flow'ret,
Called the Forget-me-not.
Wear it on every heart
And think of us.
Flow'ret and hope may die,
Yet love with us shall stay.
We wish the best each day.
Seniors, believe.

Stars of the autumn night,
Far down yon azure deep,
Hide, hide your golden light.
They sleep, the Seniors sleep.
They sleep, they sleep, the Seniors sleep.

Dreams all so very bright,
Tell us the Seniors sleep.
Watch we will keep to-night.
They sleep, the Seniors sleep.
They sleep, they sleep, the Seniors sleep.

We want to be, we want to be,
We want to be just like you Seniors.
You're the best class Lasell ever had
And when you leave, we'll all feel sad.
Oh, can't you see, oh, can't you see,
We want to be just like you Seniors.
You can tell the world we're going to be
S-E-N—we don't know how to spell it,
But we'll learn, you bet we'll learn
In the year 1916.

At the sound of this the Seniors all rushed into one room, quickly turned out the lights and crowded around the windows. They thoroughly enjoyed the songs although they were frequently interrupted by the Sophomores.

On Friday evening we were happily surprised by the Freshmen and feel highly honored by their tribute. It is needless to say we were greatly pleased by their originality and were sorry to see them go.

THE FIRESIDE CAT

(By Marion Hovey Briggs, Lasell '08-'10)

Old Mother Tabby sits all the day long,
Purring in tune with the crackling fire's song,
Warming her mittens and toasting her toes,
Surely a picture of perfect repose.

When I come in the room she will jump to my knees
And beg for "a pat, Mistress dear, if you please,"
Then draw her tail round her and sleepily purr
While I tickle her whiskers or smooth her soft fur.

Perhaps Tabby thinks, as serenely she sits,
Of the three grown-up cats who were once her small kits,
Or it may be her beautiful, drowsy day-dream
Is of scampering mice, and rich saucers of cream!

A witch is that pussy; by magical art
She has cozily curled herself up in my heart,
And the room would seem lonely—quite dreary the day
Were there no crackling fire, and no sleek tabby gray.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The Class of 1910 takes pleasure in announcing that Miss Dora Goodwillie of 1914 has been appointed Honorary-Undergraduate member of the Class of 1910. In this way the class hopes to keep in closer touch with the girls of the Seminary. Upon Miss Goodwillie's graduation her successor is to be chosen from the Class of 1916.

Josephine L. Woodward,

Ex-Comm. 1910.

PEDSONAL



The following clipping comes from a Hartford daily paper. Our delegates who represented Lasell at this reunion were loud in their praises of the gracious hospitality received at the beautiful Hartford Golf Club, where our Connecticut girls entertained.

LASELL STUDENTS HOLD REUNION Graduates From Seminary Meet at the Golf Club

The eighth annual reunion and luncheon of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held Saturday, at the Hartford Golf Club. An informal reception was held at 12.30 p. m., followed by the luncheon.

Dr. Guy Winslow, principal of Lasell Seminary, and three of the faculty were present.

The decorations of colonial design, consisting of rows of box-trees with a lighted bayberry candle before each plate, greeted the sight of the guests as they entered the dining room. Hatch's Orchestra of violin, 'cello and piano, played during the afternoon. Following the luncheon, the president, Miss Ruth M. Talcott, addressed the club. A letter was read from Dr. C. C. Bragdon, of California, a former principal at Lasell. The address of the day was by Dr. Guy M. Winslow.

At the business session Miss Bessie L. Comstock, of Ivoryton, read the report of the last

meeting, after which Mrs. Charles S. Darling, of Collinsville, chairman of the nominating committee, submitted the following names for the officers for the ensuing year, the list being unanimously elected:—

Honorary President—Mrs. Maria Warren Hayden.

President—Miss Bessie L. Comstock.

Vice-President—Mrs. Ruth Miller Wolfe.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Bertha Libby Welles.

Executive Committee—The above officers, Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch and Mrs. Lelia Walker Saunders.

Those present at the luncheon were: Miss Ruth M. Talcott, Mrs. Grace Holmes Stiles, Mrs. Clara McLean Rowley, Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones, Mrs. Bertha Hayden King, Mrs. Bertha Libby Welles, Mrs. Mabel Case Viot, Mrs. Louise Thatcher Ayres, Miss Ruth Turner, Miss Bessie Fuller, Miss Grace Alexander, Miss Winifred Whittlesey, Miss Eva C. Robertson, Miss Alice White, Mrs. Emma White Wells, Miss Marjorie Watkins, Mrs. Ruth Miller Wolfe, Miss Ruth Merriam, Miss Carrie Fuller, Mrs. Grace Conklin Bevin, Miss Annie Ives, Miss Getrude Reynolds, Miss Elsie Reynolds, Mrs. Lelia Walker Saunders, Miss Rebecca Shepherd, Mrs. Helen Merriam Cornell, Mrs. Susan Hallock Couch, Miss Fanny MacKenzie, Miss Helen Day, Miss Edna Strickland, Miss Laura R. Comstock, Miss Bessie L. Comstock, Miss Susan Gallup, Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton, Mrs. Elizabeth Atwater Sterrett, Miss Bessie Brainard, Mrs. Carol Case Dennison, Mrs. Louise Burrige Pease, Mrs. Anna White Drake, Miss Orra P. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow, Miss Potter and Miss Packard of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.

A mother of one of our this year's students confides to our Preceptress that *one* of the reasons why she selected Lasell as the school in which to place her daughter was the fact that so many Lasell girls marry. Lasell is certainly keeping up her reputation, judging by the following interesting announcements.

We feel like congratulating, not only the girls especially concerned and their husbands, but our school because of the splendid way in which her highest and best hopes for her "old girls" are being fulfilled.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reis announce the marriage of their sister, Sue Terrell Lair to Mr. Charles Hipwell Pascoe on Wednesday, October 23rd, at Montclair N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe will be at home after the first of December at 3 Royal Flats, Montclair.

On the thirtieth of October occurred the marriage of Agnes Louise Wylie, '05, to Mr. Joseph Thomas West at East Craftsbury, Vt. After December 1st, Mr. and Mrs. West will be at home at 6611 Randolph Street, Oak Park, Ill.

On November the sixth, Leslie White, '05, was married to Dr. Marshall Louis Alling, of Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Watson M. Rogers announces the marriage of her daughter, Edna May Rogers, '05, to Mr. Floyd Leslie Carlisle, on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-first of November. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle will be at home at 113 Keyes Avenue, Watertown, N. Y.

On Monday, October the seventh, Edna F. Felch, became Mrs. Warren Langmaid Bishop at Natick, Mass.

On Thursday, October 10th, occurred the marriage of Ellen Avery to Mr. Robert Seth Turner, at Peoria, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Turner will be at home after January 1st at "The Buena Vista," Pekin, Ill.

The *Montpelier Morning Journal* of October 17th announces the marriage of Mabel Alma Martin, '04-'05 to Mr. Charles Parker, of Bradford, Vt. A full and charming account of the wedding follows. Since leaving Lasell, Mabel has been connected for some time with the office of the State auditor. Mr. Parker is treasurer and manager of the Capital City Press and business manager of the *Montpelier Morning Journal*.

October 22nd, Charlotte Jessie Marshall became Mrs. Phineas Alden Beaman at Worcester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Beaman will be

at home after the first of February at 33 Winslow Avenue, Norwood, Mass.

Grace M. Harvey, a member of the class of 1911, was married to George D. Hall, of Medford, graduate of Exeter and Williston, at the home of the bride's parents, 388 Arborway, Jamaica Plain, on November 14. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Webster Powell, of the Baker Memorial Church, assisted by the Rev. Charles Otto, pastor of the Upham Memorial Church, Forest Hills.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie L. Harvey, as maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Catherine Canfill, Wellesley, 1911, and Mary S. Lumbard, of Chicago, Lasell, 1911. The best man was Francis D. Hall, Dartmouth, 1914, a brother of the groom, and the ushers were Robert Currier Williams, 1908; Robert H. Montgomery, Dartmouth, 1908; Alonzo G. Dennis, Bowdoin, 1911; Arthur Goodale, Tech, 1908; Carlisle Kelley, Harvard, 1908, and Gordan Hoge, Andover, 1910. The flower girls were Misses Esther Harvey and Gertrude Leard and the ring bearer was George D. Hall, 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall will reside at 54 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain.

The political and social world of New England was shocked November the third to learn of the sudden death of Congressman George H. Utter, ex-governor of Rhode Island and father of our Mary Starr Utter, '12. Lasell feels keenly the loss of this truly great and good man who had repeatedly expressed his personal interest in the school and good wishes for our success.

After the issue of our October *Leaves*, we received the sad tidings of the passing away of Mrs. Sophia Schmidt Lee, wife of James H. Lee, one of the most prominent residents of Bayside, N. Y. Mrs. Lee was the mother of our Virginia Lee, '11, and was very prominent in church and social circles.

Our hearts are tender with loving sympathy for these bereaved families.

Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, and her family, have moved for the winter from "Meadow

Crest," Egypt, to 25 Park Street, Brookline.

In a recent note received from Elizabeth Peirce by our Preceptress, she writes, "I went to Leslie White's '05, wedding and as I was the only Lasell girl there I thought I ought to send a little glimpse of it to the *Leaves*. Leslie's wedding was very quiet and informal at her truly home-like home in Lowell. About fifty relatives and friends were there and as the day was sunny and warm we saw her off and showered her with confetti from the lawn. Leslie was married in a brown messaline dress and looked her very best. When she returns from her wedding trip she will live in this, her old home. All in all it was as unassuming and sincere a ceremony as we all knew Leslie would have."

Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, and her little son, Peirce Fuller, born October, are at home in Brookline, and according to Aunt Beth's reports, little Peirce Fuller "grows cunninger every day."

From Dresden, Margaret Williams writes to Miss Potter, "I like Dresden but am in love with Berlin it is such a stately city; especially the Thier Garten and Unter Den Linden. I could walk and walk along these avenues and never tire, and I have the best to come for I am anxious to see Switzerland and Italy. I do not know when I will start for America but probably not until the middle of January. My thoughts lately have been so much with dear Lasell. I can picture the new faces entering the unfamiliar halls but it will not be long before all will be homelike to them. I did enjoy my year at Lasell and it will always remain a happy memory to me." Margaret gives a hint that she may remain in Europe and train her voice under foreign masters. We wish her all success and assure her that Lasell is holding her in loving and constant remembrance.

Cora Danforth, '07, has started on a round the world trip, sailing from New York City October the 19th. She hopes to see the Blackstock girls in India and Barbara Vail, '05, in California, and as many others of the old

Lasell girls as live along her route. We have the post office addresses of Cora for the entire trip. Any old girl interested in *way-laying* her can write to Lasell and we will put them into communication with this traveler. We congratulate you, Cora, and hope you will write up your trip from time to time for the *Leaves*!

The large and enthusiastic body of Lasell girls who accompanied Dr. Winslow to the Progressive rally in West Newton were loud in their praises of the splendid address of Dr. Woods Hutchinson and were especially interested to find that he is the husband of Cornelia Williams, '86.

'Dorothea Africa, '12, sends a fine photograph of the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City, N. J., where she is staying with her father and mother and tells us that she and Marjorie Norton had just made a call on Marion Shinn, '11.

Marion Hovey Briggs always did write the best poetry in school and she is keeping it up since leaving Lasell. The editorial page of a recent number of *Our Dumb Animals* contains a charming illustrated poem entitled "The Fireside Cat." I wonder if Marion's friends know that she is teaching school in Orleans, Vt., and that she is a near neighbor of Marion Ordway, '11. We learned this interesting fact from Marion Ordway who was with us for a few days at the opening of school and helped us receive and welcome the new girls, and occasionally gave us a musical treat, as she was wont to do in the old days.

A friendly message has been received from Mrs. Bartlett, sister of our Elizabeth and Gertrude Farnham, extending a cordial invitation to Lasell to visit the South End House, Boston, and also telling us that Gertrude is very happy in her college life at Vassar and Betty has an official position in the new College Business Woman's Club, Brooklyn. We rejoice in the good news concerning these sisters and wish them continued success.

That our Lasell girls wander to the ends of

the earth is daily apparent. A picturesque postal just received from Clara Parker, '12, comes with this greeting, "At Panama to-night, sail to-morrow night for Santa Marta, Colombia."

A recent daily issue of the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Wash., contains a fine picture of Katherine Fassett with the following note of explanation, "Miss Fassett mezzo-soprano, will make her first public appearance in Spokane as soloist in the concert to be given at the American theatre Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Hospital. The program will be given by the distinguished New York artists, Alexander Saslavsky and Eugene Bernstein, assisted by Miss Fassett. The writer adds, "Miss Fassett is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fassett and is credited with the possession of a mezzo-soprano voice of much beauty." Another Lasell girl to be proud of and to be congratulated!

In a personal note to Dr. Winslow, Katherine writes, "These autumn days always take me back to Lasell and I can imagine easily just how the girls are enjoying the beautiful hills with their wonderful coloring. I hope to be with you sometime during the winter. I leave this month for New York where I am to go on with my music and I hope to be able to do something that counts."

Miss Nutt furnishes us with the interesting information that Mrs. E. D. Bird, nee Carita Curtis, '99, has a little daughter, two and one-half years old.

Jean McKay writes:—"I did not receive your letter at once but when I did, I got busy and had my story done in plenty of time, but I am stranded at the ranch and so far there is no hope of leaving here, so it will likely be late. Last Saturday I was driving with a white sailor suit on and no wraps and this is Wednesday, and there is two feet of snow on the level and drifts of at least four feet. It took 'Slick' three hours to go four miles on horse back. The sheep are, of course, in a terrible fix in the hills. It is so unusual you know because we never have only shifts

of snow until Xmas. I wish you could have seen "Slick" and me yesterday. All the men were away from the ranch, two trailing sheep, the others in town, when this storm came up. We were here alone, "Slick" my aunt and I. There are about a hundred sheep, e'ghteen horses, and a couple of cows here, to feed. We knew they must be pretty hungry so decided to feed them; I put on a pair of rubber boots, bloomers, drill shirt and an oil skin belonging to one of the boys, "Slick" had on a pair of overalls, boots, and a battered sheep skin coat. I rode after the horses and *never* have I faced such a storm. I had to turn in the saddle to stand it at all. Finally I got them, harnessed them and hitched them to a wagon, "Slick" meantime cutting hay. Then he pitched it on the wagon while I loaded it. We hauled it over to our sheep and I pitched it off and he scattered it. We both said we would like some of our Lasell and Yale friends to have a peep at us. I've 'got' a mental picture of Irene Bezner, Alice Summers, etc. looking on. However, we both enjoyed it and came in hungry and red faced."

Dorothea Africa will remain at home this winter and expects to have "a good time in general."

Ruth Bachelder is the Domestic Science teacher at the High School in Amesbury, Mass. She attended the summer sessions at Columbia College.

Annie Merrill expects to stay at her home this winter.

Mary Starr Utter tells of a delightful visit at Edna Kauffman's, '11, at Reading, Pa. and later of a house party of Lasell girls at Josephine Siggins. She closes her note with this loyal outburst. "Lasell is indeed the best school that ever was, and I am more glad each day to be one of its graduates."

Mildred Hall will stay at home this winter. She reports having seen about thirty Lasell girls on her trip west this summer.

Clara Trowbridge is a Freshman at Welles-

ley this year. It is a great delight to have Clara so near her friends and Alma Mater.

Charlotte Lesh spent the summer in Europe. In a message to Miss Potter, Charlotte declared, "I am enjoying every minute of my trip, even when it rains."

Winifred Whittlesey did not forget "the folks" at her Lasell home this summer but sent beautiful post cards, assuring us of her good time at Mildred Westervelt's.

Clara Parker left with her family for Jamaica. She will spend the winter in California.

Marion Joslin is home this winter, keeping up her vocal lessons.

Elinor Ryan entered Ohio State University this fall.

Amalia Rosenbaum, '12, writes: "I am leaving home in a week for Parkersburg, W. Va., where I will spend a few weeks with my sister. Hope to see my 'roomy' in Cincinnati, and may go to St. Louis or Chicago. I will be away for some time and after I come home shall take up my music again in Philadelphia or New York. I certainly envy the girls who are back at Lasell this year and surely wish I could be with you."

Florence Jones, '12, writes: "I am getting Lasell-sick now at the opening of the school-year. Mildred Snyder, '10, Pam Spargo, '12, Mildred Hall, '12, and Esther Morey '12, have visited me this summer and I had luncheon with Edith Waller in Chicago and also with Ruth Coulter, '12, and I have been in Indiana visiting Esther Morey."

Don't think us cruel, but we are rather glad to get that homesick note from Jane Parsons, '12, or rather the assurance that she misses us. The missing is mutual Jane! She wishes us a successful year and speaks of Marjorie Risser's, '12, visit at her home this summer. She also adds "in August, Adele Maurer spent a couple of weeks here." She prophesies that the post graduates

(Continued on page 48)

EDITORIAL



Thanksgiving—a day of all days in the mind and heart of every American child because it means to him turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie and all sorts of goodies that he likes so well. But where and for what purpose was this feast day first celebrated? and what does it mean today? The earliest harvest Thanksgiving Day in America was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1621, and was often repeated during that and the next centuries. It has become customary for the President and the state governors to proclaim Thanksgiving Day, and it now ranks as a legal holiday. It was formerly a family festival of thanks for bountiful harvests or the safe arrival from England of some ship laden with provisions to ward off threatened famine. But today it seems to bring to our minds visions of a huge dinner and a visit from relatives rather than a thank offering for all the bounties that have been and still continue to be showered upon us each day. So let us try this year to revive the old spirit of thankfulness and thus give a truer meaning to that beloved day.—Thanksgiving Day.

Hallowe'en is a contraction of Halloweven, Eve of Hallowmas or All Saints' Day. This day is observed with great ceremony in the Catholic Church. The well-known poem of Burns "Tam O'Shanter," is a poem of Hallowe'en, and illustrates the popular idea of ghosts being abroad at that time, as well as the custom of the young people of Scotland to gather around the fire and pretend, by supernatural power given on that night only, to fortell their future husbands and wives. Fairies and pixies also came out of their hiding places at that time and every household used to light a bonfire in propitiation to them. The lighting of the fire is a very old custom, and this way of invoking the favor of spirits is practiced in different countries at different seasons of the year. Young America seems to remember the feast and the fun attached to this mystic night, but the original idea was a religious one solemnly asking the protection and blessing of the Saints.

THE CATHEDRAL

(Prize Poem)

Vast, and empty, and silent,
Hushed by the darkness of sin,
The cathedral stands grim and forbidding,
And no one enters in.

At the cold gray door of the threshold
Two messengers knock and implore,
Their message is urgent, compelling,
They must pass through the locked door.

But for years that closed gate has repelled them,
Not a ray of light has come through;
The hinges begin to be rusty,
But the lock holds fast and true.

A child sees the messengers waiting,
And leaves her merry play;
To her the closed gate is rose-hued,
And she shows them the entrance way.

The spirits of love and thanksgiving
Have sought for the key in vain;
But the trust of a child is sufficient
To rent the gate in twain.

And now there is joy, and laughter,
And thanksgiving has a part
In that love-filled lighted building—
The cathedral of the heart.

—Mildred Westervelt., '13.

The puzzle that appeared in the October number of the *Leaves* still remains unsolved. Up to the present time no one has sent in the correct solution. In order that the readers may have a little more time to try and puzzle it out we will not print the answer until the next number.

NOVEMBER SUNSHINE

Wind come tellin', sad and slow,
'Bout de frost an' 'bout de snow.
Leaves are thickly droppin' 'round,
Gently kiverin' up de ground.
As de branches wave on high
Dey say "hush!" an' heave a sigh;
An' de autumn shadows creep
While de world drif' off to sleep.

Suddenly de sunshine bright
Fills de woods wif dancin' light,
An' you mos' expects to see
Blossoms whar dey used to be.
South wind sing de old-time song
As de white clouds float along
An' de old world sleeps away,
Smilin' while it dreams of May.

Though life is made up of mere bubbles
'Tis better than many aver,
For while we've a whole lot of troubles,
The most of them never occur.

—Nixon Waterman.

EXCHANGES



The *Lasell Leaves* takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of *The Artisan*, *Knick Knacks*, *The Moravian Seminary Mirror*, *Maroon and White*, *Newton High School Review*, *New Trier Echoes*, *The Polytechnic*, *The Quill* and *The Scroll* for October, and *The Bates Student* and *Polytechnic* for November.

We are glad to welcome *The Artisan* to our Exchange shelf and are sure it will prove of interest because of its difference from the ordinary run of school magazines.

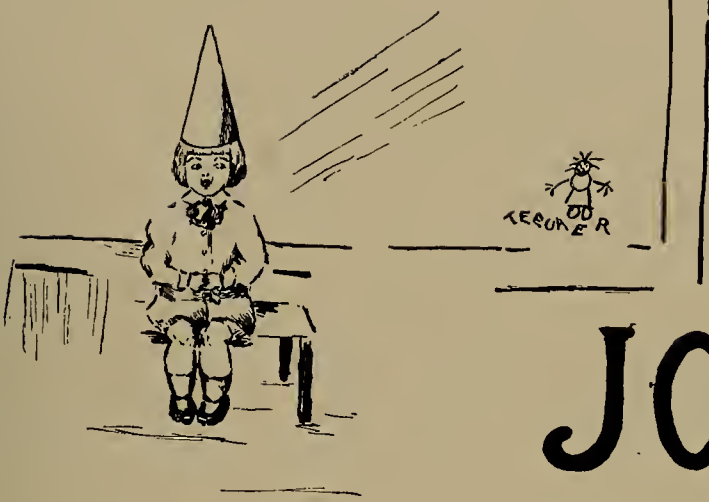
Knick Knacks is a new contribution also, and we hope it will continue to come regularly. "Before and After" is a poem very typical of a great many boys' ideas of school life now-a-days.

The Scroll always presents a neat appearance both inside and out. The article on "The New Party" is a good one and shows what an active interest everyone, even the school girls, are taking in the questions of the day.

New Trier Echoes is a well balanced paper. A number of short stories always makes a paper more interesting than one or two longer ones.

Bates Student: Don't you think your paper would be more interesting if you had a page or two of jokes?

Maroon and White Don't you think it would be a good idea to publish a list of Exchanges in your Exchange column?



JOKES

Ruth Ketcham, like Demosthenes who continued to hunt for an honest man, looks under every desser, desk and table for her gold barrette.

The Pickering House was passed, on the Salem trip, but because time was lacking, Dr. Winslow told the girls they could look up about it in the encyclopaedia, Hortense Bienstock then spoke up and said, "Oh yes, that's the place where the 'Pickering Papers' were written." Puzzle, where did Dickens live?

In the house decorating class, the question was asked, "Which is the coldest side of the house?" Jo Clapp answered, "The outside." North was the correct answer.

Some people don't mind changing their names before they are married. How does Mary Finney (for Fenno) sound?

Mr. Connolly was late to *one Leaves* meeting. He was expected, however, and Miss True spoke up, "I saw a stray man in the hall, could that be he?"

Ribbon evidently has gone up for Miss P. has been seen without her's lately. On the other hand, hair has come down, we have a few proofs among us.

Why is it that crushes are so afraid of their crushed, most of them are guaranteed not to bite, and a few can talk.

Edna Nichols passed a theme in, regardless

of all truth, saying "The ground slopped down to the lake."

Some mail boxes are hard to see—those "top rowers," who think they are transparent, please come to.

Students are not the only crushers in the Seminary. What about our P. G.'s. For instance?

What's the matter with the Seniors—they are all getting glasses and wisdom teeth.

It is less expensive to have joint crushes. For instance, please apply to either R. Decker or G. Downes.

Let us all have rubber bands attached to our handkerchiefs. Then in case they should fall they could easily be recovered, thus not causing one to walk the length of the diningroom or thereabouts.

Save your money!!

Save your money!!

Any manual labor done at a reduced rate at Senior House—Come early while the enthusiasm lasts.

What's the use of having table manners when you don't use them.

You can tell an engaged girl by the way she stands around her "male" box.

What political party do M. Fuller and M. Wheatly belong? They surely lost their heads election night. Their shrieks were equally distributed between Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt.



A GENTLE DIG

Richard Harding Davis told a good story about a dramatic critic.

"The young man," Mr. Davis said, "had roasted an actress dreadfully in his dramatic column. He was introduced to her a few days later, and she said:

"I think it was real mean of you to roast me like that, especially when you know that I have three children and a husband, who is a dramatic critic, to support." — *Washington Star*.

PERSONALS

(continued from page 44)

returning to Lasell will have a fine time in Hawthorne.

Orra Hammond remains at home this year as "mistress of the house!" A green German maid she is attempting to train. You will do it, Orra! We are glad to know she will keep on with her music.

Miriam Flynn sang in a mixed quartet in Medfield this summer. She expects to help keep house besides continuing her lessons with Miss Goodrich and having a position in the church choir.

"Bunny" Lincoln, '12, spent a week-end with us and how we enjoyed her visit. She told about the class in esthetic dancing that she was teaching in her home town. We believe it must be a fine class with such an enthusiastic teacher.

"What am I doing, you ask? Everything! I am studying Browning with a fine and interesting teacher and enjoy every minute of my study. Then I have three French lessons a week, for which I have to work hard. I am keeping up my vocal and piano too, so you see how some of my time is spent. Not long ago, I sang at our Settlement for the mothers of the children, and next Sunday we are arranging a program for the children, in order to acquaint them with good music, and make them like it better than 'Alexander's Rag-time Band,' and the like. Next month I shall make my 'debut'—I hate that word! It really is nothing, but people choose to call it that. I had such a lovely summer, and am enjoying my stay at home, but how I do miss Lasell! I am homesick for it! I am enclosing a dollar for a year's subscription to the *Leaves*. Very sincerely yours, Agnes P. Adelsdorf."

A letter from Rosalthe Williams contains some recent news concerning some of the class of 1912. "I had a letter from Elizabeth Edson saying that in a month, she and her aunt would leave Kent, Indiana, to go

to Mexico, that is, if conditions had become safe again.

"Charlotte Lesh has returned from abroad, and will probably stay at home this winter as her father is not well.

"As for myself, I am studying music with Madame Edith Noyes Green. I have a few pupils of my own and I enjoy teaching very much.

"Marjorie Risser has gone to Rome to study all winter in her aunt's school.

"Queenie Nettel is very anxious to work in a newspaper office in Manchester. Some day we are going to meet in Boston and have lunch together, afterwards she will spend the week-end with me.

"Who has charge of the *Leaves* subscriptions I want to subscribe for a year."

We regret very much to hear of Jane Parson's illness. She is in the hospital with typhoid fever. Our love and best wishes to you, Jane, for a speedy recovery!

So sorry we could not prevail upon Maude Dunlap to stay longer with us. Next time which we hope will be soon, you must stay at least two week-ends!

Grace Alexander, '12, who has been studying in a business school in Springfield, is now teaching Domestic Science in the Austine Institute in Brattleboro, Vt. Lasell wishes you the best of success in your work, Grace, and hopes to have another visit soon from you.

It is regretted that more of the class of 1912 could not attend their reunion held in Auburn-dale, but Mildred Hall, Annie Merrill, Clara Trowbridge, Orra Hammond, Miriam Flynn, Winifred Whittlesey, Dorothea Africa, Ruth Bachelder and "Mary Starr" were splendid representatives and how we enjoyed their visit at Lasell! Rah! Rah! Rah! 1912.

We hear that Mary Goodwillie is continuing with her music and also teaching the same. She has a very interesting Sunday School class of small boys, but her chief joy, it is reported, is attending Church socials.

The little Utah girl, Pam Spargo, is home having a good time socially.

No direct word has been heard from Esther Morey, except that she is at her home in Clinton, Indiana. Emily Butterworth and Rosalie Seinsheimer also are staying at home.

Ruth Coulter visited Jeanne Dennett this summer and Ruth Volrath. A recent letter from her states "I have a Sunday School class."

The Alumnae Editors of *The Leaves* are deeply grieved that information concerning three of the members of the illustrious class of '1912 could not be found; but we urge you who read the Alumnae Notes, if you know anything about these girls, Marion McArthur, Ethel Moore and Ruth Volrath, will you favor us with the information and it will appear in our next number of the *Leaves*.

"THE PANTHER OF LITTLE BALDY"

"You may go boys, but see that you pick up the scraps and leave your books in order."

The Professor spoke hurriedly, as with a few deft touches he brought his own disordered desk to rights, locked it, and stepping to a low bookcase at the back of the room, slipped a small leather volume into his pocket. His gaze wandered nervously over the deserted schoolroom, centering impatiently on the litter of torn paper and a scattered book or two; then with a weary shrug, he turned his back on it all, and passed out into the late afternoon sunlight which now lay across the valley in long level rays. For a moment he stood lost in silent admiration of the scene before him,—the rough winding highway at his feet stretching away toward the setting sun, the little cluster of tiny houses, the soft rise and fall of the hills, the great swelling peaks beyond—Pico, Killington, and Little Baldy. His brow cleared, he threw back his head, drinking in the fresh mountain air in long thirsty gulps, and with a step as springy as a boy's bounded down the hillside and struck eagerly into the rough path which wound about the foot of Bordman Hill.

It was in late afternoon rambles such as this, accompanied only by a favorite volume of

Trollope that the Professor sought and found blessed recompense for the petty wrangles and irritations of his day. On the lonely mountain paths he seldom encountered anyone, coming at rare intervals upon a solitary townsman, great shaggy dogs at heel, searching for stray sheep or cattle. Often he lay the long afternoon through on a warm rocky shelf high above the valley, or explored the darker recesses of ravine and canyon.

Today he wanted to get a glimpse of the valley at sunset from the summit of Little Baldy and hurried on in spite of familiar warnings. The road had had become steep and rocky, flanked on either side by slender thick-set pines, through which the sun's rays penetrated with difficulty. On the eastern slope of the Rockies darkness follows close upon the heels of daylight, stealing over the mountain like some dark and sinister spirit, calling forth a myriad host of whispering sounds and voices never breathed into the less attentive ear of day. A perpetual rustling, the scudding of feet, the thud of a heavy body, and now and then a cry so terrible and human in its utterance that away down in the valley men start uneasily, and throwing open their house-doors, peer out into the darkness of the night—these and many other terrors have long served to hasten the footsteps of belated travellers and send breathless children scurrying homeward with the first hint of departing day. Yet such is the optimism of a man when red-gold sunlight filters through the trees in great splotches all about him and he knows in his artist's soul how fair the valley stretches out before him just ahead. Already his straining ear can catch the faint tinkle of a cow-bell, the distant bark of a dog, and he forges doggedly upward, reflecting with a rather smug satisfaction upon his superior knowledge of mountain lore in general and the perverse windings of Little Baldy in particular.

A last hard pull over the shelving rock at the summit and he lay out at full length, re-

velling in the perfect peace and beauty of the restful scene before him. An evening mist was trailing down from Pico's steaming sides, pink-tinted where it rose to-meet the sky, deepening purple in the valley. A night wind had sprung up, and to the silent watcher on the mountain was borne the happy laughter of a child. Above his head a shadow, black against the glory of the sky, soared with ragged wings outspread, while back along the road somewhere a whip-poor-will cast its plaintive note upon the clear night-air. A silence so vast as to be almost oppressive held the earth in its mighty spell. Slowly, dreamily, sunset, valley and mountain merged into a single soft blur of pinks, purples, and golds,—and the Professor slept.

The stars were shining brightly when he roused suddenly, and starting up, waited breathlessly for a repetition of the sound which had just now torn its hideous way into his innermost consciousness. Was it the cry of a child in mortal agony, or only—he breathed again—a mad fancy of his weary brain? He moved slowly to the edge of the rock, then started back in horror as the fearful cry rang out again, this time almost at his feet. Like a flash his bewildered sense cleared and full realization of his danger swept over him.

(to be continued.)

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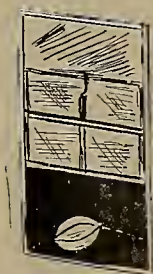
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Literary



THE CHRISTMAS STAR

Just a man sitting dejectedly on a bench in a lonely part of the park, a man seemingly in the depths of poverty and sin. He slouched forward, his head falling on his chest and his feet stretched before him. His eyes were shaded by his ragged cap, but they were dull and lusterless, the eyes of a man who had seen too much of the city's dark, narrow streets and too little of God's country of blue skies and green fields.

It was Christmas Eve, but no spirit of joy or merry-making was in this man's soul, no feeling at all save a petulant wish that the people hurrying through the streets were not so gay and carefree making his own misery the more complete. And then he slept. And as he slept the thoughts which while awake he doggedly kept from dwelling on, thronged through his mind, taking him far from the towering buildings and clanging cars, into the lofty stillness of the Cumberland Mountains. Why, he could feel the very breath of

the pines as he swung along the narrow trail, which led higher and higher then twisted down the side of a ravine, a trail ordinarily hard to follow in a heavy snow, but someone had been before him and following those footsteps he went on, on until the most beautiful sight in the world met his eyes. A little cabin lay half burried in the snow, but smoke came from the chimney and a shovelled path led to the door. Why was it beautiful to this man? Because it was his home which he hadn't seen since in the arrogance of his youth he ran away from the silence of the mountains to find a greater, more exciting world. All the nightmare of those awful years slipped away and he was a boy again, with a boy's longings and ambitions, coming home after a day's hunting. Yes, it was home. There sat his mother and father, "Mammy" and "Pap" in the vernacular of the place, she with her worn hands busily knitting, he silently smoking his long pipe. It was so natural to come silently in, receive a smile from his mother, a nod from his father and then after carefully cleaning his gun and

eating his supper to slip quietly up to the loft to bed. Yes, it was Christmas Eve, and his mother, coming to say good-night, sat on the foot of the bed and talked to him of the Christ Child, pointing through the window at the brightly shining stars.

"That's the way, 'twas, honey, when the shepherds saw the angels an' they was singin' about the Babe in Bethlehem." And he looked with eyes of boyish wonder, trying to find the star the Wise Men saw. His mother kissed him softly and whispered, "Sometime, Boy, you'll be findin' that star an' followin' it an' it will bring such peace!"

He woke and sprang to his feet! Not real after all, he thought heavily, looking up to the sky. There gleaming through the bare branches of the trees was a radiant star and through his mind flashed his mother's words: "You'll be findin' that star an' followin' it." Why not? It was merely a whim, he *would* follow that star and see what peace there was for him. It led him through the dark streets straight to the very door of his own house, not a very pleasing one, but one where a sad-eyed woman sat patiently waiting his coming. His step was buoyant and his eyes again hopeful as he entered the room where she sat.

"I've found the Star, Nellie, and it's goin' to mean a heap to you and me," he said. And she, looking deep into his eyes, saw there the light of the Christmas stars and believed.

Helen Stockwell.

THE FATHER WHO FORGOT ABOUT CHRISTMAS

The Professor of English at Phelps college had dismissed his last pupil and closing his study door abruptly, sank into a chair before the fire. A patter of little feet was heard outside and a small voice called:

"Father, are you very busy now, you said an hour and I want you to help write a letter to Santa Claus."

Dr. Cranston frowned and said impatiently

"Yes, yes come in."

The door flew open and there stood a curly headed lad carrying a piece of paper and an ink bottle tipped at a dangerous angle. The Professor quickly rescued the ink, setting it on the table and taking the boy in his lap sighed,

"What is it, Rufus, Father's worked hard all day and is very tired, so please be quick."

"Please help me write just a little bit of a note to Santa, tomorrow is Christmas, and he might forget me, because you and mother are always so busy that perhaps you didn't tell him everything I wanted. So I thought I would myself."

"What tomorrow, Christmas? I hadn't dreamed it was so near, what do you expect to get?" said the professor quietly, remembering that he had forgotten the holiday and incidentally the presents. "Well, I'm most five, and thought p'rhaps he'd be willing I should have a byke."

"A bicycle" corrected his father,"and"—

"And a tool chest and a hand car and a football and a dog, one of the woolly ones, a real live ones, you know and—O yes lots of candy, and— I guess that's about all. Some other boys may want the same things as me, so I don't want to be piggish."

"That seems to me a very great deal for a small boy to want, but times have changed But why don't you get nurse to help you, Father is so tired?" "You're always tired and Mother's always out," said the boy fretfully. "Why doesn't she stay at home evenings and read to us the way Fred's mother does? She wrote a letter to Santa for Fred and I was going to ask my mother to but I can't wait till she comes in. You see, tomorrow is Christmas and Santa ought to get this right away, Special Delivery. Why doesn't Mother ever stay home for dinner? She doesn't ever tuck me in bed and kiss me the way Fred's mother does."

"That's enough Rufus." pushing the boy from his lap. "Please go upstairs, I'm tired." And he rang for the nurse who carried poor little Rufus to his solitary tea.

The Professor paced the floor restlessly,

trying to reason out the unhappy state of his household.

"Why can't we make things right?" he sighed. "She doesn't understand Rufus or me either."

Just then the front door opened and a sweet voice said,

"Yes I'm going out again at six, and won't be in till twelve. By the way is Dr. Cranston through with those tiresome boys? You don't know? Well it makes little difference. I just thought I'd tell him I would be away till late and that I couldn't receive at the reception after his lecture tonight."

The professor hurried eagerly to the door and called,

"Clara, come here a moment please."

"What is it," she said hurriedly, "I'm due now at a dinner given by the Shakespeare Club?"

"Do you remember that tomorrow is Christmas and I want to know what you have planned to get for Rufus? He wants a dog, and a bicycle and ah—I believe a—velocipede. I presume you have attended to it?"

"O mercy me, Clif, I haven't done a thing about Christmas this year. The club work has been more burdensome than ever. What will you ask next? Men never realize the cares of a woman. I must rush, it's quarter to six and I'm due at the club dinner in fifteen minutes. I'll see about it tomorrow." And gathering up her fluffy skirts, away she flew leaving the professor to ponder over the situation.

"But what was to be done, tomorrow was the eventful day, and he couldn't rush around the city shopping. He—the dignified and learned Professor of English literature. And—just ten minutes to catch the car for Saybrook, where he was to lecture. A grand rush ensued, maids flew hither and thither and finally the front door banged a mighty bang and the professor was on his way.

That night when Dr. Cranston returned from his lecture he was more fatigued than usual, and deciding that sleep was impossible

went directly to his study. As he was about to turn on the light, he saw a tiny figure in blue pajamas curled up before the fire. One small inky hand grasped a pen, the other a crumpled tear stained sheet of paper. The professor gazed for some minutes at the sleeping child, then suddenly the feeling of possession came to him. This was *his* son, of whom he should be proud some day. But why not now? He lifted the boy in his arms and gently drew the paper from the little fist. And read with dim eyes these words:

Dear Santa:

My mama is busy and so is my papa and they don't want me any more. Won't you take me away? Perhaps you know a house where there isn't any little boy and they might want one.

Yours truly,

Rufus Cranston.

When the Professor finished there was more than mist in his eyes. Great drops rolled down his face upon the fair-haired child, as he murmured brokenly,

"Little boy, O my little Rufus, you shall never know what it is to need love so long as I live. Father will take care of you and give you all the love you can ever want."

And little Rufus opening his sleepy eyes smiled faintly and said,

"Merry Christmas, Father."

—*Juliet Beach*, '13.

A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS

No beautiful feathery flakes cheer the stranger who perchance finds himself in the fair sunny South on this day of days; but instead, fresh balmy air fills his lungs to their fullest capacity and makes him sigh, "Ah how sweet! how fragrant! how fresh it is! and how good to be where I need no overcoat, and instead of ploughing my way through the snow may go about picking flowers with which to deck the Christmas table."

The day dawns beautifully, quietly, peacefully, except for the sound of the mellow

church bells, summoning the good people from their cheerful homes, to their respective places of worship.

First, however, comes breakfast, today an important event, for Pinkie, the cook, has saved for this day her favorite recipe for waffles; and her biscuits send forth to the nostrils the promise of a rare treat, while the spare ribs frying away in their great skillet, permeate the house with such a delicious aroma that Master Bobbie and Mistress Mary fairly race to see which can get dressed first, while mother and father steal down stairs ahead of time to decorate the table with gifts for each member of the family. At last the happy party is ready, but delay yet a little for one of the happiest and most amusing incidents of the day. The servants of the household are called together, and as they assemble in the drawing room, an eager, smiling, expectant "Chris'-mas gif! Chris'-mas gif!" is heard. "Merry Christmases" and many handshakes are enjoyed, after which comes the great climax—the distribution of gifts, a great sight, indeed, for one who has never before seen it. Presents are given to each person by every member of the family, and call out the heartiest expressions of delight.

"Law, Mistis, dis am jis what I'se done been a-wantin'. How come you knowed?"—"Law bless you Mis', 'I do b'leve a angel done come down an' tol' you," and Sam, the driver, exclaims, "Gawd bless yo' soul, Massa, I'se a happy niggah dis day, sho! Ole Sam ain't had nothin' like dis, an' ain't neber expected it till de day ob judgement done come. Law, Mis', Massa, chillen, Gawd bless you all!"

After the excitement has subsided, the family goes to breakfast, where all enthusiastically open the mysterious bundles at each place, stopping only when Pinkie's tempting breakfast is served, and one delight takes the place of another.

The rest of the day is spent much as Christmases are spent elsewhere, the time

being divided between calls upon and from friends, the great family Christmas dinner, and visits to the worthy poor, in their homes, and at the Elk's Club, where the day is fittingly celebrated by the distribution of clothes, toys and "goodies" to almost every poor child in the city who wishes to come. All day long they pour in, eagerly receive their coveted gifts, go up to view the great tree which is decorated for them, talk to Santa Claus, and go home with excited, happy little hearts.

Lastly comes the attendance at church, where an unusually beautiful and inspiring sermon marks the day, and a melodious blending of sweet voices render praise in joyful song; above all the happy, joyous spirit of the season pervades the air—the spirit of Christmas, and "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Agnes Adelsdorf, '12.

ALMOST

"Will you please send John back with the car the minute you are through with it, Jim, for I'm not satisfied with that dress-goods Field sent me, and I'm going to see if they won't exchange it for me. Two o'clock will give me plenty of time, and oh yes, after that I want to get the groceries for dinner," said Mrs. Barber to her husband as he was about to leave for his business.

"All right, dear, I wish you all the success in the world, John will be here at two o'clock, but don't forget to come back for dinner," exclaimed Mr. Barber over his shoulder as he went out the door.

At two o'clock the car was waiting for Mrs. Barber and at two fifteen she appeared with her large bundle. "John, to Field's, please," and the car was started.

Now in the congested down town district of Landshire, an automobile is allowed to stand only five minutes on any street, so after leaving Mrs. Barber at Field's, John drove the car around the block and

waited his five minutes in front of the store. Thus he moved from one corner to the other and from street to street, for Mrs. Barber had forgotten to tell him how long she expected to stay in the store. After two hours waiting John decided to telephone Mr. Barber, to tell him that he was still waiting for his mistress and that he had better have one of his business friends bring him home. Mr. Barber suggested, that maybe Mrs. Barber had missed John and that he had better wait only one half hour longer and then come home. Yes, he thought that was a very good idea.

After telephoning again, John took his stand opposite Field's and waited his half hour, but no Mrs. Barber. At four forty-five John started home very slowly, and strange to say, Mrs. Barber at that moment left Field's. She had met a friend and talked with her in the store instead of going out to the car.

Mrs. Barber reached the sidewalk just in time to see John taking the car slowly down the street. She couldn't call because it would make her conspicuous, so she left her friend abruptly and started in pursuit, believing that maybe he would be blocked. He was for a few minutes; she felt sure that she was going to catch him, but, when she was within ten feet of him he started the car and was once more on his way. At the next crossing the same thing happened. Still Mrs. Barber's hopes were high, for at the next block was a railroad crossing and the gates were down. She quickened her pace, but to no purpose, for again when within calling distance John started the car, and again she was stranded not knowing whether to follow or take a train back. Being out of breath she sat down on a stone fence to think. The elevated, the only means of reaching home before eight or nine o'clock, was at least one mile north in the middle of the city, which she realized would be more than crowded at this hour of the day, but she decided to try for it anyway.

Upon reaching the station she discovered

that she had just missed the six-fifteen train, and must wait for the six-thirty seven.

At seven forty-five Mrs. Barber tired, hot hungry and a little cross, entered her flat to find Mr. Barber likewise tired, hot, hungry and a little cross. She was in no frame of mind, however, to explain her tardiness so she went directly to the kitchen, only to find that she had forgotten her groceries. This was too much. Mrs. Barber took refuge in tears. Mr. Barber took refuge at the Club.

Edna Mathias, '13.

THE SLEEPY TURKEYS

Helen and her little brother were coming up the path from the poultry-house, looking decidedly discouraged. It was a fine afternoon shortly before Christmas; the sky was blue and clear, and there were great white drifts of snow on the ground, just the very best kind for snowballs. So it surely was not the surroundings that made the children sad.

"Mother," said Helen, as she reached the kitchen and dropped in a little heap on the floor, "I'm afraid the turkeys are all dead, because they're still lying very quiet on their sides, with their poor legs stretched out stiff. Oh, dear, why did I forget to chase them into their house when it rained?" And a few tears rolled down her cheeks. Bobby cried, too; he always cried when sister did.

Mrs. Osgood, for her part, only smiled a quiet little smile all to herself at the child's notion that a rainstorm would drown a full grown turkey, big enough to grace a Christmas board. But she made no reply to Helen's complaint. Yet one who heard the child might well wonder what could be the trouble with this usually happy little girl. Was it possible that she was so fond of drum-sticks that her enjoyment could be spoiled completely because a few turkeys had died?

The truth is, these particular turkeys had an importance all their own.

The Osgood family,—widowed mother, Helen, and Bobby—lived in a small house on a narrow strip of land, at the edge of Mr. Gale's orchard, in front of which stood their

little red house, and behind that the garden, running up to Mr. Gale's land. Kinder neighbors than the Gales could hardly be imagined and there was great rejoicing in the Osgood family one day when Mr. Gale built a snug hen-house in their back yard, "just so that the children could have something with which to amuse themselves," said Mr. Gale. Best of all, he brought over a day or so later, some fine young turkeys that the children, as he said, might watch them grow.

There was, indeed, every reason to rejoice, for the prospect of adding a few dollars to what Mrs. Osgood could earn was a happy one, and the sale of four of these turkeys to the kindly red-faced provision merchant in the village, would at the holiday season, help her small finances considerably. Moreover, she planned to have a Christmas dinner such as they had not had since the children were old enough to remember. When mother said that, Helen knew well that she really meant "since your father died."

You can imagine how carefully the children watched and fed the turkeys after Mrs. Osgood's plan had been explained to them. They had grown increasingly enthusiastic over the five birds; but, alas! it was as Helen said,—everything conspired against those turkeys. Shortly after they had begun to grow plump, there had been a spell of warm weather, and the birds, so the children explained it, kept running around so that they could not get fat; and then storms came, and the creatures had suffered from the wet. Against such odds had the turkeys been taking their daily nourishment. Finally some disease seemed to seize them, and they had all quietly slipped off to the Paradise of turkeys, and left their poor bodies cold and stark on the ground. Helen was firm in the belief that the rain did it.

The two children did not give up hope, however, that their charges would revive. It was now just a week before Christmas; and when little Helen saw on her mother's face that she was as disappointed as her little ones, she and her small brother went into the garden and wept. All the Christmas goodies, and

such a nice little tree kept coming to her mind. But as they wailed out their sorrows, they were not alone in the garden, as they supposed they were, for Mr. Gale, out taking his morning walk, came across the tearful couple.

"What's this?" he said. "Lost something?"

"Yes," said Helen, trying hard to keep her red eyes hidden, "we've lost our turkeys and our Christmas dinner, and our tree—and everything."

"Not quite everything, I hope," said Mr. Gale, "but I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Our turkeys have died," sobbed Helen.

"Whew! But I never knew that the death of a few turkeys could stop any body from having 'Christmas tree, and everything.'"

Helen could not help smiling at this, but grew mournful again as she told her story.

"We were hoping we'd have money enough to get some new warm clothes and a sled for brother, too."

Mr. Gale looked thoughtful.

"It is too bad, my dear," he said, "but if I were you, I would not think about those poor turkeys until Tuesday, two days before Christmas. Then I'd come out and take another look at them"—the turkeys had been removed to the orchard—"Perhaps they will be awake by that time; I've an idea that they are only asleep."

Then he hurried home to Mrs. Gale, while the children stood staring at his retreating form, not knowing what to think of his words. But suddenly they skipped into the house, told their mother about Mr. Gale's prophecy, and begged her to promise not to touch the turkeys.

The next two or three days were stormy, so Helen and Bobby remained in the house most of the time; but on Monday the sun appeared again and late that night anyone who had been walking in the garden might have heard voices near the Osgood poultry-house. But no one did; why should they? Helen and Bobby were soundly asleep in bed, so they couldn't. But in the morning Mrs. Osgood happened to say that the next evening they must all hang their stockings up, and see if

Santa Claus would not bring some little gift, because they had been such good children. If it had not been for that the children might have forgotten Mr. Gale's words, but, as it was, Helen immediately took brother's hand, and they started for one last look at the turkeys, to do which they must pass by the henhouse.

As they came near the door, they heard a familiar noise. Helen just peeped in, gave a little cry of surprise, grabbed Bobby's hand, and flew back as fast as her little legs could carry her, and at the same time allow her to pull brother along.

What could be the matter?

What do you suppose? That poultry-house had in it five of the plumpest, biggest turkeys that you ever saw,—just the kind for which the provision man was paying a high price then on account of their scarcity. To the children nothing seemed unusual, nor did it take them long to get the merchant to come to look at their turkeys. Meanwhile, since the sleeping turkeys had disappeared from the orchard, the children naturally concluded that these turkeys were the same ones, that they had just waked up, as Mr. Gale had said they would. Privately, in your ear, however, I don't mind saying that good Farmer Gale had a chat one day shortly before the turkeys had waked up, so that the widow was not surprised at their getting so beautifully over their nap.

Oh, there is no time to tell of the Christmas dinner that the money furnished, the pumpkin pies and all—nor of how delighted Mr. Gale was, when Bobby went to see him, bright and early in the morning and show him the new blue sled.

"Well," whispered Helen, when her brother and she were snugly tucked in their beds that Christmas night, "I don't believe that anybody anywhere ever had such a nice Christmas." And just a little later Mrs. Osgood, in her prayer thanked God for such kind hearted neighbors as the Gales. *Evelyn Schmidt*, '14.

THE PANTHER OF LITTLE BALDY

(Continued from *November Leaves*)

For a moment the hideous, child-like wail

seemed to hang suspended above the sleeping valley; then the night wind took it up and swept it across the mountain through the shivering, waving pines. The Professor started as though waking from a bad dream to actual horrible reality, and hardly knowing which way he turned, struck into the stony path at a run. Terror may have winged his feet, but it could not guide them, and after he had measured his length twice among the boulders, he slackened pace and felt his way cautiously step by step. The path had dropped into a rocky ravine and now and again he came up against a wall of solid rock higher than arm could reach; the blackness smothered him, choked him, seemed almost to strike him back at every step. Finally he dropped on hands and knees, thinking to make better progress, and crawling and twisting about among the rocks, lost all sense of direction, and had to stand up repeatedly to study the line of the cliff above his head against the bluer black of the sky. Looking up once in this way, his watchful eye caught the uncertain shape of a dark body moving along the rocky edge, and a moment later a stone came crashing down and rattled off into the brush. He waited breathlessly, but nothing followed and his straining eyes could catch no further glimpses of the shadowy prowler. The ravine was widening now and tall pines had begun to crowd up into it; he heard their low moaning long before he reached them. Feeling his way thus, inch by inch, he struggled doggedly on for what seemed a mighty eternity, while bushes and twigs crackled and snapped uncannily and the long arms of the pines brushed his face at unexpected moments. Surely the whole forest must know that here moved the forest-bungler, Man.

He had covered perhaps half-a-mile in this fashion when he stopped abruptly, leaning heavily against a great boulder. Why did this oppressing sense of immediate danger drive in upon him so suddenly and relentlessly, filling his hitherto calm mind with an uncontrollable panic? In vain he sought to analyze it, reason it down. Fear, the fear of

the Unseen, had cast its spell about him, all the more potent because an unerring instinct warned him that whatever the danger, it was there in the darkness very close at hand. For many tense minutes now he had been fighting off the impulse to look around, knowing well the bondage to which such an act would immediately subject him. Yet so mighty and all-possessing had this impulse now become that he felt himself a toy in its hands and child-like, gave himself into its keeping. For a moment his head rested wearily in his arms; then raising himself slowly, he turned to meet the steady gaze of two great green eyes.

The Professor was not surprised. Indeed, all sense of feeling seemed utterly to have deserted him. It was as if he had suddenly become a mechanical machine, planning alertly, shrewdly, for a certain desired end quite without personal consideration or interest. What followed seemed like the natural result of a series of well-planned but wholly impersonal experiments.

His gaze still held by that of his unseen adversary, the Professor moved slowly backward. The eyes followed, gaining step by step. He stopped and waited but they came no nearer; still the intervening distance was decidedly less than it had been at first. He moved on again with the same gratifying result. At this rate, the distance would soon become too short for comfort. He could not afford to throw away the precious inches so rashly. Feeling in his pockets, he discovered his chain of keys and half a dozen matches,—slender weapons with which to fight so formidable a foe, yet they might be made to serve even at that. His plan was simple,—three matches in each hand struck simultaneously, a well directed leap straight at the hungry jaws of the man-eater—at worst he would only hasten matters a trifle.

Feeling about cautiously for a hiding-place, he discovered a good-sized boulder and quickly entrenched himself behind it and with watchful eye followed the uncertain movements of the enemy. The animal was evidently perplexed at his sudden disappearance

and at first made no attempt to pursue him farther. Then gradually it became bolder, the desire for prey conquered, and the glowing eyes moved steadily forward.

The Professor drew in his breath quickly; like most men doomed to meet an immediate death, his mind passed rapidly over the events of his past life, yet quite without sadness; indeed, it was with almost a grim smile that he thought of the empty school room back in the valley and of the small boys who would in all probability go fishing tomorrow. The eyes were very near now; his own, straining out into the darkness, could almost catch the low, crouching outlines of a great hulking body.

Had he been the hot-blooded hero of the modern novelists favorite conception, the Professor would undoubtedly have held his tense position until the warm breath of his unknown adversary fanned his expectant brow. As it was, the disappointingly prosaic hero of this little narrative waited for no such signal but struck his matches and roared his warning while there were still a good six feet between himself and the crouching danger. Rushing forward in a sudden blaze of glory, he hurled himself upon it with madly kicking feet, strangely confident of victory; at the same moment, his head struck the rock behind, and a sickening dizziness swept over him.

Was that the sharp, agonized yelp of a dog so close at hand? The Professor stretched out an eager hand and met the end of a flapping, bushy tail; a second later and a head had wormed itself around, and a warm, loving tongue was dumbly pleading for forgiveness. The Professor rose stiffly, half inclined to kick the faithful beast again. Then his natural kindness reasserted itself, and he gently coaxed and petted until Nero, somewhat shaky, to be sure, was able to stand on his own four legs and guide his master safely among the boulders and out of the ravine. And thus we find them at daybreak, winding their way down into the still sleeping valley—the Professor and his green-eyed Panther.

Katherine Steele, '14.



SENIORS vs. SPECIALS

A large number of Lasell students and "pickaninnies" witnessed the center ball game between the Seniors and Specials on Saturday evening, December 7. The gymnasium was decorated most artistically: the stage here and there held a bouquet of violets and yellow roses, the balcony was aglow of Turkey red and just below and a little to the left was a bank of Kelley green.

Promptly at seven-fifteen the Senior team entered, lead in the lock step by Captain Mathias and cheered by their classmates who occupied the stage. Following them came the Special team, who were cheered by the Juniors and their own flock, lead by Miss Carothers, who took a few pointers in that art at the Harvard-Dartmouth game.

The whistle sounded and the game began: Miss Fenno at goal, did some splendid playing and scored three points in the first half for the Seniors. Miss Smith as guard, also played a marvelous game. Seated upon the floor, Miss Linn and Miss Carothers gave the audience a wonderful exhibition of arm gymnastics. Captain MacDonald proved herself capable of her office by scoring two points for the Specials though rather handicapped by Captain Mathias, who, by the simple feat of thrusting one arm into the air, would send the ball back to the other side.

When the whistle was blown for intermis-

sion there was immediately much excitement among the Juniors and in an instant half a dozen orange and black "pickaninnies," carrying "Lasell 1915" banners, rushed onto the stage and assisted by the Seniors, who tunelessly began to proclaim "The Sophs are Coming." Like the Christmas trains, they arrived in sections (the blackest by way of the engine room) and assisted by Dr. Winslow and Miss Potter, gave some rousing cheers and songs.

In a few minutes the game was renewed and from Miss Smith we saw some real playing—she had chalked the soles of her shoes! The battle was fierce but neither side gained a point and when the time was called, the score stood Seniors 3, Specials 2.

The lineup was as follows:

SENIORS	SPECIALS
Mathias, Capt.	Capt., MacDonald
Fenno	Smith
Libby	Perry
Linn	Nichols
Livermore	M. Christian
Clapp	Richmond
	sub., Carothers

On Saturday afternoon, November sixteenth, we had the extreme pleasure of having Mrs. Loomis talk to us on "Table Etiquette." It was enjoyed to the utmost, and every Lasell girl feels keenly the loss of Mrs. Loomis.

Many of us, I am sure, do not know or understand many of the operas which we see. Saturday evening, November twenty-third, Mr. Hubbard, of the Boston Opera House, came out and told us the story and history of "The Tales of Hoffman." He was assisted by Mr. Waller, also of the Opera House, who gave interpretations on the piano. Mr. Hubbard is a very interesting speaker and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

"Who is John Kendrick Bangs?" was a question that I heard many girls asking. If they did not know who Mr. Bangs was they surely found out, on Thursday evening, November twenty-first; and from all reports none of them were disappointed. On that evening Mr. Bangs talked to us on "Solubilities I Have Met." The lecture was held in the Congregational Church in order to extend the opportunity to those in the village. It was one of the most enjoyable lectures that we have had for some time, and we all hope that Mr. Bangs will return to us again.

"What shall we do to-night?" was a question that was settled in a most delightful manner by the Seniors, for some of the girls on Saturday evening, November twenty-third. After the lecture, we rushed over to Carpenter Hall and proceeded to "make ourselves at home." After we had removed our wraps and had talked for a few minutes, we were summoned to the first floor where a feast fit for a king was set out. We all sat on the floor and tried to take up as little space as possible. We were waited upon by several of the Seniors, who made as charming hostesses as anyone could wish for. After everyone had eaten all they could, and some a little bit more, we again went upstairs and grouped ourselves in the hall where we listened and sang to the playing of Miss Ada Swanger, who is an accomplished pianist. We were favored with a dance by Miss Josephine Clapp who made a big hit with the audience and was immediately proclaimed a star. Miss Edna

Mathias also favored us with a song entitled "I'm the Guy." I have heard the song sung many times before, but never with the feeling and expression which Miss Mathias put into it. Many had tears in their eyes when the last note had died away, and I, for one, shall never forget it. The time for departing came all too soon, and it was with the greatest reluctance that we said good-night to the Seniors who accompanied us back to Main.

The Seniors certainly gave us a delightful surprise on the evening of November 26.

We had just taken our usual places at the dinner table when suddenly we were left in total darkness. Then little flashes of light drew our attention toward the stairs and there stood the Senior class, each with a tiny flashlight turned on their class pins.

After singing their songs they marched through the old dining room into the new part instead of taking their regular seats.

The Sophomores were first to cheer their sister class but were soon followed by the Juniors. The entire school heartily responded to each class yell with the customary "Ho-e-la."

Thanksgiving at boarding schools is generally supposed to be "dreadul," and if one has to stay at school at that time, they are pitied to an extreme by their friends. I had the pleasure of being at Lasell this past Thanksgiving, and surely nothing more could have been done for our comfort and happiness. The dinner, which was served to us from half past one until nearly four, was beyond the criticism of the most exacting person. The tables were decorated very simply and prettily and each person had a most clever place card. After dinner we adjourned to the gymnasium where we were delightfully entertained by some little folks of the village; and dancing (girls only) followed that, but not for long, for most of us were tired, but all of us were happy.

Dear "old girls" of the past four years, what do you think is the "latest" at Lasell! Little Richard Austin is going to school, has been regularly enrolled about two weeks! Morning after morning we rush (none faster than Miss Nutt) to the front windows to see the passing, all by himself, of this dear little Red-coat on his way to Kindergarten. Try to picture him if the day is stormy in his wee mackintosh and sou'wester, the raincoat literally covering him from "head to heels," and trudging along with his tiny umbrella, (the smallest made), held everywhere but just overhead!



The second school day he came home tearfully confessing to his mother that "he had thrown his Cupid into the fire." How history repeats itself! He and another boy, true to their kind, had loitered along on the way and, passing a bonfire, had instantly decided to contribute to the flames. No knowing what the other boy threw in but poor little Richard (after the fashion of certain Seniors on Class Night) threw in a real treasure! Upon investigation, his mother found that on that day he had taken his first lesson in clay-modelling and had mistaken his "cube" for a Cupid. The editor of this paper is looking

over my shoulder and exclaims, "he will know the difference later on!" And the girls all say that Editor Jo is not guessing this time!

SCHOOL SONGS

In Moonlight Reposing

In moonlight reposing, its charms all disclosing
Our student home is shining on the hill.
To-night we are singing, our voices are ringing,
Are ringing o'er the campus on the hill.

Come, come, sing with a will,
Sing for old Lasell with a cheer.
While others are sleeping, we'll still watch be keeping
Our watch of song o'er Alma Mater dear.

One Friday Night

One Friday night there came to call,
The man I love the best of all,
He asked the maid if I were in,
She only scowled and frowned at him.

"You sure must know you cannot stay,
You cannot call except Monday."
He looked beyond that maid so fair
And saw the motto "Welcome" there.

"Say 'au revoir' but not 'goodbye,'
Next Monday then again I'll try."
But this time, too, his call I missed,
He was not on my calling list.

Alma Mater

Bound firm by a bond unbroken,
Love for old Lasell,
Take we now a pledge outspoken
E'er to guard her well.

Chorus

Alma Mater, Fidelites,
Pledge, girls, for loyalty;
Sing we now before we part,
We'll ever faithful be.

Bright school days are quickly past,
Enjoy them while we may;
Memories still shall them outlast,
When we are far away. *Cho.*



PERSONAL



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUDGET

When you tire of my items let me know in some delicate, off-hand way, as girls so well know how to do, and I'll quit. Anita Wade Anbrose calls her new baby Carolyn Rae. Her birthday was May 30.

Alice Ball Groesbeck lives here now and I hope she will stay. Mr. G's. health is fully restored. This I have from Jeanette Kiser, who has a home here. Some of the time she and her mother live in it and sometimes in The Maryland Apartments. Lizzie Bacon Whittemore lives in the same apartments. Jeanette and Lizzie are handsomer than ever.

Mrs. Hathaway of Lincoln, Neb., mother of Lillie Hathaway Muir, of Denver, is spending the season in Pasadena.

Irene Sanford, of Brockton, spends the winters in the Rampart Apartments in Los

Angeles. Carrie Steel Ewing, of Portland, Oregon, with her father and daughter, made a thorough visit to our Southland in October and November, bringing car and going about in good shape. She didn't stay long enough.

In the list of marriages in the late *Leaves* I did not see that of Isabelle Bowers who became Mrs. Clyde Melville Church on September 5, nor that of Ethel Evans, of Ft. Worth, Tex., who on October 14 gave herself to Walter Root Bennett; nor that of Ida Cogswell Bailey's daughter who married in Worcester on September 5. These are all of interest to Lasellians.

I liked the new color and I endorse the advice in the Editorial that new girls go slowly in the matter of choosing "soul-mates." That used to be one of my first suggestions at the Fall opening and it was born of large ex-

perience of disasters following a neglect of it.

I see you have let your Principal take upon himself several heavy responsibilities outside of school, viz.: President of Auburndale Good Government Club, President of Village Improvement Society and Candidate for Senator of Massachusetts.

Did you do it hoping to divert his eagle eye from your school pranks?

I see you still misspell the name of our Lasell cheer. It should be Ho-i-la, not Ho-e-la, Of course being good classicists we pronounce it "Ho-ee-la" but how *can* that pronunciation stand for anything but Ho-i-la?

Helen Huntington Berryhill is coming December 1 from Des Moines to spend four or five months here. So far as I know all Pacific Coast Lasellians are "well and happy."

Hoch! Hoch! Lasell.

C. C. Bragdon.

Pasadena, Nov. 23, '12.

The *Orleans County Monitor, Vermont*, contains a full and interesting account of the marriage of Agnes Wylie, '05, and a friend of Lasell, who was present at the wedding, declares it to have been one of the most impressive and beautiful services she has ever witnessed. The article closes with this loyal tribute to the bride: "Mrs. West during her residence here has endeared herself to all. She is a graduate of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., and has been very active in the different societies and as church organist. She carries with her to her new home the best wishes of a host of friends."

On Saturday, November 23, occurred the marriage of Mabel Judd to Mr. Fred B. Whitney at East Orange, N. J.

On Wednesday, November 27, Florence Stark became Mrs. Harry Orlando Hoyt, at Norwich, Conn.

Alice Dunklin Hobbs became Mrs. Francis Worcester on Wednesday, November 20, at Aurora, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Worcester will be at home after January 1st at 6153 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The marriage of Mary Florine Thielen to Mr. Cornelius James Peeples occurred on Saturday, November 30. Mr. and Mrs. Peeples will be at home until the first of March at Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill.

Lasell's message to this happy companie is the Christmas prayer of Tiny Tim, "God bless them every one!"

BETROTHAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Ethel Perry Wilde, '07 to Mr. Harold Macomber Hammett.

Selma G. Gardner to Mr. Harry E. Collin.

Instructor Walter R. Amesbury has a new pupil, little Robert Raleigh Amesbury, born November 13, weight, eight pounds. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Amesbury (nee Jennie T. Ford.).

In a cordial letter received from Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, she speaks of seeing "Bob" Clark Crull, '05, and her husband for a little while. They were taking a motor trip and passed through Dansville, Nell's home, en route.

Now that her little daughter is older, Nell is able to enter more and more into her church work which was always such a joy to her, and a blessing to those whom she serves. Her new address is 22 North Street, Dansville, Ill.

Mable Falley De Vona, '92, is winning deserved fame through her pen. Fraulein Roth, who was Lasell's guest last summer, promised to visit Mable, before her return to California. We are hoping for a word from Fraulein, concerning the "literary doings" of this gifted but modest alumna.

Lillian Buehner, and Florence Jones, '12, sent a joint message from Evanston, Illinois, to our Preceptress. Lillian reports a delightful journey through Europe. Both girls are well and as happy as they can be, away from Lasell.

The two brides, Agnes Wylie West, and Julia Potter Schmidt, have been kind enough to send letters from their "very own" homes. We are not surprised that both report them-

selves supremely happy. We prophesied long ago that home making would be their forte.

Florence Swartwout's letter was as usual a good one. Although the letter was strictly personal, we cannot help repeating one or two of her helpful words. The message came at Thanksgiving time, and is as follows, "Isn't it a splendid thought that we all have a common God of Bounty to Whom we can sing our united hymn of praise."

We have not yet ceased to be sorry that dear Mildred Otto was unable to return to us, we send her the season's greetings, and the assurance that her kind wishes for a "lovely year, and great success," have thus far proved prophetic.

Miss Packard tells of a delightful afternoon tea with Mrs. Charles Tilton (Glenna Webb) at her beautiful home among the New Hampshire hills, Tilton, N. H. By the light of the open fire they chatted of Lasell and of her trip around the world and Glenna proved herself the gracious hostess we knew she would be. Best of all Miss Packard saw her little son, a fine boy.

A brave word from Mary Starr Utter, '12, reports herself and mother as well, and we are not surprised that they are finding a panacea in self-forgetfulness and loving service for others.

EXCHANGES

Emerald: your paper would be more attractive with some cuts, and would it not be well to keep the reading matter apart from the advertisements at the end. This latter is very confusing.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Lasell Leaves, your paper is nicely arranged and exceedingly interesting.—*Moravian Seminary Mirror*.

The Christmas recess started on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, and will end at 8.45 A.M., Jan. 9.

EXCHANGES



The Lasell Leaves takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of *The Daedalian Monthly*, *The Hackettstonian*, *The Hermonite* and *The Herald* for October and *The Bates Student*, *Centralian*, *The Emerald*, *The Lal Bagh Chronicle*, *Les Collines*, *Maroon and White*, *New Trier Echoes*, *The Megaphone*, *The Moravian Seminary Mirror*, *The Owl*, *The Polytechnic*, *The Quill*, *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*, *The Tatler* and *The Vail-Deane Budget*.

The Daedalian Monthly, *The Emerald*, *The Herald* and *The Hermonite* are new arrivals on our Exchange shelf. We are glad to welcome them there and hope they will continue to come. *The Hackettstonian* and *The Vail-Deane Budget* have come to us again after quite an absence, and them, also, we hope to see regularly henceforth.

We are always glad to see *The Lal Bagh Chronicle* for it gives us glimpses of the school life of the girls in far away India—such a contrast to ours—and also of its manners and customs.

Your paper is very interesting, *Megaphone*, and your exchange column unusually long and full (we hope the new editor will continue to keep it so) but don't you think a few cuts would make it more attractive?

St. Helen's Hall Quarterly is unusually good this time; the story, "A Little Patriot" deserving much praise both for its subject matter and the method of handling. The new cuts for the various departments add greatly to the magazine's appearance.

EDITORIAL



EDITORIALS

Christmas Day!—the day of all the year when our jealousies and hates are turned to love. A spirit of charity, joy and merry-making pervades in the air and those who do not respond to it are greatly to be pitied. To the most of us here at Lasell, Christmas means home, family and presents. But we can make this vacation at home mean so much if we only will by being just a little more loving to our mother, a little more appreciative toward our fathers and a little more considerate of our brothers and sisters. Make your "Merry Christmas" a more cordial greeting than usual; tell your friends that you are glad to see them and mean it when you say it. Leave yourself out of it this year and this a day for others. Join in the spirit and you will find that this Christmas will be a happier and more worth while one than any other you have ever before experienced.

OUR MAY QUEEN

Many of us are talking, even now, about whom we would like for May Queen, whom we think will gain that honor and whom is really deserving of it. But first we should understand just what she is to stand for. She must represent the ideal Lasell girl in every way; in class record, in carriage, and in character. For this purpose the student Council has

passed a law which reads as follows: "To be eligible to the office of May Queen a girl must have a passing mark in every study, must carry herself well, and must never have been upon the restriction list for conduct. We must bear this law in mind in choosing our May Queen as she stands for our choice; in fact, she represents us, our ambitions and our ideas. May we on that first day of May be proud of the girl upon whom we have bestowed the honor of May Queen and let her remember that she bears her Alma Mater's name; she must protect her honor.

The following is the solution of the puzzle that appeared in the October *Leaves*:

First day: A.F.K., B.G.L., C.H.M., D.I.N., E.J.O.; second day: A.B.E., C.D.G., H.I.L., J.K.N., M.O.F.; third day: B.C.F., D.E.H., I.J.M., K.L.O., N.A.G.; fourth day: E.F.I., G.H.K., L.M.A., N.O.C., B.D.J.; fifth day: G.I.O., H.J.A., C.E.K., D.F.L., M.N.B.; sixth day: I.K.B., J.L.C., E.G.M., F.H.N., O.A.D.; seventh day: K.M.D., L.N.E., O.B.H., A.C.I., F.G.J.

Miss Mildred Westervelt, the winner of the prize poem in the November number of the *Leaves* was awarded a box at the Plymouth Theatre for a performance of George Arliss in "Disraeli." The box was given to the editors by Fred Wright, the manager of the theatre. The production has had a remarkable run at the Plymouth Theatre and will be continued indefinitely.



REUNER

JOKES

Look out for seeds, girls! Miss Post insists that we each have two appendixes.

News is anxiously awaited from the unfortunate young woman thus described by Miss Hammond: "She turned exceedingly pale and it seemed as if her eyes rolled into her head and then collapsed into a chair."

Dr. Godfrey says we wink for some purpose and "Peggie" Livermore thinks that purpose is protection.

Fashion rules the world or rather the people in it—hence, the reason Gen. Betcher changed her mind about the watch chain.

Helen Caruthers is the original pager-bub beware when she kindly informs you, "did you know that —— is looking for you?"

Ask Florence Evans how she likes hypnotism.

We wonder how long Dora Goodwillie and Ruth Ketcham have been members of the Assembly Club of Boston.

Miss Ryder and Miss Riker are the original labor leaders in the "strike" question.

In introducing people Florence Evans has a new method; instead of saying, "I want you to meet so-and-so" she says, "I'm pleased to meet you."

Flowers always add greatly to the beauty of a picture especially violets—how about it Dot D.?

Bess Emerine certainly can beat Adeline Geneè when it comes to cake walking and toe dancing.

Some people can't do a thing with their hair after washing it. Three guesses as to Olive Smith's trouble last Saturday night.

Evidently one of the Sophs took Edna Mathias' perfectly good sweater for a wash cloth, after the center ball game.

It sure is strange how persistent Miss Warner is about those insignificant gym classes, especially that third period.

Classes should beware of gathering in groups of more than two or three for fear of giving the impression of a class meeting.

AMBITION

Ambition spoke to me and said,
 "Strive on—I would not have thee rest
 When thou hast only just begun
 Thy work is hard I know, but come,
 There is no soul who e'er has won
 By lagging—resting by the way,
 To think how much he gained to-day.
 List not to comfort who would bid
 Thee rest, and wait—until—until—
 For then 'tis harder to begin.

Ah, come, and smile, and say, 'I will.' "

Agnes P. Adelsdorf, '12.

THE JOYS I MIGHT HAVE MISSED

If I had chosen some other school
 From out that great long list,
 And hadn't ever seen Lasell,
 How much I would have missed!

There're other things I might have learned
 And friendships I'd have made,
 But those I won at dear Lasell
 I hope will never fade.

Although at times I sadly miss
 The girls in their gay whirl,
 Yet, there are some advantages
 In being an old girl.

If I had never seen Lasell
What fond memories I would lack,
For then that first Commencement
Would not have seen me back.

The principal and faculty,
No matter what our year,
Received us old girls coming back
With a welcome all sincere.

So many girls I saw again,
And hope that many more
Such glad reunions as those were
For us are yet in store.

Lasell's Chicago Club converses
Quite often for a chat.
Old girls, you don't know what you miss
By not attending that!

Most anywhere you want to go,
Chicago's on the way;
So many of the girls we've seen
If only for a day.

The many things I would have missed
Too numerous are to tell,
If I had chosen some other school
Instead of dear Lasell.

Why, even now 'twould change my plans,
I'd not be writing this.
And then, just think, old girls and new,
Of all that you would miss!

Margaret Jones, '11.

THE UNEXPECTED

I had lost my diamond ring on Wednesday. On that day I had gone to see my aunt who lived in one of the neighboring suburbs. She had asked me to stay for dinner and had invited a few young people over for my entertainment. Never had I more thoroughly enjoyed an evening. Not until Sunday had come and I was dressing for church did I miss my ring. What could I do? I could not be late for church without paying the penalty and I did want so badly to go into town on Monday.

Somehow I endured church and dinner and then suddenly I had an inspiration.

It was a beautiful day; much too beautiful to stay indoors. My room mate and I would take the trolley to Brookline, surprise my aunt, tell her of my loss, and search for the missing jewel. The tang of the autumn air, the gorgeous coloring of the trees, the thought of giving someone a pleasant sur-

prise, inspired hope in us both and when we stepped from the car, a short block from our destination, a feeling of eager anticipation made us quicken our steps. But the house looked empty. Incessant ringing however, finally brought to the door a small, pale, timid-looking maid, who appeared as if she might distrust a harmless little puppy dog.

"Is Mrs. Hardee in?" I asked.

"No, Miss, they've all gone riding," was her hesitating answer.

"Will they be back soon?" asked my roommate.

It took the maid a long time to say "no" as she held tightly to the door knob.

"I think I will go in and phone to my cousin," I said, opening the screen door and walking in, followed by Edna. We started for the phone leaving the maid staring at us in open-mouthed astonishment.

"No," said my cousin, in response to my inquiry, "your aunt has not been here." We decided to make ourselves at home and wait, for there might be a chance of our having an auto ride back to school. Besides I must ask about my ring.

Meantime the open-mouthed maid had disappeared, we did not care where. But when the time came for us to return to school, it seemed best to thank the timid creature for letting us come in. But she was not to be found unless it were in her own attic room where we thought it not expedient to intrude. Why, what was that?—the door bell! They were back!—we would surely surprise them and now I would look for my ring. We rushed down to the door and almost threw myself into the arms of — policeman!

The next thing that I fully realized was the sound of a deep voice coming from a confused mass of brass buttons and clubs, saying, "Are you the young ladies who sent for me?"

Somehow we both managed to stammer "Why no!"; and then he had the gumption to say "So you are the young women who

were sent for?" All I could say was "*What do you mean?*" The next moment he had walked in, utterly regardless of us and there stood that maid, gazing at that policeman as though he had saved her from an awful death. When she got her breath, which didn't take her as long as it did us, she immediately lost it again in a breathless flow of words. She "just knew we were some sort of genteel house-breakers;—she was positive we had all the family jewels hidden beneath our clothes;—the Hardees would thank her for this to their dying day."

Well, I had visions of vespers without any music for I was to play the hymns that night and Edna said she saw in blazing headlines "*Lasellites arrested for Burglary.*" But a "honk honk" interrupted that maid's wild words. And this time I *did* rush out into my uncle's arms,—suspiciously near to tears.

Vespers had its music; I flashed my precious ring as I played those hymns; we girls searched the papers in vain for the blazing headlines, and decided, with a smile, that the old proverb about the unexpected is as true as true can be. *Josephine Clapp, '13.*

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PROF. WILLIAM R. BROOKS.

(See Page 96.)

Literary



MISUNDERSTOOD

(First Prize Story in Leaves Contest)

"Hello, Beth!" cried several of a group of girls assembled in the main corridor of Mrs. Clark's select boarding school, "come on into the Gym and let's have some fun!"

As the girls surrounded Beth, their cheerful leader of good-natured fun, they suddenly noticed a change in her usually bonny face as she shook her head and replied, "I'm sorry, girls, but I'm afraid you will have to excuse me as I have a little studying I have to get done."

There was something strange in her voice that checked their further entreaties and all gazed in mute amazement at Beth's retreating figure.

"I say, girls, what is the matter with her," exclaimed Pauline, a member of the group. "She never has been anxious to study before—especially when there was any fun to be had."

"That's so," said another. "She has always been the central figure in every merry-

making."

"I wonder if anything can be wrong," cried a third. "You know the Preceptress allowed her to change rooms and she keeps by herself for no apparent reason."

"Oh, well," concluded Pauline; with a gesture of dismissal, "probably there is nothing at all the matter only that she has to prepare some make-up work for Miss Heath, or else she can't go to some of the games." And with that the girls rushed to the Gym to play without Beth.

However, Beth did not have any lessons to study or any work to make up as she always stood at the head of her classes. As soon as she reached her room she put a "No Admittance" sign on the door over the transom, shaded the electric light, and began to work in dead earnest.

The next day, her many friends urged her to attend various social functions, but she firmly refused and when she declined an invitation to a monthly midnight feast, the girls thought it time to investigate her actions.

When they were with her, which was now

at very infrequent intervals, she appeared the same to them, only they did not feel free to talk on the old subjects which were so dear to them all. In fact, Beth seemed to have enveloped herself in a shroud of mystery which none of the girls could fathom.

Finally Pauline called a secret meeting to take action on the case, as the most popular and best-liked leader of the school could not retire from her position without satisfactory reasons.



GWENDOLYN NELSON.
(Winner Lasell Leaves Story Contest)

When the meeting had adjourned, each girl undertook the task of watching Beth, and reporting her movements. At the end of a week, the girls met a second time with these reports: "Saw her enter her room late Friday night with a large box." "Entered room directly after dinner every night, and did not leave it for the rest of the night." "Kept lights on every night until eleven o' clock." "Locked her door and made it impossible to see in transom."

"That's enough," said Pauline, "to convince us that she is a mysterious person or why should she be afraid to let us know what she is doing. Why, she has even dropped her intimate relations with Eunice. Will some one make a motion in regard to our attitude in the matter?"

"I move that we urge her no more to take part in our fun, but let her enjoy her midnight mysteries alone."

One of the girls seconded the motion, and although the girls had admired Beth hugely, they did not like her mysterious manner, and readily consented to the decision.

As Beth still continued her duties and held herself constantly aloof from the girls, she finally found that she had no one to speak to and that none of the girls paid the least attention to her. They did not even notice her loss of color and her increasing thinness.

One day, after Beth had worked unusually hard the night before, as she was walking through the corridor, everything began to swim before her eyes, and as she fainted she gave a tired little cry of distress.

She was carried to the school hospital where she remained in a doubtful condition for several weeks.

In the meantime, the Preceptress, who had been disposed for a long time before Beth's breakdown, to tell the girls about her struggle, chose one morning when all the school was assembled, to state how hard Beth had been trying to remain in school after her father's reverses, and how she had had special permission to work nights, filling orders for place cards, menus, etc. She concluded, "Girls, you have a shining example of a girl's struggle for education against great difficulties. A new phase of Beth's character has been shown you. You all know her merit as a student as well as her ability as your leader. Now, that you know the truth, I am sure your sympathy will not be lacking, and that you will realize that your own attitude is somewhat responsible for her present condition. I blame myself, also, in that I have overlooked the increasing strain on her strength, in the busy routine of my many duties."

That evening a very different meeting was called and committees were appointed to send flowers to Beth, to read to her, and to solicit money to help her.

The girls, with Pauline at their head, de-

cided to earn a certain amount of money each day to help Beth. At the end of a month they had entered into the undertaking with so much enthusiasm that the treasurer had received enough money to pay the remaining half of Beth's tuition besides twenty-five dollars for a Christmas present.

When Beth was able to be with the girls again, she found a hearty welcome; the girls themselves found a deep joy in the fact that they had been of some help to her.

Gwendolyn Nelson, '14.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

(Second Prize Story in Leaves Contest.)

Far away in Canada in the vicinity of Montreal, there is a large and beautiful farm situated on a very high hill, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. It was here that Farmer Mannering and his family of six children lived and worked. The nearest house was about three miles away and the railroad and village about twelve miles.

It was about a week before Christmas and before the parents and children had arisen the problem of a Christmas feast and Christmas gifts. Mr. Mannering had had an exceptionally good crop during that fall so it was decided that the little Mannerings should know what a really truly Christmas celebration was. There had been a very heavy fall of snow and then a strong wind had sprung up, piling it high in huge drifts and making it almost impossible for a team to keep on the trail or wade through it. Therefore the Mannering family began to doubt whether there would be any chance to go to the village twelve miles away for the celebration necessities.

Each one took his turn at the attic window, gazing down the now invisible trail in the valley, hoping to see some signs of the neighbor who would break out the road half way to their farm.

At last when the nearness to Christmas

had begun to cause a perfect fever of excitement among the children and their work and play were alike neglected to haunt the attic day and night, a tiny speck was seen approaching in their direction. Mr. Mannering was hustled away with his little home-made plow and he returned with the good tidings that the neighbors had promised fine roads the entire distance to the village..

The next morning, bright and early, Mr. and Mrs. Mannering, after giving many instructions to the children, who were left in charge of the house, set out on their journey. They were to stay the night in the village, and return to the farm late the night before Christmas.

Along towards night the clouds began to appear and soon light flecks of snow began slowly to descend. The next morning at about eight o'clock it began again in earnest, and was soon snowing fast. The wind, too, sprang up, blowing it hurry-scurry here and there and making it impossible to see any great distance in front of one.

The children, not expecting their parents until night busied themselves about the house planning the celebration for tomorrow, and wondering what Santa Claus would have for them. But as soon as it began to grow dark and the snow was already piled high on the stone steps, and the wind and blizzard howled around the chimney, their childish hearts began to have forebodings.

Mary, the eldest of the six children tried to detract their attention and set them at work keeping the fire bright and cheerful for their parents' return. Slowly the hours dragged with no signs of their parents, so the children went to bed dispelling their fears by the hope that they had stopped at some farm house for the night.

The next morning the snow had piled up to the window casings, and it was still falling. About noon, Mary decided to take Rover, their big Newfoundland dog, and plow her way down the valley to see if she could see any trace of their parents. She harnessed

the big dog to their little plow and started out, blindly staggering through the deep snow. By the time she reached the foot of the hill, the faithful old dog began to tire, and it soon became impossible for them to go further. Just as they were about to turn around, the dog began to bark, and to start off in another direction. Relying on the dog's instinct, Mary followed him as quickly as she could. Soon in front of them loomed a black mass painfully struggling through the snow, and as the dog's glad barks brought Mary to the spot, it proved to be her parents, nearly frozen; the horse too tired to move a step further and a mile yet to cover to reach their home. They had become confused in the blinding snow, and the trail had been lost. For half an hour Mr. Mannering had been threshing his way through the snow in search of some familiar landmark while his wife sat in the sledge vainly trying to keep the chill wind from freezing her very blood. With the aid of Mary and her little plow, they were able to make a way for the worn out horse and finally reached the warm and cheery fire at home and the anxious children about it.

Thus it was that the Mannering children did have their Christmas feast though somewhat delayed, and never were Santa Claus' gifts so thoroughly appreciated.

Reddy Rollins.

'LIZBETH ANN

Of course I am grown now, nearly nineteen, but I think that perhaps you might be interested to know about me as I was when a little girl. My full name is Elizabeth Ann Warburton, but when in my early childhood, Daddy called me 'Lizbeth Ann, and that name I bear to this day. I have a sister quite a good deal older than I, but as we have never been together very much, I don't know her very well. When I was only six years old, Daddy moved out West to a big cattle ranch in Montana, where I have lived

ever since. Oh, how I love it! Have you ever been out there? It is wonderful. You feel as if you were more alive and free than you could be anywhere else. There every man has a chance to live, and to be honest with himself and with his fellow-men. I suppose that I was called a spoiled child, and maybe I was, but I didn't care. Daddy loved me, and that was enough. We were great chums, Dad and I. After Mother died, sister married, but although she coaxed me to go and live with her, I would not do so. Soon after this Aunt Jane, Dad and I went West, where I grew up, chiefly in the open air. By the time I was twelve I could ride, shoot, and use the lasso nearly as well as any of the boys. Indeed, I should have been ashamed of myself had it been otherwise, for I had had enough teachers in these arts.

Poor Aunt Jane, after vainly trying for a year to bring me up as she thought right and proper, washed her hands of me, saying to Dad, "Jack, if that child brings disgrace to your house, don't blame me. I've done my best."

Daddy laughed, and said, "Don't Jane: I'm not. She is too much like her mother to cause either of us any worry."

You see Dad worshiped mother, thinking her as nearly perfect as a human being could be; and I guess she was. He had talked to me about her so much that the beauty of her womanliness has sunk deep into my soul; and while I do not hope to be as good as she was, I am sure that I can never do anything that would grieve her could she know it.

One summer night during my fifteenth year, Dad called me out on the porch, and said, "'Lizbeth Ann, I must go away early tomorrow morning to see about some cattle across the range, and I want you to stay here and take care of your Aunt. There's been some talk that Buck Johnson has been up to some of his old tricks of taking steers that don't belong to him so some of us are going to help the sheriff on a little scouting expedition. I'll leave Joe and Pete here on the

ranch, and I'll be back day after tomorrow. If we get Buck, I'll buy you a new hat."

Swallowing my disappointment, and furtively brushing away a few tears—it was the first time in five years that I had been left behind—I answered that I would hold down the ranch until he got back.

I was up before dawn the next morning and saw to it that Dad's saddle-bags contained everything he would need. Then he came out, kissed me good-bye, jumped into the saddle, and was off; and I went out to the corral and had a good long cry on Beauty's neck, after which I felt better, and really thought that I could enjoy my breakfast. While I was still eating, Joe, who was largely responsible for my shooting accomplishments, stuck his head through the door, and holding out a package, said; "Miss 'Lzbeth, your Daddy told me to give this to you. He forgot it." I took the package, finally untied the string, (I never would cut them) and squealed with so much vigor that Aunt Jane thought I had been stabbed. There, lying right in front of me, my name engraved on its butt, was the prettiest little revolver I had ever seen. A plain leather holster and belt with my monogram accompanied it. I was so happy that I would have cried, if Joe had not been present. When Aunt Jane saw it, she said not a word, but looked volumes of disapproval.

On the morning of the day when Dad was to return, Joe told me that he and Pete would leave to ride the range all day, and would probably not be back until late that night. Would I be afraid to stay alone? Afraid? I laughed in his face and asked him what and who there was to be afraid of? Nevertheless, it was lonesome with everyone gone, so much so that at eleven I decided to take my lunch and go to a place I knew in the hills, where there was a spring and some beautiful pines. I made a few sandwiches, said good-bye to Aunt Jane, who refused to accompany me, though I had given her a really cordial invitation, and was off. After reaching my des-

tination, I unsaddled Beauty, telling him not to go very far away, as we were not going to stay long. He rubbed his nose against my cheek and promised to be a good horse. Then I ate my lunch, drank some nice, cool water, and, using my saddle as a pillow, fell asleep.

When I awakened it was after sun-down and knowing that in Aunt Jane's imagination I had no doubt been killed three or four times already, I whistled for Beauty, saddled him, and hurried away home. Instead of going to the house first, I went to the corral, fed, watered, and stabled him for the night, then I started for the house. As I approached I noticed that there was only one light burning, and that that was in Dad's private office where the safe was. I knew Aunt Jane would not be likely to be there, for she seldom entered it. Besides, she always had the entire house lighted. Suddenly the explanation flashed on my mind—Buck Johnson had broken in and was trying to open the safe, doubtless to get money to take him away. What should I do? It would be two or three hours yet before Joe and Pete came home, and goodness knows how long before Dad would come. One thing was certain, he *must* not get that money. I took off my shoes, made sure that the chambers in my revolver were all loaded, cocked it, and reaching the house, entered by the back way, through the kitchen and dining-room, I crossed the hall, and there through the open doorway saw a man kneeling in front of the safe and fumbling with the combination.

My heart was pounding, but I took a long breath, bit my lip, and walked softly into the room. At my, "Hands up," he whirled as though he had been shot, and I myself nearly fell over, for never in all the fifteen years of my life had I seen a more horrible looking creature. He was short, very thick set, with blood-shot protruding eyes, and thick lips, one of which had been cut leaving an ugly scar his hair certainly had not felt a comb for a year, and just as certainly also neither

he nor his clothes were friends with soap and water. When he saw that it was only a girl who was holding him up, he started forward. But I had summoned all my courage and had myself well in hand. "One step and I shoot," I said. He paused. "Sit down." I commanded, and as he did so I added, "Now this to show you my marksmanship," and I shot a hole through his hat too close to his forehead for comfort.

I now took my stand about ten feet away from him, being careful not to waiver in my aim. Suddenly remembering Aunt Jane, I called, but received no answer.

"No use to call her," he growled out, "I got her gagged and lassoed to a chair."

There was nothing I could do for her but to call out that I was all right, and that she was not to worry. Then I sat down to await results. I knew that if I could only hold out for a couple of hours, Joe and Pete would be back. The minutes crawled slowly on. Already my arm was aching, and two hours loomed up like years. One hour passed. Would they *never* come? How my arm ached! It was numb, dead now. If Buck should suddenly make a spring, I should never be able, I knew, to pull the trigger. My prisoner was watching me. Presently he tried to coax, even bribe me into letting him go, but I steadily refused even to answer him. How sleepy I was! How queer everything looked! I wondered where Joe and Pete were. In a flash the brute sprang at me. I felt a grinding pain in my arm, and fell helpless against a table. Now it was a case of wits against guns, for Buck had me covered. With a leer he said, "Now, little one, tell me the safe combination or I'll shoot."

"You wouldn't dare." I said threateningly. "Huh! when is your Dad coming home?" he scowled.

"I don't know," I replied weakly.

"Is there anyone else on the ranch?" he asked meaningly.

"No." If I could only keep him talking for a while longer!

"Give me the money in that safe, or I'll shoot. D'you suppose it makes any difference to me who y'are? Come now, hand out the dough like a good girl, and we'll be friends."

All at once I thought that if I could work on the combination, but pretend to have forgotten it, I might possibly be able to gain time; so I said, "I'll try, but I'm afraid I've forgotten the numbers." At his nod, I staggered to the safe, for the pain in my arm was sickening, and kneeling down began to turn the lock.

"Come now," he said gruffly, "don't be so slow, it's getting late and I've got to be movin' along. What's that noise?"

"Nothing but Beauty kicking his stall, I replied, its a bad habit of his."

My heart sang, though, for it wasn't Beauty; it *was* Pete and Joe. *Why* didn't they hurry?

Suddenly Buck realized that he was trapped and darting at me in his fury, clutched my throat, but not before I had screamed with all the strength I had left. Just when I felt myself getting black in the face, and I could no longer see, I heard the dearest voice in the world cry out, "Lizbeth Ann, my little girl!", and then those awful steel clamps were taken from my throat, and I was in Daddy's arms.

Dorothy Paine.

Located

Ted—If you make love to that girl you'd better look out for her big brother.

Ned If there's any truble it's more likely to be caused by her little brother.—*Judge.*

A Long Chance

Patience—She was married at high noon, you know.

Patrice—Looks as if she was taking a 12 to 1 chance, doesn't it?—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE RUNAWAYS

"Why didn't you come before? I've waited and waited for you," and the large brown eyes looked reproachfully at "Teddie" as he came to the trysting place with lagging "Freddie Jones says a fellow is a sissy who plays dolls with a girl," was the only reply. "Oh, but I have a bran' new game to play." "Margie" was very anxious to avoid any disloyalty on the part of her small playmate. "And there aren't any dolls in it?" he asked hopefully, for sometimes "Margie's" games were "packs of fun." Maybe she would play Indian again. "Let's sit down and I will tell you all about it." So the two children sat down under the huge maple tree, that marked their favorite play grounds. Although it was late in the afternoon, the sun was still high in the heavens, and, sprinkled through the leaves, touched the brown curls of the girl, and made the auburn locks of the boy look like spun gold. The wide blue eyes under the glowing mass were gazing dreamily into the distance. "That would be nice, but why not play about something real?" he mused, the thought of the Indian game still surviving. "*Fairies* are real," was the startling reply. "But I don't see how we could play just being Fairies, what do they do, and where do they live?" "Why they do all sorts of lovely things, and live in the big woods." "Like the Indians?" Teddie was becoming interested. "Yes, only they are much nicer than the Indians. They wear beautiful dresses made of rose petals, and have beautiful palaces for their queens to live in. This queen has a magic stick that when she waves three times, like this," and a small brown hand clutched a twig lying near and waved it ponderously, "anything she wishes comes true." "Honest?" and the blue eyes were wide with wonder. "Well mama read about it in a book," she temporized. "Let's go and find them!" This was unexpected and not a part of the game, moreover, Margie did not know in

just what direction the Fairies dwelled. "It might take—um—a whole week to find them." Surely he would not want to start on a long journey without some "grown-up." But he was not daunted by this. He urged that they start at once, for when they found the queen, she could wish them right back again if they didn't want to stay. Then, too, maybe on the way some good Indians would take care of them. So with a sinking heart Margie led the way deeper into the wood. What would mother say when she did not come home for supper? Maybe next morning her father would read in the morning paper how Miss Margaret Bruce and Master Theodore Peyson have started on their trip to Fairyland. Somehow this sounded pretty fine, and she tripped along almost gaily. Teddie suddenly thought of an Indian story where the chief marked the trail, so taking out a small penknife, he began to mark a small place on each tree in their path. But Margie explained that they were "going too slow," so the plan was given up. "What's that?" "Maybe it's the Fairies," and they hurried in the direction from which came a regular striking sound. "What do you suppose they are doing?" asked Teddie. "I guess they are chopping into the trees for honey," volunteered his companion. Just then they came to a large clearing. A stalwart man stood with his back toward them, vigorously plying the axe to the base of a tree. As the children neared, he turned. With a cry of joy Margie sprang forward. "Well, well, Marg is supper most ready?" But for answer "Marg" only sobbed in his arms. "Why, Marg, girl, what is the matter?" "I don't want to go to Fairyland," met his astonished ears, while the small boy looked with wonder at the inventor of games. He did not care now to go to Fairyland, but he would like to see a real Indian. "Well, suppose we postpone the trip today then," laughed her father, "and go home to supper."



PROF. BROOKS AND HIS COMET

It has been discovered! We are the proud possessors of a half share in a real comet, which bears the proud name of "Lasell-Brooks." When Professor Brooks lectured to us last year, he quite won our hearts, but when he promised that his next comet should be partially named for *us*, we hardly dared hope that the great event would transpire so soon. We received news of the discovery however on a post-card written October 21, reading as follows: "My greetings to you and your school with a fine *new comet* '(Lasell-Brooks)' discovered about four o'clock this morning. Will bring you a picture of it, on my next visit. Most sincerely yours, Wm. R. Brooks."

For about ten years Professor William Robert Brooks has been giving two lectures at Lasell every two years, and he is always gladly greeted. On the evening of his second lecture last year, we welcomed the now familiar frock-coated figure, and genial face with the gray beard and kindly be-spectacled eyes. That night he wore a rose in his buttonhole, put there by some girl friend, won, perhaps by his pleasant voice, which is so even and restful in lecture as well as in conversation. He led us into the wonderful realms of the heavens, and made us feel, when he finished

his lecture, that we had really learned something about the awe-inspiring subject of astronomy.

Professor Brooks was born in Maidstone, England, in 1844 and even when a boy there, before coming to the United States in 1857, was interested in astronomy. At present he is a lecturer, and a professor of astronomy in Hobart College, and has been in charge of the Smith Observatory in Geneva, New York, since 1888, and bears the very great distinction of having discovered more comets than any other living astronomer. His comet family numbers twenty-seven members, and many of these were discovered with a telescope of his own construction. He had an early interest in photography and its application to astronomy. He has won many medals for his discoveries, is a fellow of the A. A. A. S., and a member of both the Royal Astronomical Society, and of the British Astronomical Association. Lasell is very proud to have a share in Professor Brooks' twenty-seventh comet, and to call him a friend.

THE FRENCH PLAY

On the evening of December 11, we were given a treat by the French department in the form of a French play, "Le Medecin Malgre Lui." It was an artistic as well as

pleasing production and showed the high grade of work done by the department. Although few of the audience understood the words, the acting throughout the play was so good that it was not difficult to follow the story. Both the forest and garden scenes were quite realistically represented, while the costumes were both beautiful and elaborate.

The work of the leading characters, Mildred Post, Dorothy Payne, Dora Goodwillie, Marion Keefer, Alma Bunch and Allie Pitblado, was especially good; Mildred Post's being a very long and difficult part, and Allie Pitblado's role of the dashing young lover, being very artistically presented. Dora Goodwillie played the part of fond parent with dignity, while Helen Wise afforded the audience much amusement. The other players though filling minor roles did so with much credit to themselves and teacher. The two choruses under Miss Warner's direction executed some very picturesque little dances. A vote of thanks should be given to Miss Bienstock for her efficiency as stage manager. The play was a great success in every way. The Denison house in Boston, for whose benefit it was given, receiving a check for twenty-five dollars on the net proceeds.

THE GERMAN XMAS CELEBRATION

The element of the child is strong in all of us especially at Christmas time, therefore it was a delightful surprise to be summoned to the Gym by the German Department to watch the gambols of very life-sized children, as they received their presents from a fat white bearded Santa Claus. The center of the stage was adorned by a brilliantly lighted tree. Soft music was heard and then came the little "Busters" and "Minnas" wide-eyed with wonder. But their surprise did not prevent their singing the Yule-tide songs so familiar in Germany. Then there was a hush of expectancy and in came a "real" Santa Claus with a pack and bells. The children were, of

course, very eager to receive their gifts and often snatched at the toys before their turn. But soon everyone was made happy with just what he or she had wished for, for many weeks. "Tannerbaun" and kindred songs were sung, Santa Claus performed an impromptu clog dance and the curtain went down with great applause from the audience.

Sunday, December fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twelve was the night for the Christmas Vespers by our Glee Club. After the processional, which was preceded by an organ prelude by Miss Joscelyn, the Glee Club rendered "Oh Lord Most Holy," Miss Collins taking the solo part. Miss Potter read the Scripture lesson and Rev. George S. Butters led the prayer. The different language departments did justice to their Christmas carols and then Miss Richmond and Miss Scott sang "O Holy Night" most beautifully. Miss Kathryn Steele and Miss Goodwillie sang solos after the Glee Club had sung once more. The recessional was Hymn 113.

THE PUPILS' CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On Tuesday evening, December 17, the Lasell girls attended the Pupils Christmas Concert in the gymnasium. The selections rendered by the "young artists" afforded great pleasure to the audience. It is regretted that Miss Beyner was unable to render her selection, on account of illness.

Lasell girls look back to the Christmas dinner with many bright memories. Two nights before we left for our many homes all over the states, the girls in their light evening gowns went merrily down into the dining room. Before taking our usual seats we strolled around the room to gaze on the many elaborate table decorations, the German table being extremely attractive.

The table slams excited many happy giggles and promoted the kindly Christmas feeling among the girls. Between courses we all

joined in singing Lasell songs, and Christmas carols, but when some courageous voice began "Home Sweet Home" a familiar ring from Miss Potter's table brought it to a sudden close. However, it was only Isabel's fork against her glass that prevented that song in the air from resulting fatally.

Among our guests that evening we welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Marjorie and Richard; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow and daughter, Evelyn. After a Ho-E-la for each of the children, we were rewarded by a stump speech from the gallery by little Marjorie after she had completed her wandering campaign from table to table. Marjorie, we approve of your platform and compliment you on your public speaking. May your enthusiasm as a suffragist never lessen.

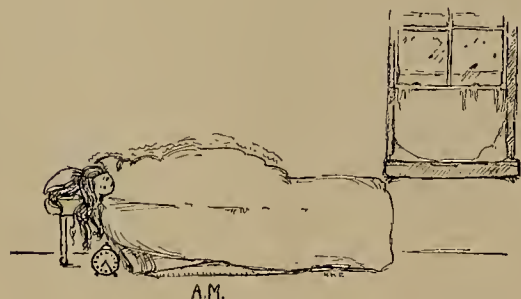
In the evening we all gathered in the Gymnasium, where we watched our youthful visitors frolic. At seven-forty-five, Fraulein Heinrick and her German caste, presented a little Christmas play. Mildred Westervelt as Santa Claus, the tree and quaint childish characters delighted the little folks. With them we all look back to that evening as a bright chapter in our book of Lasell Memories.

Plenty of Time

Literary Aspirant—How long did it take you to write that story of yours?

Eminent Author—Two weeks.

Literary Aspirant—I am going to write one. I am going to have a vacation for two weeks.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald*.



EXCHANGES



The *Lasell Leaves* takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of *The Abbott Observer*, *Bates Student*, *Commerce Caravel*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Emerald*, *Hermonite*, *Iris*, *Ivy Leaves*, *Kankakeean*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Kyote*, *Magpie*, *Maroon and White*, *Megaphone*, *New Trier Echoes*, *Owl* (Corry High School), *Polytechnic*, *Scroll*, *Shamokin High School Review*, *El Paso High School Tatler*, *Tattler* (Nashua High School), *St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*, *Newton High School Review* and *The Vail-Deane Budget* for December, and the *Holy Angels High School Echoes* and *Polytechnic* for January.

Abbott Observer: For a paper published but three times a year yours is very small; the Alumni department is entirely lacking, (and is it not through the school paper that graduates keep in touch with their Alma Mater?); you have no jokes, which always add spice to a magazine; and your stories are sandwiched in between other departments.

Bates Student still lacks cuts and a list of Exchanges received.

Commerce Caravel: Your story in this number shows marked improvement and is well written. Two or three more would make your literary department balance better with the rest of your paper.

New exchanges are always welcome, those for this month being *The Kankakeean*, *Holy Angels High School Echoes*, *El Paso Tatler*,

(Continued to page 100)

WINTER SCENES AT AUBURNDALE.



Corry High School Owl, all of which we hope to see regularly.

The Echoes, as regards both material and arrangement, is undoubtedly one of the best magazines on our Exchange Shelf. The literary matter in the Alumnae department is excellent, and the school is most fortunate to have such a gifted contributor as Miss Richter; "Homeward Bound" is a splendid story, and the poems, "Mid December's Snows" and "One Day," deserve publication in a magazine with a wider circulation than is possible for a school paper. The only suggestion to be made to the paper would be the addition of a few appropriate cuts as departments headings.

The Polytechnic comes faithfully every month, but being a distinctly school paper with nothing but technical articles, is of little interest to the majority of outside readers. An exchange column and a story or two to show the literary capabilities of the students would help greatly in this direction.

Emerald: You should extend your exchange

column. Acquaintance with other school papers, criticising and being criticised by them helps greatly to improve a magazine.

Vail-Deane Budget: A good sized Literary department is always to be commended, but it should not be so long as to over balance the rest of the paper, as does yours. Your stories are all filled with the Christmas spirit.

The department headings in *The Ivy Leaves* carry out the idea of the magazine's name in a very clever and original manner.

A Differing View

"I asked your husband last night if he had to live his life over again if he would marry you and he said he certainly would."

"He certainly wouldn't."—*Judge*.

Done

Husband—It's the fifth autumn hat that you are buying.

Wife—Console yourself. It's the last. I shall buy no more until winter.—*Success*.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

EDITORIAL



EDITORIAL

Another year has passed, and the advent of 1913 brings us face to face with a New Year. What will we make of it? What have we made of 1912? We are not entirely proud of our record for that year, but we can all profit by it, and use it as a guide for the coming months. The habit of making New Year's resolutions is apparently an obsolete custom, a good subject for ridicule and cartoons in our newspapers, but few there really are who let January 1 pass without, at least secretly, making a firm resolve for the New Year. Why make them to ourselves alone? Why allow the custom of making New Year's resolutions die out? Let us think back over 1912, find wherein we were lacking, and firmly resolve to have a better record at the close of 1913. Make your resolutions, put them down in black and white, as a satisfactory guide, and make ones that are practical, not impossible. Remember 1913 is here, it will not pass our way again. Let us make the best of our opportunity.



SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit means simply entering into everything that is worth while: athletics, dramatics, literary pursuits, lessons, Christian Endeavor and even making beds. Be glad that you are here and not working for your living in a dirty dingy factory. If some one asks you to do something say "gladly" and try your hand at it even if you fail. You can get heaps of fun out of your amateurish efforts anyway. Some day you will wish you were back at dear old Lasell frantically attempting to dress and get to breakfast in eight minutes, or trying to detach yourself from the crowd around the mail box between eight-fifteen and eight-thirty. Then you will sigh and wish you could live your student days over again but in a broader, fuller way than you had before. Take that chance now and watch the school spirit while you are here to enjoy its benefits.



PERSONAL



FOR AULD LANG SYNE

The Mid-Winter Reunion of the "old girls" will be held at Lasell on February the 10th. Luncheon at one-thirty o'clock, preceeded by a half hour of handclaps. Your school home bids you welcome!

A Happy New Year to all Lasell's "old girls" and especially to the recent brides whose marriage notices are here recorded!

On Wednesday, December 18th, Ruth Stokes became Mrs. Aubrey E. Dale at Kankakee, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Dale will be at home after February 1st at Crescent City, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thom announce the marriage of their daughter, Ethel Sarah Rogers to Mr. George Carlton Danforth on Wednesday, December 25th, at Minonk, Ill.

On Thursday evening, December the 26th, occurred the marriage of Helen Rosenthal, '07, to Mr. Adolph M. Kemper at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bessie Emma Mattison became Mrs. Ernest Edward Behr on Saturday, December 28th, at Pasadena, California. After February the 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Behr will be at home at Kealia, Kauai, Hawaii.

On Wednesday, the 15th of January, occurred the marriage of Amanda Hexter, '09,

to Mr. Henry T. Levy at Dallas, Texas.

Word has come from Hazel Bower that she has gone to live in San Diego, California.

Ruth Kelsey, Judy Hamilton and Nell Carneal, of the class of 1910, it is reported, are planning to visit New Orleans during the Mardi Gras.

We are glad Mildred Hall is still interested in her music. She spends three hours practising and gives four lessons a week.

Mary Goodwillie is going to entertain three of her class-mates, Esther Morey, Charlotte Lesh and Emily Butterworth.

Jean McKay is spending the winter in Billings, Montana.

The account of Ruth Stokes' wedding in the Kankakee Daily Gazette of December 19th, gives us a charming picture of that delightful occasion. Cornelia Stone '10, who reached home in time for the happy event, adds her word of enthusiastic description.

From Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Ritter of Allentown, Pa., we receive the interesting announcement of the betrothal of their daughter, Jeanette Helen, to Mr. Clarke Wessley, of Wapwallopen, Pa.

This message to Doctor and Mrs. Winslow from Sarah Caldwell '06, is so good that we cannot afford to lose one word of it, only we

might, however, add that if Sarah were not so young, she would not dare to joke about that "middle-aged chaperon!"

"It hardly seems possible that it has been seven years since I spent a very happy Christmas with you at Lasell, for the years have been such busy ones that the time has passed all too quickly. During all that time I have been the busy housekeeper, but this year I added two other professions, that of chaperon and nurse, and I can recommend myself for either position. This summer Louise Kelley, '07 and I had a glorious trip through Grand Canyon, Arizona, down to southern California, up the Pacific coast to Victoria, B. C., through the Yellowstone Park and home by Colorado. My identification on my ticket was punched "middle aged" so Louise always spoke of and introduced me as "my middle aged chaperon."

During our two months trip we did not lose anything, leave any belongings behind, miss a single train, nor have any kind of unpleasantness. Now don't you think that is a pretty good record? I surely wish you could have enjoyed some of the trip with us.

Hoping the New Year will bring success and happiness, I am

Sincerely your friend,
Sarah Caldwell."

One of the pretty Christmas cards which came to our Principal and his wife was from Frances Allen Swinton, '99 and her four little children, Edith Allen, Agnes Mary, William Francis and Jean.

Lela '08, and Mildred Goodall, '10, are spending the winter in Brookline, and have begun by being neighborly. Mildred brought with her at her recent call, Florence Rogers and Esther Starr. We hope they will "run in" often.

Lasell's "old girls" as well as the students of to-day will be grieved to learn of the sudden death of Wallace Porter, the father of Louise, Florence and our Esther Porter, which

occurred at his home in Higganum, Conn., December 16th.

The Kennebec Journal of December 2, contains the sad news of the death of Stephen S. Patten, the husband of our Alice Maude Ashley '00.

Lasell extends her tender sympathy to these bereaved "old girls" and their sorrowing friends.

SILVER-LINED

(A Lasell Memory)

Something good is surely coming,

By and by.

See, the shadows shift and lighten

All the sky.

Ah, the night is always blackest when the rosy dawn
is near,

But how the dewdrops sparkle in the morning sunshine,
dear.

Something good is surely coming.

Do you dread

How the tempest roars and threatens

Overhead?

Don't you catch the sweeter fragrance of the dripping
full-blown rose?

And lo, there in the stormy eastern sky a rainbow glows.

Something good is surely coming

Through the showers.

Do thy fairest dreams lie fading

With the flowers?

Let grim Winter o'er the sleepers chains of pearl and
crystal fling,

There'll be violets in the woodland with the coming of
the spring.

Something good is surely coming,

Heart of mine.

Don't you see the sun is trying

Hard to shine?

'Twill peep through in half a minute, see, the clouds
are lifting fast,

And the smile will be the sweeter for the heartache that
is past.

Kathleen M. Knight, '11.

THE FOURTEENTH EVENT

It was a cold sharp day in early winter. Sweaters and heavy wraps were in evidence everywhere among the crowds of young people which thronged around Hartley field. No one present felt the cold, for the annual field meet between the Junior and Senior classess of Willwell Seminary for Young Women was in full sway, and the atmosphere became heated by the excitement and strife.

A great amount of strength and skill was possessed by both classes and in most events they were quite evenly matched. In fact thirteen events had preceded including shot-put, hammer throw, hurdles, jumps, and others, and now the endurance race of a mile was about to take place.

The Seniors were leading by a score of forty-three to forty-two points, and their mile runner was in splendid trim, holding, as it were, the school record, and proudly wearing her purple and gold as a symbol for a splendid standing in other lines. The Junior representative was a "new girl," quiet and reserved, unknown, even to her own classmates, but believed by some of them to be possessed of latent strength and ability, all because one of the Juniors had gone into her single room for a few minutes, and had seen a picture of the girl in a High School track team, and had noticed that she was wearing a gold prize medal. The judgment of the Juniors in thus placing the honor at such a great stake, of putting it into the hands of an unknown and untried girl was questioned by many. But the Junior president being a farsighted and entirely admirable person, and wishing very much to acquire the friendship of this queer young woman stood firm in her decision, and with much faith, thrust the red and white onto the strange girl's seemingly unwilling hands.

The time had come. The Senior was being loudly cheered by her classmates and the Sophomores as she took her place on the starting line. The Junior quietly strode on to her place amid the dying cheers of her competitor. To cheer her seemed out of place, for she was the same cold, unmoved figure of the classroom, which spoke only when directly addressed. But in a way she was not the same. Junior red brightened her plain dark features, and displayed some of the attractiveness which had hitherto been hidden by her somber apparel. The starter spoke the well known words in a clear voice, "On your mark. Ready. Bang!"

The report of the pistol, the word "go" and the splendid start of both girls seemed simultaneous.

One quarter, two quarters, three quarters, and not a "hair's breadth," so to speak, marked the distance between the two girls. The air was tense, dead silence known only to a situation of great excitement reigned supreme, broken from time to time by smothered exclamations as one girl seemed to forge ahead a trifle only to have the position reversed in the next instant. The red of the one, and the purple of the other fought a mighty battle, but mightier still was the strife of the race. It was time to sprint, and both girls quickened the steady pace which had brought them thus far but still they ran side by side. And no victory was won. Now the Junior holding the inside track gained a yard, then two yards, then three. Only ten yards to go and the Junior four yards ahead. The Seniors became frantic, and finding their voices were screaming, "Get there. Get there thirteen!" Almost touching the tape, the Junior faltered, almost stopped, bent over and limped shamefully. The Senior, almost even, rushed on, confident of victory, but the Junior, on her guard, leaped for the tape at the same time and the race was over.

Judges pronounced the fourteenth event a tie, thus awarding the Seniors the meet and the much coveted cup, by one point. But not a girl in the school felt anything but warmest admiration towards the girl who had so nobly tried to win and bravely succeeded in tying the race in spite of a badly turned ankle.

1915.

Significant.

"Albert, what did your sister say when you told her I was in the parlor waiting?" inquired the hopeful young man.

"Nothing. But she took a ring off one finger an' put it on another."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.



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Vol. XXXVIII

No. 5

February, 1913



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Vol. XXXVIII

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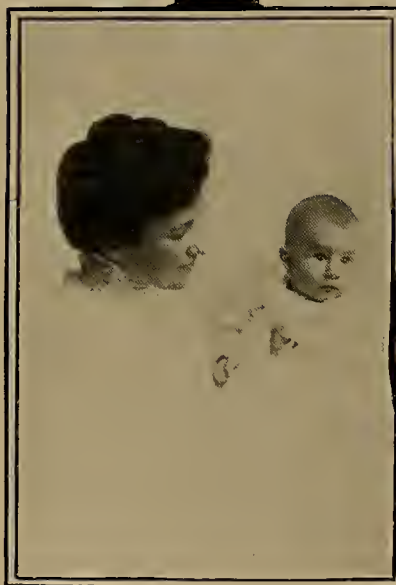
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Cornelia and Julia, daughters of CORNELIA EATON PRINDLE '07



Literary

A PAIR OF DANCING SLIPPERS

In a dark dingy corner of an old gray attic stood a dilapidated, yet interesting old trunk, half-opened, its side half hidden by a confusion of feminine gear tumbled about, finery of all kinds lying on the floor beside it. Someone must have started to look over its contents and left hastily, for the once pretty things were scattered around everywhere, and the trunk was quite empty, but for a pair of little blue satin slippers. Old laces, soft satins, blue slippers and old daguerreotypes forever suggest mysteries and hidden romances.

The door opened, and a stately woman entered, looked musingly around her for a moment, then spying the disordered heap by the trunk, slowly advanced and sat down in the little low chair beside it. She was perhaps thirty-five, with a crown of soft brown hair, which shone goldenly in the rays of light stealing through the dusty dim windows to fall upon her bowed head. Her face was no longer young and fresh. There were lines of care on the once smooth cheek and forehead, and a tired look in her eyes as she sat there in the soft restful calm, fingering half lovingly the different relics. In each she seemed to find a memory as her delicate

fingers rested on them, or played lightly with the faded folds. At length she picked up from the bottom of the rifled trunk the tiny pair of slippers. These she once had treasured as her life, for she had bought them with the first money she had ever earned, and had worn them at her first "real" party, so that memories clustered thick about the dainty things.

Once this sweet weary-looking woman, fair and fragile, had been a simple, careless, happy country girl, but always had had a desire to mingle in the gay life of the city and drink the eup of its sparkling pleasures. These slippers, one radiant June night she had worn to a dance at a summer hotel near by. How deliriously happy she had been! Few girls of her station attended these functions, but she with her charm and girlish beauty had been the belle of the evening. The pretty costumes, the gay talk, the flattering attentions she received, the scent of flowers, the lights, the music—these had dazzled and intoxicated her, and her light little feet had skimmed over the smooth floor in these slippers, new then, as if she were floating in some dream-maze. Men had flattered her and waited upon her, and she had enjoyed it so! It was the life she had always longed for. She danced that night

until one pretty blue slipper was marred where some careless foot had heedlessly rubbed against it, and the poor little thin soles were all but worn through. On that night by her simple beauty she had charmed the social lion of the season. People said it was "a good catch" for her yet wondered how she would manage to fill gracefully so high a position. Nevertheless, since she was of quick intelligence and high ambition, and since the things of the great social world so charmed her, she had learned, and had played her part well. Now she was a woman of the world, a society leader, one to whom Life had granted every luxury.

Today she had stolen away from her world to be for a little while back in her old country home again. All unseeking it, she had happened upon this old trunk filled with things about which clung memories of other days. These old blue slippers were associated closely with her first step in the attainment of her present high position. How old and faded they seemed as they lay there in her silken lap! What would she not give now to be back here again, a simple little maid with her first pair of dancing slippers!

That night the too swift train carried back to the great smoky city, a stylishly dressed woman in whose face and eyes there was a certain unwonted brightness and freshness. The secret of the change was that she carried with her a pair of tiny faded slippers. They were to help her re-capture her youth again amid the city whirl. *Ruth Ketcham, '13.*

THE CARTOONIST

The company playing "Her Way" had met with little success in the large cities where it had given performances. The cast was good, the play well written, the costumes exquisite, the scenery beautiful, the prices reasonable; yet the play had drawn only very small audiences. The last city they had visited had been New York and here too the company had failed. The manager was

discouraged, but being persistent and believing the play to be really a good one, he decided to give it a final trial in Danville, a small town near New York, before he took it permanently off the stage, and first putting a small advertisement in the daily paper, he began to get ready for the performance.

Now in this town of Danville there was a club whose purpose in organizing had been merely to have a good time, chiefly through playing practical jokes on the townspeople. It seemed that for some time, no occasion for their pranks had offered itself; but, after they heard of the proposed visit of the theatrical company, it occurred to one of them that they might do something or other to raise a laugh at the expense of the players. What should they do? Finally one of the older members, Jack Andrews, suggested drawing cartoons of the troupe and posting these about town on fences and bill boards. The boys thought this a fine plan for they knew John to be a clever cartoonist, and he had volunteered to do the work.

The first caricature was of the leading actress, seated at a desk, gowned in the latest and most extreme fashion, her hands tragically clasped in her lap, her head thrown back in wretchedness, and her forehead drawn in an agonized frown. Since the report of the previous failures of the drama had reached the town, Jack printed under the cartoon this sarcastic inscription: "Everybody notice! Don't fail to see 'Her Way.' See Mademoiselle Care do the tragedy stunt." Another cartoon represented several men seated around a table drinking and underneath it was the inscription; "The Curse of Drink. Maddening crowd buying tickets for 'Her Way,' Thursday night. Hurry! Buy yours at once." When the manager and company arrived and saw these signs, they were very angry, realizing that even under the most favorable conditions they did not have much chance of success and with these damaging signs about, still less. Investigating the matter they discovered Jack to have been the culprit, and had him arrested. They

were now thoroughly discouraged and spent the rest of the day at the inn, thinking it scarcely worth while even to inquire how the tickets were selling. But they had reached now the turn in the tide of their misfortunes. That night, to their amazement they found the house crowded with an audience that proved highly appreciative.

Upon inquiry next day, the manager learned that it had doubtless been through the saucy signs that the throng had been attracted, for the people had not realized that they had been posted merely as a joke. The manager, furthermore, made the enlightening discovery that his play had failed previously merely through the lack of proper advertising. He now had a bright idea. Realizing the young cartoonist's ability and wishing to make amends for the injury done him in having him arrested he decided that even though the young artist was still only a boy, he was nevertheless capable of doing the one thing necessary to make this play a success. He had Jack released from custody, and with the consent of Mr. Andrews, the lad's father, engaged him as his advertising man.

Ernestine Lederer, '13.

THE RUNAWAYS

It was the first visit of Tom and Bess to the country. These two children had spent all their lives in the city,—to be sure their lives only numbered twelve years in all, yet they felt that to be a very long time. They were spending this summer on their grandfather's farm, a great treat and one which had been eagerly looked forward to. The cackling hens, the crowing roosters, the horses, cows, pigs and every other sort of animal in the barnyard had been of the greatest interest to them for weeks.

Quite a long way down the road was an old house, which had not been occupied for many years, and was out of repair, while as for paint there was not a sign that such a thing had ever been near it. For these reasons

Grandfather had often told Tom and Bess not to go near the place for fear they would harm themselves in the old ruins. But the children, of course, did not look at it in that way. They saw no reason why they should not be well able to take care of themselves, and were sure of making discoveries, if they could only go there. Accordingly they went. It happened one day when the two seemed to be uneasy—one of those days that children so often have, when there doesn't seem to be anything to do. At last a naughty idea came to them, and the more they thought and talked about it, the stronger their desire grew to go to the forbidden place.

"Besides, it would be a good place to play house," said Bess. "And I say we take some grub and go at once."

Accordingly they both went to the kitchen and begged Bridget to give them a lunch, so that they could have a picnic, as they called it. While she was packing the basket, Bess went into the dining-room and seeing her Grandmother's silver teapot on the table, thought how grand it would be to pour something out of it, even if it should only be water; and she quickly slipped it into the basket behind Bridget's back. Then the two started down the road to the old house. Having arrived and set the basket on the steps, the two hurriedly entered the wonderful old house. They were much disappointed, however, to find that it had no furniture; and since everything was so old and deserted, they were forced to decide that it was better to find a place outside for their lunch. Bess was rather anxious about the teapot in the basket for fear some one might steal it, and what would her Grandmother say then? Tom reproved her at first for taking it, but he, too, rather delighted in the idea of having it with them.

They spread the lunch on a flat rock, and Tom catching up the teapot ran with it to the well, the only thing about the place in good condition, to get some water; but while lowering the bucket he accidentally knocked the

teapot in. Frightened nearly out of his wits, he ran back to tell Bess what had happened, and together they hurried back to the well. The water was low and the shining teapot could be seen at the bottom. To Bess' horror Tom insisted on sliding down the rope after it, and she held her breath while he slowly descended and cautiously picked up the precious teapot. The climbing back, however, he did not find as easy as he had thought. From his excitement and the dampness of the well he was so numb that he did not have strength for the return climb. Bess tugged at the rope with all her might, but he was too heavy for her, and pull as she would she could not lift him an inch. For one awful moment she stood as if stunned. Then she saw a carriage coming down the road. There was her Grandfather! and almost before he could alight, she caught him by the coat tails and in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope.

"Elizabeth," said her Grandfather, who was a very slow man, "why should I pull on a rope, my dear."

"Oh, come quick, hurry faster! Tom's down in the well," cried Bess.

"Tom down a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess,—the silver teapot—and I can't pull him up again—and he's cramped with the cold. Oh,—do hurry!"

Her grandfather leisurely looked down at Tom, then slowly took off his coat, and as slowly laid it down, then took hold of the rope, gave a long strong pull and in another instant Tom, dripping with coolness, arose from the well. In his hand he held the silver teapot which Bess quickly rescued, and after promising their Grandfather never to come to the old house again the three started back home.

Helen Soule,'14.

"You are the easiest man I ever met. Why did I ever marry you?"

"You have answered the question my dear."

'Twas THREE O'CLOCK

'Twas three o'clock when in the hall,
The library cat was heard to call.
"Meow! Meow! Meow!" said that old gray cat,—
"It is so dark! Where am I at?"

Sophie arose and to Marian did call,
And both went running down the hall.
They chased that puss with flash-lights bright,
'Till the animal's soul was filled with fright.

At last in the office they cornered her
And tried to catch that bundle of fur;
But she hid behind the big arm-chair,
And those girls still tell how her eyes did glare.



No pity was felt for the poor beast's plight,
When they clutched her roughly with grip so tight,
And opened the window without a sound,
Then dropped her quickly upon the ground.

The girls returned to their chilly abode,
Their minds relieved of a terrible load.
But once again did that cat creep
Upstairs to bother the girls asleep.

Again the molested in fury arose,
And went for that puss on their freezing tiptoes.
But why try to tell the innumerable times
That animal sang them her back-alley rhymes?

At dawn full sleepy were those girls;
They'd dreamed of cats and midnight whirls,
And when at table their tale they told
They were praised by all for being so bold.
Yet still, alas, where'er they're at,
They're sure to see that old gray cat.

Dora Goodwillie.

THE GRAY CLOAK

The London fog grew thicker and thicker in Moor's Court, so that it was impossible to discern anything but the mere shadows of tall tenements. The street was deserted except for the hurrying figure of a slender little woman, who fairly ran across and bounded up the tenement house steps. On and on, up almost endless flights she went, till she reached the top story, where she paused for breath in a dimly lighted corridor, before a battered door. Then opening it quickly, she called out in a cheerful tone, "Hello sonny! I'm here at last. Did you think I'd never get here?"

"No, mother. But this has been a terribly long day. I slept, though, two whole hours this afternoon and dreamed the *best* dreams."

The mother lit the gas in the shabby little parlor, disclosing to view a slender, pale-faced boy seated in a large easy chair with a pair of crutches by his side. Mrs. Harris gave a sudden start, for the boy's eyes were unusually bright, and a scarlet spot burned on either cheek.

"Are you sure you feel quite as well as usual, Ted" said she, as she felt anxiously the small hot hands.

"O yes, mother, the dream did me so much good. It was like heaven is, I suppose," the boy said. The mother turned away sharply so that Ted could not see the mist in her eyes, saying only, "I'll get supper now, dear. Then, while we are eating, you may tell me what you have been doing with yourself all day."

She went into the tiny kitchen where she set about getting their modest supper. Poor brave little mother! It was hard for her to keep the tears back when she found in her larder only half a loaf of stale bread, a bottle of milk, and a little flour, knowing as she did that her boy needed fresh milk and new-laid eggs to bring back his rapidly waning health. But she brought all her ingenuity into play, and soon mother and son sat down to an ap-

petizing meagre supper. Ted ate little, but kept up a rapid fire of questions. Was it very cold out? Did the manager ask her to work over time? And had he been as kind as usual? And then his dream, he must tell her about it.

"O, mother, it all seemed so real, and so interesting, I almost forgot to wake up. I thought I was in a big white room with glass floors and glass ceilings, and little white beds. The room was filled with ladies in pretty gray dresses, and the lady who led me in had such a sweet face, and wore a soft gray cloak. She undressed me, telling me all the time how well I was going to be, and put me in one of those little white beds. Then a big man with kind eyes, gave me something sweet to smell of, and then—I was all well. And best of all, Mother, I could walk!"

His mother wiped away the welling tears from her eyes, and began abruptly to clear away the things. Ted hopped on his sad little crutches to the window, and gazed out on the back fences and clothes-lines; but his thoughts were not with these; they were with the kind, gray-clad lady of his heavenly dream, the lady who had helped the good doctor to make him well.

A knock at the door just at this point made both Ted and Mrs. Harris start, for they lived apart from the other lodgers, and rarely had callers. And when Mrs. Harris answered the knock, there stood before her a tall, sweet-faced lady in a gray hospital uniform. She held out a friendly hand to the surprised mother, who grasped it confusedly and asked the gray lady in.

"Good evening, Mrs. Harris," she said in a low and musical voice, "It's a disagreeable night, isn't it?" Then as she entered the small room, she caught sight of Ted, staring at his dream lady in wide eyed wonder. "Oh," she said, "here is the little boy I came to see. I learned about him through your employer, and I thought I'd run in and see you both a few minutes. With your permission, Mrs. Harris, I'll look the little fellow

over, and see how much would have to be done to set matters right."

Mrs. Harris nodded a bewildered assent, and taking Ted by the hand led the way to the other room. The gray lady talked pleasantly and asked a few questions of the anxious mother, as she quickly and skillfully examined the helpless limbs. At length she said: "Teddy, how would you like to run around like other boys? You would have to go to the hospital and be operated on. It might hurt you a good deal, too."

"Like it! O, dear gray lady, you don't know how I've wanted to be like other boys! I don't mind being hurt a bit. It's worth it!"

"Are you willing," Mrs. Harris, said the nurse, turning to the white faced mother, "to let us have him awhile at the hospital?"

"If Ted is willing to go, why should I hold him back?" said the child's mother. "It has been our dearest dream that he would some day walk."

"Very well, I'll go right out and telephone to the hospital, so that everything will be ready, and we can go as soon as they send for us."

"O mother," said the happy little boy, holding out thin little hands to his mother, "I'll always believe in dreams after this! Won't you?"

Juliette Beach, '13.

BLUE SKIES AND GRAY

This world of ours seems a queer old place,
As we test it day by day;
We find reflections in every face
Of skies of blue or of gray.

God's sky above may be bright and clear,
With never a rift to see;
But His sky in the soul of the man he loves
May dark and cloudy be.

The sky above may be heavy with rain;
But the smile from a passing face
Will show us a soul where skies are bright,
And clouds have left no trace.

When our sky within is bright and clear,
And the one above us, too,
It seems a joy to work at tasks
Set apart for us to do.

But when our sky is dark and gray,
And the big sun hides his face,
However small, a task seems great
And the world is a dreary place.

Through our own skies we see the world,
Be the heavens what they may;
And how much better this world looks
Through skies that are blue, not gray.

Each one is lord of his own small sky;
His task is, for him to do
The sunshiny act in the sunshiny way
For skies of brightest blue.

Yes; this world of ours is a queer old place,
As we test it day by day;
We find reflections in every face
Of skies that are blue or gray.

Wilhemina Joscelyn, '13.

Not an Asset

"They say my son is a credit to me."

"Mine has never been anything but a liability."

Collegiate Pranks

"Princeton students are to attend the inauguration."

"Well?"

"After it's all over, I suppose we'll find the dome of the Capitol vacant and the Goddess of Liberty over on the White House."

Mistaken

"Put that ton of coal on the slate," directed the customer.

"We have no slate," said the dealer frigidly.

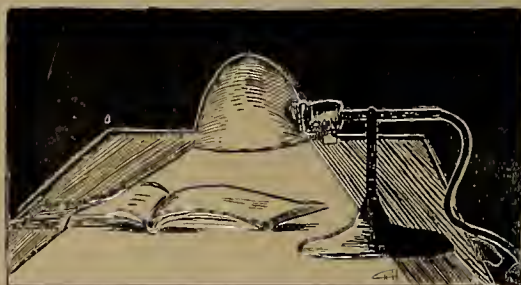
"Oh, yes, you have, I got 300 pounds of it with the coal."—*Washington Herald.*

That's So

"Apartment house life has some recompenses."

"As to how?"

"You can get the last word with your wife by bawling it up through the tube as you hustle out."—*Courier Journal.*





Through the courtesy of Manager Joseph Luckett, the members of the *Leaves* staff attended "Bunt Pulls the Strings" at the Majestic Theatre, on Friday evening, February 7. Two boxes were given over to the party which besides the members of the staff included Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss True and Mrs. Mathias, the mother of Edna Mathias. The production was one of unusual merit and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the party.

On Friday afternoon, January seventeenth, the members of the Dramatic Club were delightfully entertained by Miss Bertine Libby, in her room at Carpenter Hall. After indulging in a half hour or so of friendly gossip, refreshments were served. Miss Libby is a charming hostess and it was with reluctance that we wandered back to our own dominions in Cushman Hall.

Saturday afternoon, January eighteenth, Mr. Allan gave the first of a series of four lectures on law. Mr. Allan is a very interesting speaker and we are glad to know that he will be with us again.

Thursday evening, January twenty-third, we all assembled in the Congregational Church where we listened with great interest to a talk by Professor Charles E. Fay, of Tufts College, on "The Majesty of the Moun-

tain." The talk was illustrated by pictures which Professor Fay had taken of mountains. The talk appealed especially to the western girls who know and understand what mountains are.

On February sixth Mr. Allan gave his last lecture on law. All of the series were enjoyed to the utmost by everyone, and we are sure that we girls have a better understanding of law and what it stands for. We sincerely hope that Mr. Allan will again return to us.

Monday evening, January the twenty-seventh, the first table reception of the school was held in the drawing-rooms. It was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by every one. During the evening Miss Ruth Graham, a former student, favored us with two charming songs. Refreshments were served at half past nine, and we know that ten o'clock never came so quickly.

THE SENIOR SOPHOMORE PARTY

About quarter after six on the evening of February first, a merry party of Sophomores invaded the dignified domain of the Seniors. After a slight delay while everybody was bundling up both Seniors and Sophs left Carpenter for the boat house. By the aid of a few flash lights Miss Rand and Miss Williams led us safely over those

dangerous railroad tracks to our destination.

Oh, the glorious fire that greeted us there. We had no more than seated ourselves before its huge blaze when we were handed plates heaping with goodies, just the kind you like to eat when you are seated on the floor in old clothes, with the wind whistling outside. When everybody's plate had been up to the counter two or three times, and every girl vowed she wouldn't be able to eat another thing for weeks, we went to the second floor and danced. The Seniors certainly did themselves proud in decorating for the dance hall looked so effective in its many banners and class colors. Once more we took to the floor, this time to be surprised by seeing some very funny and familiar incidents in Lasell life, cleverly set forth in shadowgraphs. After this entertainment class songs were sung, and the good old Virginia reel was indulged in as a final dance. Downstairs again corn poppers were soon heard to pop and once more we were busy eating. Ghost stories and songs furnished so much amusement that we were all sorry when we had to sing, "Good Night Ladies." Each Soph was more than ever proud to belong to the sister class of such fine hostesses as the Seniors proved themselves to be.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR BANQUET

Such a stir and buzz when a small blue note
The Sophomores to the Seniors wrote,—
"Please come to the Woodland Park Hotel,
If you wish to feast and banquet well,
On Saturday the eighteenth day
Of January, we'll be gay."
So, all decked out in their very best,
The Seniors trooped with laugh and jest
Down Woodland Road to the Woodland Park,
All out for the merriest kind of a lark.
But there, behold, were the Sophomores, too,
With high coiffure and dresses, new,
Alice and Catherine received *en train*
Offered two fingers with lofty disdain
But their cheese cloth gowns of yellow and black
'Tis feared were rather low in back—
At least these debutantes each wore
A scarf that almost touched the floor.
But soon were the dining-room doors thrown wide;
And Seniors and Sophomores went inside,
To a table, strewn with daffodils,
Which caused all sorts of sighs and thrills,
With its basket of flowers just at the V
Where all by the table could plainly see,
And a Black-eyed Susan, bearing her name,
For every Senior and Soph who came,
And after that sumptuous nine-course repast
Each Senior vowed for a week she'd fast
(To tell how far each kept that vow
Our time and space will not allow.)
Then Florence welcomed the sister class,
Georgina responding. Their thanks to pass
A hearty toast the Seniors sang,
And nineteen-fifteen's praises rang
Again at later hour through hall
When time's swift pace forced one and all
To say good-night, and start once more
For Alma Mater's friendly door,
The fun all over. But memory
Whispers yet to you and me,
That all the Seniors will agree
A nicer banquet ne'er could be.



GERMAN PLAY

The members of the Junior class in German presented Goethe's "Die Laune des Verliebten" before a large gathering of students and guests in the gymnasium on January 30.

The performance was given under the direction of Fraulein Heinrich and the work of the members of the cast won much applause from the audience. Mildred Westervelt took the part of Eridon, the jealous lover and Viola Kafka that of Amine, his persecuted

Without the Freezer

"What's Mrs. Wombat abusing the Government for now?

"Seems they wouldn't let her send a gallon of ice cream by parcel post."—*Pittsburg Post*

Any Old Number

Jones—Do you believe there is safety in numbers?

Skorcher—I'm certain. Whenever I'm exceeding the speed limit I hang some other's chap's number on the back of my motor.



SCENE FROM THE GERMAN PLAY

sweetheart. The two light hearted lovers were Egle (Helen Rollins) and Lamon (Mildred Post).

One of the features of the play was the dance of the shepherds and shepherdesses, Georgina Fankboner, Mary L. Cummings, Frances Johnson, Helen Stodwell, Margaret Livermore, Ruth Thresher, Ruth McCracken, Una Wise.

The music for the dance was by Lois Brader, pianist; Dorothy Payne, violinist; Margaret Ruggles, 'cello.

Papa's Bright Prospect

Charlie—Do you think your father will consent to our marriage?

Mabel—Of course, papa will be sorry to lose me.

Charlie—But I will tell him that he will gain a son instead of losing a daughter.

Mabel—I don't believe you'd better say that, dear. You see, papa has three such sons staying with him now, and I'm afraid he's a little touchy on that point.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

On Saturday night, February the eighth, the Juniors entertained the Seniors in the Gymnasium. The evening's festivities began a little early, as early as the dinner hour, when a pleasant surprise awaited many. The Juniors had stationed their orchestra on the landing overlooking the dining room, and so furnished all with a very delightful enter-

forming a sort of grove, a tiny lake surrounded by sparkling snow, and in the middle two small figures, one of whom resembled small Richard in his bright red coasting togs; then again George Washington about to cut his cherry tree, but really just a little Junior boy presenting a floral tribute to a Senior seated above him on a tree stump, who, dressed in his cap and gown, assumed a



tainment during the courses. Long before the gymnasium doors were open for the party, the Juniors and their friends could be seen promenading the halls, much to the delight of those uninvited, who lined the walls every where, eager to see the fun and comment on the many pretty gowns.

The gym was prettily decorated for the occasion and greatly altered in many respects. The apparatus was shut off by screens, forming attractive cozy corners, and the walls quite hidden by gay banners of scarlet and purple and the stage was very wonderful. Some woodland scene seemed to be represented for there were large palms

remarkable air of graciousness and dignity. The sentiment was further carried out by the numerous red hearts suspended from the near by "trees."

The party was opened by a grand march, led by the class officers and their guests, then after the welcome song by the Juniors, the cotillion began. The leaders guided all through the rather intricate figures with great success, and there was much fun and merriment learning the steps. It was indeed a pretty sight to see the girls as they moved from one set to another, finding new partners and becoming laden with the many favors. The souvenirs were very pleasing

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and much appreciated. After the Seniors had sung their Farewell, the company disbanded regretfully, and the much looked forward to Junior-Senior party was over. It was indeed a jolly evening and one which will furnish happy memories for many days to come.

WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

Forty students left Friday, February fourteenth on their annual excursion to the White Mountains. With suit cases, skis and skates, the party left on a special car attached to the 8.55 train. The party went to In-

nett, Dorothy M. Bushnell, Ruth P. Davis, Bess E. Emerine, Georgina Fankboner, Mary A. Fenno, Gladys S. Goodman, Marion M. Griffin, Lois C. Hammond, E. Patrice Hannigan, Dorothy F. Hartshorn, Evelyn L. Hauser, Maude J. Hayden, Florence Humbird, Josephine E. Kenower, Gertrude C. Knickerbocker, Carolyn F. Lawton, Ernestine F. Lederer, Elizabeth H. Linn, Edna Mathias, Ruth A. McCracken, Emma S. Robinson, Pauline B. Rouse, Lillian M. Schwartz, Lucile Scott, Mary E. Rubert, Eleanor Tingley, Abbie L. Viener, Alice E. Wardman, Sophie A. Wendt, Elsie C. Wight.



START OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

tervale, N. H., where a hotel had been reserved.

The party was chaperoned by Miss Grace Irwin, a member of the faculty, and was under the direction of Seth Bassett of Haverhill. The party returned Monday, the seventeenth.

The following made up the party: Helen C. Baird, Genevieve M. Bettcher, Hortense Bienenstok, M. Hannah Bingaman, Irene L. Bollman, Lois M. Brader, H. Alleda Bur-

nett, Dorothy M. Bushnell, Ruth P. Davis, Bess E. Emerine, Georgina Fankboner, Mary A. Fenno, Gladys S. Goodman, Marion M. Griffin, Lois C. Hammond, E. Patrice Hannigan, Dorothy F. Hartshorn, Evelyn L. Hauser, Maude J. Hayden, Florence Humbird, Josephine E. Kenower, Gertrude C. Knickerbocker, Carolyn F. Lawton, Ernestine F. Lederer, Elizabeth H. Linn, Edna Mathias, Ruth A. McCracken, Emma S. Robinson, Pauline B. Rouse, Lillian M. Schwartz, Lucile Scott, Mary E. Rubert, Eleanor Tingley, Abbie L. Viener, Alice E. Wardman, Sophie A. Wendt, Elsie C. Wight.

“What’s the matter, have you had an accident?”

“No, I threw my shoulder out dancing the other night.”

“When your son is through college what are you going to make of him?”

“Can’t tell yet. He went to a co-ed institution and is booked for the next two years as an usher at weddings.”

SPECIAL-SENIOR PARTY

"Come right on in! Glad to see you all tonight!" This greeting from an imposing darky butler who met us at the Gardner Hall door much to our surprise, caused a burst of laughter from every delighted Senior as she came in with her Special escort that Saturday night. We were still laughing as we were accosted on the inside by a jolly old mammy who clasped her hands and cried, "Lor' bless you, honeys. Just come in heah an' take off



we had encored "Constantly" and everything else until they refused to respond and the minstrel show really was over we, wen tupstairs and were royally treated to "eats." Afterwards we sat around the big open fire downstairs and sang in the dark which was a pleasant close to a very happy evening.

"Do you know that father's a retired man?"

"No. If that's the case he might be able to give me a boost financially, dearest."

"Not just now. I mean that it's eleven-thirty, and father's gone to bed."

"Muz, did you hear the step-ladder when it tumbled over?"

"No, darling. I hope papa didn't fall."

"Not yet—he's still hanging on to the picture moulding."

Soph—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshie—"No, who teaches it?"—*Ex.*

Teacher—"Why was the Declaration of Independence put over a month until July 4th?"

Pupil—"Because they wanted the holiday to come after school closed."—*Ex.*

A Stern Chase

Robert was home from college for the Christmas holidays and had just left his father and a neighbor.

"Your son," said the neighbor, "is pursuing his studies at college, isn't he?"

"I guess so," said the father, "he's always behind."—*Ex.*



yo' wraps," and there were few minutes during the rest of the evening when we were not in gales of laughter. After a few minutes of greetings we were seated on the floor in the big room off the reception hall and soon heard the strains of "Away Down South in Dixie" in the distance. Then in they came, that Special minstrel troupe, with their beaming black faces and costumes of all varieties.

We shall never forget how good those songs sounded nor how we laughed until we wept over Brother Bones' (alias Evelyn Hauser) rendering of "Casey at the Bat." And as for those jokes at our expense—we enjoyed them to the utmost. Virginia Williamson certainly made an enviable end man with her ready wit and her guitar as an aid. After

EDITORIAL



For the sake of some new girls in school who may not understand just what Student Council is, and stands for, and also for those who have known about it before, we deemed this a wise time to give that body a space in our columns. This time has been chosen because some important new rules have been made, with the result that the membership has been doubled, and the period of office lengthened to a term, that is, to a third of a school year. There are to be four Senior members, four Junior, four Special, two Sophomore, one Freshman and one Preparatory. In classes which have more than one member, the terms of office overlap, half being elected at the beginning and half in the middle of the term. It is a great advantage to have, at the beginning of each term, and especially at the beginning of the year, members who understand how to take up the work without delay.

Every year finds our Lasell Student Council more powerful, but before it can *do* more, its existence must be *felt* more, and the only way this can be brought about is by creating public sentiment in its favor among the girls. In a school of this size there is a tendency toward an unfair feeling that the faculty is on one side and the girls on the other, and the business of the Student Council is to afford a common meeting ground, where representatives from both sides may meet, talk things

over and discover that both are really working for the common cause of the good of the school and its members. Student Council has accomplished many positive things, one of the main things it obtained last year being the carpet sweepers for each corridor in Main, and as an outgrowth of this step we hope to have some new vacuum sweepers soon. Reports from the meeting are made to the classes, or to the school as a whole, by the Student Council president, as may best suit the purpose.

There are cases in which complaints should be made directly to the head-quarters of that department but when this can not be done, the Student Council stands ready to lend a hand. We should however; guard against making it "a dumping ground for grievances," as one of the teachers has expressed it, and by helping to improve the Student Council and our own attitude toward school life, we can make self-government more of a reality in Lasell.

There are positive signs of a social awakening in our school of late; teas seem to be quite the proper mode of entertainment. Those given by the different classes are exceedingly enjoyable especially if one is proficient in German, French and Latin. The most novel of all however, was the mathematical tea

given last week. Games, favors, and even conversation were mathematical, calling forth much laughter from all who were present.

There is also the senior conversation class which meets every Wednesday night in the reading rooms, after dinner coffee being served to add to the informality of the class. It is constructive besides affording a pleasant hour for social intercourse between Miss Potter and the seniors.

From now on, our week-end guests are to have the pleasure of meeting Miss Potter in the parlors on Saturday evenings and enjoying a cup of coffee and a chat with her. These different informal functions are promoting a splendid feeling of sociability among the students, faculty and guests, which should be encouraged by all of us and to which each one should lend her hearty cooperation.



The *Lasell Leaves* acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of *The Centralian*, *Cricket*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Hermonite*, *Iris*, *Kankakeean*, *Maroon and White*, *Mirror*, *East Orange High School News*, *New Trier Echoes*, *Owl*, *Quill*, and *Vail-Deane Echoes* for January, and *The Newton High School Review* for February.

As always, we are glad to welcome new exchanges, those for January being *The East Orange High School News* and *The Cricket*.

The News is a very artistic paper, cleverly gotten up; the Literary department, however, does not measure up to the rest, either in

quantity or quality. On the other hand, the Exchange department is very complete and clearly arranged.

The Cricket is a very attractive paper both inside and out; the Exchange criticisms are good, and the Primary Department a splendid idea.

Kankakeean: We have made a thorough search of your paper but have failed to discover the slightest trace of an Exchange column. Would it not be a good idea to add one?

The Iris is one of our most welcome exchanges; the cuts are splendid, the cover artistic, and the subject matter good and well balanced.

One of the most interesting of this month's exchanges is *The Hermonite*; the jokes are good, and the stories and short sketches exceedingly interesting.

The Mirror: A few more cuts would make your paper more attractive, and one or two stories, more interesting.

Centralian: the parody on Poe's "Raven" is clever, but why not more good and appropriate cuts?

As Others See Us.

Our old friend, *Lasell Leaves*, seems to "improve with age"; each edition seems better than the last. This latest Christmas number is—well, it was one of the very best that we received—and that's saying a great deal!—*Newton High School Review*.

Lasell Leaves, we are glad to welcome you back to East Orange again. It has been a long while since you made that last trip! You have some splendid short stories for the Christmas number and very original cuts. Your paper is unquestionably worth while. We hope to see you often.—*East Orange High School News*.



PEDSONAL



NEW ENGLAND LUNCHEON

On an ideal winter day, February tenth, the New England Lasell girls came back to their school home for the Mid-winter Reunion. Lasell welcomes her old girls always and is the happier when many come.

The Committee for the Day, Mrs. Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96, Miss Miriam Flynn, '12, and Martha Baker, '98, had planned wisely and well with the result that eighty-two of the girls were present and a good representation of the Faculty. Among those present was one who was a student on the opening day of the Seminary in 1850, several from the class of 1912, and many from the intervening years. The present day students kept open house so that the "old girls" might see their rooms of bygone days.

Doctor and Mrs. Winslow with their usual hospitality welcomed the girls, assisted by Miss Blaisdell, Miss Potter and Miss Nutt. A delicious lunch was enjoyed in the dining room, the guests being served by members of the housekeeping classes. The Lasell Glee Club sang the Lasell songs from the balcony and later a short musical program was rendered in the parlor.

We missed those who could not come but

we shall look for them at Commencement.

Among those present were:

Dr. G. M. Winslow and Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, '56, Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson '57, Mrs. Emma Sears May '57, Miss Caroline Spear '57, Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell '67, Mrs. Fannie Barker Coffin '68, Miss Emma F. Barker '68, Miss Lillie R. Potter '80, Miss Jessie J. Macmillan '82, Miss Lillian M. Packard '83, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper '84, Mrs. Marietta Rose Green '86, Miss Mary P. Witherbee '92, Mrs. Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, Mrs. Nora Burroughs Dillingham '97, Mrs. Gertrude Clark Rayner '97, Miss Edith A. Dresser '97, Mrs. Jennie Myrick Gibbs '98, Mrs. Alice Jencks Wilson '99, Mrs. Gertrude Watson Linscott '99, Miss Helen M. Ramsdell '00, Mrs. Georgia Duncan Seavey '02, Miss Bessie Y. Fuller '02, Miss Ella M. Hazelton '04, Mrs. Ada Wells Burnham '05, Mrs. Helen Carter Marcy '06, Miss Ruth E. Marston '06, Mrs. Mildred Peirce Fuller '06, Mrs. Irene Sauter Sanford '06, Mrs. Maie Straight Grebenstein '06, Miss Lela H. Goodall '08, Miss Charlotte C. Ryder '08, Miss Maria L. Riker '09, Miss Mary B. Wythe '09, Miss Mildred V. Goodall '10, Miss Hannah E. Proctor '10, Miss Cornelia Stone '10, Miss Gladys M. Lawton '11, Miss Helen L. Sayre '11, Miss Ruth Bachelder '12, Miss Ruth M. Coulter '12, Miss Miriam K. Flynn '12, Miss Mildred J. Hall '12, Miss Ethel L. Moore '12, Miss L. Victoria Nettel '12, Miss Clara L. Parker '12, Miss Clara F. Trowbridge '12, Miss Mary Starr Utter '12, Miss Dorothea Africa '12, Miss Clementina Butler, Mrs. Anna Andrews Barris, Miss Elizabeth A. Bailey, Miss H. May Beardsley, Miss Laura Brooks, Mrs. Nellie Briggs Chandler, Miss Lucy Cox, Miss Madeline Clark, Miss Myra L. Davis, Miss Grace E. Douglass, Mrs. Lucy Johnson Fiske, Mrs. Blanche Busell Hoffmann, Mrs. Annie Judson Hannigan, Mrs. Edith Brodbeck Kimball, Miss Hazel B. Orcutt, Miss Pauline M. Orcutt, Mrs. Wm. E. Plummer, Mrs. Sarah Buck Proctor, Miss Elizabeth Peirce, Mrs. Harriet Whittier Payne, Miss Rosalie H. A. Reimold, Mrs. Ellen Stone Robinson, Miss Eva C. Robertson, Miss Ruth Spindler, Miss Sybil H. Spaulding, Miss Cora B. Stone, Miss

Sara Shuttleworth, Mrs. Mary Wales Smith, Miss Rose K. Taylor, Miss Edith Totten, Mrs. Mary Dodge Whittemore, Miss Berenice E. Wood, Miss Violet Irene Wellington, Mr. Joseph A. Hills, Mrs. Adaline Allen Davidson, Mrs. Eleanor Perry Rand, Miss Margaret Rand, Mlle. Jeanne LeRoyer, Miss Louise Parkhurst, Fraulein Desdemona Heinrich, Miss Carrie M. True, Miss Grace W. Irwin, Miss Frances King Dolley, Miss Roxana Tuttle, Miss Dorothy Shank, Miss Mary L. Nutt, Miss Nellie M. Warner, Miss Alice M. Hotchkiss, Miss Edith Collins, Miss Edith Williams, Dr. Sophia Morgenthaler, Miss Rose Morgenthaler.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE NEW YORK LASELL CLUB.

The Lasell Club of New York held its twentieth annual reunion and luncheon at the Hotel Majestic, on Saturday February the first. There were forty-seven members and guests present. A very informal reception preceded the luncheon, and when Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, whose coming had been doubtful, arrived, the club felt particularly honored in having these two representatives from Lasell with us, and they received a right royal welcome.

Luncheon was served at one o'clock in the tea room, during which everyone enjoyed a good old-time visit with her friends. Owing to the illness in her family, our president, Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, was unable to be with us, but our vice-president, Florence Swartwout, '09, welcomed the guests and read a letter from the president in which she expressed regrets at her inability to be present.

The secretary and treasurer's reports were read, and as there was no other business to come before this meeting, we turned our attention to Dr. Winslow, who gave us a most enjoyable talk on the high prosperity of Lasell and its encouraging growth. After several short talks by members of the club Mrs. Winslow delivered a hearty greeting from Lasell.

A long letter was received and read from Dr. Bragdon expressing his wish to be present and an affectionate message to everyone. Letters were also read from Miss Potter, '08 of Lasell, Charlotte Thearle Selcer, president of the Chicago Club, Etta Stafford

Vaughan, '86, president of the Lasell Alumnae Association, and Frances Ebersole, president of the Cincinnati Club.

Those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Annie M. Gwinnell, Florence Swartwout, Lucille Zellar Ericson, Laura Simons, Katherine Jenckes, Lucy Russell, Gladys Stults, Julia ter Kuile, Elizabeth Martin, Sibyl Webb, Louise Morrill, Marie Eaton, Louise Paisley, Winifred Smith, Elizabeth Farnham, Gertrude Farnham, Virginia Lee, Marion MacArthur, Lillie Reincke, Helen Richards, Ruth Burkett Powell, Anne Young, Mabel Case Viot, Cornelia deGroof Talcot, Mrs. H. L. Sterrett, Mrs. Bush, Tryphena Uhrich Ludwig, Sara Lawrence White, M. Alice Fuller, Elsa Merz Gladys Patterson Hill, Fannie Thomas Fiske, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, Eva Ferris Foote, Carol Case Dennison, Ethel Lasell Decker, Nina Burr Day, Edith Hawley Finn, Grace Huntington, Susan Hallock Couch, Laura Place Gadsden; Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls; Frances Newell, Hazel North Elgar.

NOTES

Along with her babies' pictures, Mrs. Prindle writes that Fern Dixon is married, also that Anne Strong is teaching in the Lady Jane Gray school in Binghamton, N. Y., and often sees the Sisson twins '07. When last heard from, Cora Danforth, '07 was at Honolulu on her way home from a trip around the world. Mrs. Prindle sends her best wishes and is looking forward to the February *Leaves*.

We were very happy to have Ruth Coulter, Mildred Hall, Queenie Nettel, Dorothea Africa, Miriam Flynn, Clara Trowbridge, Clara Parker, "Mary Starr," Ruth Bachelder and Ethel Moore among the "Old Girls" at the reunion, Monday, February 10. At luncheon, these members of 1912, and Dr. Gordon, their honorary member, enjoyed sitting together at one table.

News from New Haven, Conn., informs us that "our Maude" of 1912 likes society life tip-top.

Elinor Ryan '12 "is doing herself and her Alma Mater proud," so we think. She is attending the University of Ohio. We are moved to copy every word of her interesting letter to Miss Irwin but will insert only a few choice bits. Her opening sentence was "I am sending my dollar for the *Leaves*—I will never forget our good times in Latin—

Give my love to Miss Witherbee. Some time, if she would like to have it, I will send her an article of mine which was published in one of the local papers. Journalism is so interesting, too! Oh, I am so enthusiastic about all the studies! I am having a wonderful time, enjoying every day more than the one before. It is good to be home with the family.—Please remember me to all my Lasell friends. I hope to come back for Commencement.”—And believe me, Elinor, all Lasell joins in that wish.

Katherine Wheeler '09 has again been visiting Annie Crowe '09. Annie reports a delightful visit and declares that Katherine did splendidly at the concert given at the Winnipeg Club. Katherine also sang in church Sunday morning. In a clipping which Annie sent us, we find this appreciative notice, “The great feature of the service was a beautiful solo by Miss Wheeler, ‘Like as the Heart Desires.’ This soloist has a voice of wide range, and one that is wonderfully expressive. Moreover, she uses it with perfect sympathy and dramatic power, so that the listener feels the intermingled woe, wistfulness and triumph embodied in the theme. The solo was a spiritual uplift.”

Annie further adds, “I called on Annie Pinkham Ailyn '02 and her new daughter last week. They are both well.” This message from Annie came when we were enjoying the warmest January weather ever known in New England, so that her closing sentence was especially interesting. “It may interest you Easterners to know that I froze my ear yesterday, an experience I do not care to repeat.”

In a letter to Doctor Winslow from Mildred Snyder '10 she writes, “Julia Hamilton '10 is at present, and we hope for several weeks to come, here helping us enjoy our pre-Carnival festivities! We were so interested in the picture of Richard and Marjorie which we found in the December *Leaves*. Junior (Mildred's baby brother) is especially

fond of it and several times I have discovered him carrying it around the house with him. Please remember me kindly to Mrs. Winslow. I have one year more in college before I receive my degree and then the first long trip I take is going to be right up that road to ‘Boston Town’ to greet once more our Principal, the little vice-principals, and all the other dear friends at Lasell. Julia Hamilton joins me in sending back to Lasell our very best love.”

In an account of the Pre-Carnival in one of the daily papers, we find a charming picture of Mildred who was one of the maids of honor and was gowned in a white brocaded velevet, charmeuse and shadow lace studded with rhinestones.

In a letter addressed to her “Alma Mater” Alice Cuyler Hendricks '68 writes from Chicago. “Nearly half a centruy has passed since I saw you but your memory is ever green. The three years spent under your shelter were busy and mostly happy ones and I have only loving thoughts for you.” She sends for a catalog and gives her new address which is Hotel Hayes, 64th Street and Lexington Avenue, Chicago. Lasell of to-day feels especially honored in receiving this gracious message from this loyal “old girl.”

St. Valentine's month is an opportune one in which to record the marriages of our Lasell girls.

On Wednesday, January 15th, occurred the marriage of Fern Dixon '07 to Mr. Edward Lawrence Leahy at Bristol, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Leahy will be at home after the first of March at the Buena Vista, Butler Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Three attractive cards tied with a dainty white ribbon received at Lasell early in the year announces the betrothal of Barbara Cushman Vail '05 to Mr. Bernard Dewey Bosworth. “Rumor has it” that Mr. Bosworth will bring *our* Barbara back to New

England. For this we are thankful. Our hearty congratulations to this happy couple!

Barbara Dennen Carpenter '11 lives near enough to Lasell to call some day and bring with her wee Georgia Elizabeth whose birthday was December first. She will find here two hundred young women willing to take care of this Lasell baby during her call.

On January fourteenth two of our Lasell girls were made especially happy. Into the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Allyn (Annie Pinkham '02) came little Nancy Carline Allyn, while Master Newell Moore Martin arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Martin, (Lucy K. Moore). Lasell's loving welcome to this little Lasell girl and boy!

Through the kindness of Miss Martha R. Ransom, Lasell's former pupil and teacher, comes a charming card from Pasadena, Cal. The picture represents the High School float which appeared in a recent carnival in the "city of flowers."

Encouraging word continues to come from Pauline Cook. She is still convalescing and is beginning to take up some of her school work. We sorely miss this former pupil and sincerely hope some time she will come back to us.

Ruth Spindler has made us twice glad, having run in informally for the afternoon and again contributed a delightful number to our Lasell Reunion musical program. In a note to Miss Potter, she writes, "I wish I were not an 'old girl' and would give anything for just a day out of my year at Lasell."

Clara Strain does not forget her Massachusetts school-home. Among the interest items in her charming letter, she writes, "I wish I might have stayed longer under Lasell's influence." Her father is recovering from a long and serious illness in a distant

city. During the absence of her mother, Clara has been trying her skill as mother and housekeeper. From the midst of this strenuous life she writes, "I am well and happy." Early in the summer she went up to Canada and gives us a delightful picture of this "Switzerland of America." We hope her next journey will bring her *our* way.

That was a good long letter, Clara Nims, '07 and we thank you for it! She writes of her visit with Lillie Potter in Minneapolis, also speaks of Edna Rogers Carlile '05 who is now settled in her new home in Watertown, N.Y., and is reported to be a "wonderful housekeeper." Edna and Clara are brought together often because of the mutual interest in the Watertown Hospital. She closes with, "Please tell Miss Witherbee that I am just beginning to be interested in birds and regret that I was not able to profit by her helpful knowledge of bird lore when at Lasell."

Catherine Cann Porter sends this message from Yarmouth to Doctor and Mrs. Winslow: "It is good to be remembered. I want to thank you for your kind wishes. The best part of our Christmas was watching baby Barbara and her packages. She was so cute! Kept us laughing all the time! We had a Christmas tree and it took us most of our time to keep Barbara from sucking the candy bags! She seemed to relish them immensely. Your babies are too big for such tricks, I suppose. Ruth Evans Fairbanks has just written for me to plan to be with her at the February reunion. Both Mr. Porter and I send best wishes for a Happy New Year."

In a letter to Mabelle Whitney '03, Bessie Fuller '02 writes, "You will be interested perhaps to know that since leaving Japan I have had an extensive trip through the Canadian Rockies and sailed from Seattle to Alaska." At Seattle she had a nice call from Georgia Duncan's ('02) brother, his wife and little girl. Portland, Oregon, and the Yel-

lowstone Park were also charmingly described. She reached her home in September, having been gone a year and a day. She very properly closes her letter by enclosing a dollar for the *Leaves*.

Among the recent bereavements which have come to our Lasell girls is the death of Mr. Samuel Emery, brother of our Angeline Emery, who passed away in Troy, N. Y., on February fourth. Also the passing away of Mrs. L. R. Ford, mother of our Jennie Ford Amesbury.

We regret that our earlier numbers of the *Leaves* failed to record the sorrow which came in the fall to Mabelle Whitney '03 in the loss of her beloved mother, Mrs. H. A. Whitney, one of Lasell's staunchest friends.

Doctor T. S. Lowe, of Pasadena, California, recently passed away. Doctor Lowe was a noted scientist, experimenter and inventor. Five of his daughters have been students at Lasell and our school has always appreciated his friendship.

To all of these bereaved families, Lasell extends her sincere sympathy.

Reverend and Mrs. Barnett, of Oklahoma, announce the birth of a son, Francis Jr., Feb. 5, 1913. The mother is a sister of Laura Hale, now attending Lasell. Lasell sends her congratulations to the parents.

An announcement has been made of the engagement of Delia Tripp of New Bedford, Mass., to Edward Gifford.

We are happy to have Alleda Burnett once more with us.

A note from Stella Boothe tells of her intention to take a course in Public Health Nursing and Education next year at Teachers College, Columbia University. She finishes a Training Course in the Children's Hospital, Columbus, O., in May. Our experience proves that Stella will "make good" in whatever she undertakes and we are proud to know that she is giving her time to work and study that will be helpful to others as well as herself.

The Wail of a Freshie

They tell me I must write a verse;
It is impossible—
To writing verse I am averse;
My work would sure be josh-able.

For how could I, a Freshman fool,
E'er hope to write a poem?
I couldn't write one when at school,
Nor could I when at home.

So I will quit in great disgust
And say this is a poem:
But no one else on earth, I trust,
Will call this work a poem.

Because poetry written at the present time
Seems to be written something like this—
Without any regular, well defined meter,
Nor any rhyme.

—Ex.

It was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood in the street,
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His boots were full of feet.

A school paper is a great invention;
The staff gets all the fame;
The printer gets the money,
And the editor, the blame.

—Ex.

Pa heard him give the high school yell,
For joy he could not speak;
He murmured, "Mother, listen,
To our Willie talking Greek."

—Ex.

In a parlor there were three,
A maid, a parlor lamp and he;
Two's company without a doubt,
So the parlor lamp went out.

—Ex.

A Case of Swelled Head

In youth her parents told her she
Was such a matchless maid,
It filled her with conceit, and so
She's forty in the shade.

—Ex.

THIS YEAR

Though cold winds blow
And bring much snow,
Take warning now, my girly;
Though chilled and blue,
You'll have to do
Your Easter shopping early.

EVER TRY IT?

It's easy enough to be pleasant
And to say that you never get sore,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he slips on an iron cellar door.

Suppose

At Customs Wharf—Lady to Messrs. Cook's Official—"I have nothing to declare. What shall I say?"

Official—"Say, madam, that you have nothing to declare."

Lady—"Yes; but suppose they find something?"

Insured

Blobbs—"Do you think the death of old Closefist will be a loss to the community?"

Slobbs—"Well, I understand the loss is fully covered by insurance."

Combination

"Why, old man, your face is badly scratched!"

"Yep. Horizontal hatpin."

"But I thought you kept such a sharp lookout for them?"

"I do. But this was hidden by a horizontal feather."

Unselfish

"You ate all of your cake and Mabel's, too, Tommy?" said the mother

"Yes'm," replied Tommie.

"You'll be sick, child."

"Well, mother, you see if anybody was going to be sick I didn't want it to be Mabel."

Another Myth

When children get old enough to quit believing in Santa Claus, they generally tie up for life with the ground hog myth as a substitute superstition.

Shifting

"What led you to become a bandit?" asked the Judge.

"Dime novels."

"Well, you are an old-fashioned boy. The new generation are mostly blaming it on the moving pictures."

Explained

"Why is it that so few people heed the warning about kissing being an unsanitary practice?"

"I suppose it is because so few people do it for their health."—*Baltimore American*.

Many are called but few fet up.—*Ex.*

If you want to die take some aeroplane poison. Dose, 1 drop.

A Sad Mistake

Bobby sent Miss Montmorency, whom he has just met, a beautiful box of flowers, anxious to make a good impression upon that young lady. Unfortunately the florist made the mistake of sending with the roses the card that bore the inscription: "Do the best you can for \$2.00."

Good Enough For Him

Eve—"Do you think I'm a good-looking woman, Adam?"

Adam—"I don't know; I never saw any other."

Department Clerk—"The President will soon dispose of the highest office in his gift."

Crowd of correspondents (eagerly)—"Which is that?"

One of the Contributing Editors—"Did you receive my letter and that batch of jokes?"

Editor—"I received your letter, but I didn't see the Jokes."

Two wretched-looking tramps were brought before a justice of the peace. Addressing the worst-looking one, the justice said: "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"And where do you live?" said the justice, addressing the other.

"I've got the room above him."



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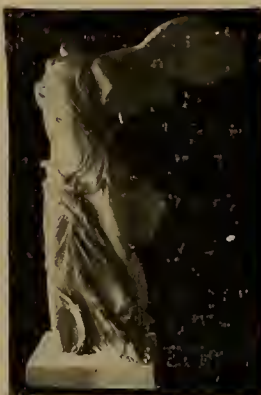
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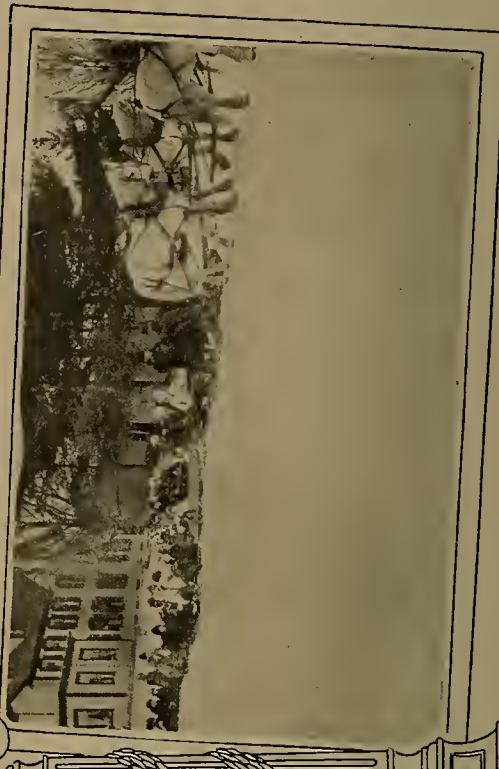
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SCENES FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP



Literary

MARY JANE'S EASTER HAT

Mary Jane stood before the cracked mirror with a woe-begone look on her usually serene countenance, gazing ruefully at a hat of ancient style which was perched high on her curly head. Mary Jane was in a quandary. Somehow, years before, it hadn't mattered very much what she wore at Easter or at any other time as long as the river sparkled for her, the birds sang and the sky was blue. And, of course, father, dear impractical father never noticed what she wore as long as she was there to welcome him at night when he came in from a long ride, for he was a country doctor, beloved by all, but as is usually the case, in pecuniary difficulties most of the time. Mary Jane was his "Baby," his "Little Woman," he would say, his gaze resting lovingly on her young face. And she herself had never given a thought to the antiquated clothes of which her wardrobe consisted. But this was different, so different.

Two days ago her father had driven into the yard with two ladies whom he assisted to alight at the front porch. Mary Jane, running to meet him, had stopped in startled surprise, for callers were rare.

"Come here, dear. This," he had said proudly, as she came shyly forward, "is my

daughter. These were dear friends of your mother, little girl," and the gentle voice had grown sad, as it always did when he spoke that beloved name.

Of course they had come in for tea, into the fine old library where culture spoke louder than the faded walls and threadbare rugs. And they had been very charming and she had been sweetly cordial, but after they had gone, after inviting her to spend Easter with them, she had gone to her room and with a sudden realization of the difference between her faded gingham dress and her callers' dainty afternoon frocks, had suddenly bethought herself of an Easter costume, necessary if she were going away. Hence the rueful look at the old fashioned hat.

"Something has just got to be done," she said, nodding determinedly at the solemn young face in the mirror.

That evening as her father sat in his easy chair she came and perched herself on the arm.

"Father," she began abruptly, "I need some clothes."

"Clothes, baby, clothes?" He looked up bewildered.

"Yes," she rushed on, "and especially a hat."

"Why, why, my dear, haven't you—why I thought you had plenty. There is that whole trunk full of your grandmother's dresses which you can easily wear if——"

"Oh, father, I've worn those things for ages. I mean something *new*, something all my own."

"Why, I'm sorry, dear," he spoke wearily, "but you know this has been a hard year, and my patients haven't been able to pay——".

"There, never mind. Why, daddy, man, I can just do wonders with that dress of Aunt Sarah's. I know I can make it look right," and she ran out, fearful lest the break in her voice should tell him that her brave gaiety was rather forced.

But he *had* heard it, and soon he tapped on her door. When she opened it, he stepped in, and giving her a large box said, "Here, dear, use these."

"Father," she breathed, "not those?"

"She would want you to be happy," he said simply.

But Mary Jane had thrown herself into his arms. "No, father, no. They're hers. Oh, did you think I wanted mere clothes enough to take my mother's wedding things to cut up into dresses?" She choked and hid her face. "H-How could you?"

"There, there, little girl," he comforted and then, gently unclasping her clinging arms, went quickly out, for his sorrow, generally hidden deep in his heart, almost unmanned him to-night.

Mary Jane sank down by the bed, her tear stained face lovingly resting against the box in which lay her mother's wedding finery.

"Mother, dear," she whispered and fell asleep.

So it happened that a dignified little note was sent to Mrs. Irston and her daughter, telling of Mary Jane's inability to accept their invitation, and a girl with a sweet, happy face drove to the old church on Easter Sunday, wearing her old hat of many seasons. But in her heart was peace, and the Easter sermon fell on her soul with a special message

of joy and love.

Helen E. Stockwell, '14.

THAT RASCAL BOB

Ted Graham settled back with a sigh of satisfaction, as she watched the express wagon bear her trunk around the corner. She was sure that for once in her life nothing was left out. It was proverbial that Ted always left behind her articles ranging from a tooth brush to a party-gown. But the long plain, black cloth gown that she was to don for the informal farewell luncheon, and also for the short trip home, was spread out in readiness. The negligee she wore belonged to the friend whom she was visiting, and she had on a pair of black dancing slippers that she expected to leave behind because they were too large. Yes, everything was in,; her mother would have no chance this time to say, "Theodosia!" in that horrified tone prompted by the absence of methodical habits in her daughter. And Ted gazed at the toes of the over-large slippers in utter content and complacency.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from her lips. The toes of the black slippers brought a disturbing suggestion. Yes, she had indeed packed everything, but alas! that "everything" included even the shoes she was expecting to wear home. Optimism however, and previous experience in similar situations came to the rescue. How lucky she had planned to wear a very long dress. The dancing slippers might thus be made to serve her purpose, and not show at all. She decided not to tell anyone of this last mistake, not even Evelyn, her sister.

Time flew, as it has a habit of doing, and the train arrived at the station several minutes before Ted, who flushed and breathless, stepped on just after it had started. Alack and alas! She had forgotten the looseness of the slippers, and as she sprang on the car, one fell off upon the station platform. There was no getting it again, of course, and covered with confusion she made her way into the coach, where she sank down in the nearest available

seat. This was truly a catastrophe! And she was only partly cheered when a familiar voice said, close to her ear, "Why Ted, what luck! You here?" And she turned to see Bob Burton, a chum of hers who particularly delighted in teasing her about her predicaments.

Soon, however, she had forgotten her slipperless foot in the discussion of a recent social event, and only remembered to say as they reached their destination that she had hurt her foot and was still limping. Bob gravely helped her home, she while she repressed a very natural groan at the thought of what was happening to her new silk stocking.

After reaching the house Ted was vainly seeking an excuse to get rid of her cavalier, when her mother threw open the door to them. Desperately she strove to walk as usual, but that vexatious Bob turned to her mother saying, "I'm so sorry Ted has hurt her foot, Mrs. Graham. No, don't go for bandages; I'm sure it's nothing very serious. In fact, I think I have something right with me that will help it," and lo! he produced the lost slipper.

"Where *did* you get that slipper, Bob Burton?" said the girl, indignantly.

"Oh, I was just a trifle later than you," he said nonchalantly, "and saw you drop it, so I grabbed it as I made a dash for the last car."

"Theodosia!" said her mother.

A CURIOUS CO-INCIDENCE

Miss Abbie was pouring tea, and it was obvious even to her gaily chatting little caller that her hand shook nervously. Now and then her hard gray eyes rested somewhat apprehensively on a great shaggy dog stretched out at full length across her spotless little hearth-rug, his big, damp nose flattened lovingly against the shining brass of her tiny fender. She had heard that Jack's wife was ridiculously fond of dogs, it is true, but to bring this great lumbering puppy with her on the occasion of her very first call—really, it was insufferable! Her mind was wandering

now to the wide muddy foot-prints on her Japanese porch-rug, which ought to have given warning of greater disaster to follow; Mrs. Jack had merely looked at them regretfully and remarked that "dogs were *so* hard to keep clean." Even when the awkward creature, in a sudden caper of frenzied delight, had stepped through the lower half of the screen door, it had elicited no very severe reproof from his daintily clad mistress; in fact she had looked up quite unembarrassed into Miss Abbie's stern face and said something in a most engaging manner about the unexpectedness of a puppy's next move. And so the three had proceeded together into the little sitting-room, the dog sniffing curiously about and endangering both the pink lamp and the rubber plant in a sudden turn, before finally settling down for a noisy nap on the hearth-rug.

In spite of the constraint which had fallen upon them, little Mrs. Jack talked on courageously.

"You know, Cousin Abbie, Jack says I am really almost *too* fond of dogs, and sometimes I am half inclined to think he is right—it is so hard for me to discipline the dear things. I laugh at him, because he is quite silly over them himself, and we both laughed at one another when it first got out that we were coming down here to open up the old place and every mail brought some kind of a letter asking us to take the family pet to board. Funny how your weaknesses do creep out. And some of them were almost heir-looms, like the Dickinson's parrot, handed down from her grandmother—why, we wouldn't even dare to take the responsibility of waiting on its old age. Most of them are shockingly spoiled—people have such queer notions about bringing up animals. Oh the bad boy! I certainly think he deserves a spanking!"—this as she darted swiftly forward and rescued from the caresses of a moist pink tongue Miss Abbie's handsomest volume of Trollope.

"Now lie down like a nice boy, do, or Mummy will surely spank you. Can't have that

sort of thing, you know. There," giving the volume a final pat with her wisp of a pocket handkerchief, "I guess he can't reach *that*," and she deposited it on a shining piano top. For a moment the gigantic puppy lay motionless, wistful brown eyes alone betraying the extent of his longing; then, before either woman could move, he had lunged suddenly forward, sweeping the entire glistening front from top to bottom with eager, grudging claws. There was a long silence. The two sat rigid, horror written deep upon the delicate features of little Mrs. Jack, Miss Abbie, tight lipped and tense, scorning to comment; the miscreant, baffled, retired into a corner and began a pensive scratching. Two bright red spots mounted into Mrs. Jack's cheeks.

"Now isn't that a shame!" she exclaimed hotly. "He is plenty big enough to be taught better manners. It may seem cruel, but a good hard spanking is the only way he'll ever learn, really, Cousin Abbie."

Still she did not move. Cousin Abbie's mouth was a straight, narrow little slit; neither spoke, and the little clock on the mantel ticked out the seconds ominously.

Mrs. Jack's eyes filled with sudden tears. Jack would be so disappointed; he had hoped for so much from this first visit. Cousin Abbie might be eccentric—he admitted that—but she had proved the best and most helpful friend of a rather difficult boyhood, and he loved her. Mrs. Jack rose hastily.

"I must be going now, really." She spoke hurriedly. "Jack will be getting in and he will want to hear all about our visit. He is so fond of you, Cousin Abbie." She turned wistfully in the doorway, her pretty head dropping a little. "You will come to see me soon? Promise me you will. We have so many interesting things to show you. It will be lots of fun to air all the pets for you, now that I know you are fond of them."

She glanced at the sleeping puppy, then put out her hand with a sweet frankness.

"We are going to like one another very much better some day, Cousin Abbie. We have two good strong rocks to build on, love for Jack, and our love for dogs."

She laughed, but the tears were still in her eyes as she unlatched the tattered screen door. Then Miss Abbie spoke, her voice sounding dry and strained even in her own ears.

"Aren't you going to call your dog?"

There was a moment of illuminating silence, then the door opened again and a radiant little figure fairly burst into the room. Every word was a little jubilee in itself.

"Why, Cousin Abbie," she said, "*He isn't my dog. Isn't he yours?*"—*Katherine Steele '14.*

FOR THE HONOR OF THE CLASS

Hugh Barclay strolled into the dorms. For the first time in a month Hugh felt at his leisure; one exam to-morrow (a hard one to be sure); but he had all night to study for it. He pictured himself snugly ensconced on the couch, with pillows galore scattered about him, his head bolstered upon a particularly soft one which Virginia had given him. The very thought of Virginia delighted him. To-night, during those ten minute intervals which he allowed himself for mental relaxation at the end of each hour's study, he could light his calabash pipe, and in the clouds that rose from its vast bowl, see hazy images of beautiful Virginia:—Virginia would be in the balcony to-morrow watching him take the exam. He must do well, with her starry eyes looking down at him and expressing the hope which she felt for his success.

"Telegram for you, suh!"

Hugh swore softly at having his reverie thus broken, but thanked the colored office boy, then he read the telegram.

"Come right home.—Pater."

"Come right home," he repeated. "That exam comes to-morrow. If I miss it—ye gods! I have been loafing all year and everything depends on that exam. If I flunk I can't graduate; if I flunk I spoil the record of the class. Yes, the record of the class, and rather than do that—why, anything would be better. But I am wasting time."

Fifteen minutes later Hugh was in a Grand Central train. For two hours he studied feverishly; then he alighted at his home town, stepped into the waiting automobile and

whirled home. Pater came out on the porch to greet him. "Good work, son," he said. "Slip into your dress-suit. The Ashburtons invited me to their daughter's wedding. It is impossible for me to go. You must go in my stead."

"But, dad, I have an exam to-morrow. The record of the class depends on each one of us. If I fail!——"

"I can't help it. Arrange as best you can to get away. But you know the Ashburtons have been our deadly rivals—socially and financially. They have taken the first step. If we turn it down I am a poverty-stricken man in three months. Ashburton has at last gotten me under his thumb; he can crush me at any moment if I slight his wedding. This is an overture on his part. If we accept, I can rush through this deal, clear three million in a year and marry both your sisters to the Ashburtons. Then your fortune is secure. You can marry Virginia Ashburton——"

"I know all that, dad. But the reputation, the record of the class——"

"You *must* go!"

Hugh groaned inwardly. The prospect of seeing Virginia to-night, of dancing with her, and then at length making her his wife was delightful indeed. But the record of the class!

Two hours later he stepped into the family limousine. His father closed the door behind him, as he did so, saying, "Now, Hugh, don't hurry away. Stay until the whole celebration is over. Act as if you were thoroughly delighted, as you should be, with Virginia there. You always raved over her."

"But that exam, and the record of the class!" As the machine whizzed away he tried to make himself feel pleasant. What bliss to spend an evening with Virginia! And not against his father's wish. But always the thought of the class record rose before him like an awful nightmare.

* * * *

It was 7.45 A. M. Hugh had just leaped aboard the train—that last train that would get him to college at 9.45—a half hour

late for his exam. And even then it would not get him there unless he could cajole the engineer into cutting five minutes off the schedule time. He felt in his pocket. The roll of five one-hundred dollar bills which his father had thrust into that pocket was still there. He would use every cent of it to bribe the engineer. For if he did not get into that exam at 9.45 he would not even be allowed to take it. That would mean a failure—and the class record ruined by Hugh Barclay. Never would he let that occur.

Ten minutes later he sank into one of the seats. Resolutely casting all thoughts of that exciting night from his mind, he took out his book and studied eagerly. Never once did he permit himself to think of how he had danced the whole evening with Virginia; how he had ridden with her sixty miles to her home. They had left the wedding at 4 A. M. In the two and a half hours consumed in reaching her home, he had done great things. He had won Virginia's consent to the marriage in the June of his commencement. He had explained the circumstances of his examination. And he had studied. Yes, he had studied. It had taken all the determination he possessed to refrain from taking that beautiful girl in his arms; it had required a wonderful will power to force himself to turn on the electric light in that luxurious limousine, to open that book and study, study. But he had done it.

As he stepped out of the subway he glanced at his watch—9.43½. A minute and a half to get to University Hall! Although his exciting sleepless night had drained his strength, he called upon his wonderful reserve energy and ran across the campus. At just 9.45, he stumbled into the exam room and sank into one of the seats. His classmates wondered. But he paid no attention. He read the questions carefully and then wrote and wrote until just one minute before the closing bell rang he lay down his pen, satisfied that Hugh Barclay had saved the honor of his class; and that he would successfully graduate to make Virginia his wife that very day.

Clara McDonald.



Washington's Birthday was celebrated by the girls in a very delightful way. According to custom everyone powdered her hair and dressed in the costume of colonial times. As the girls marched down into the dining-room which was effectively trimmed in the national colors, they saluted the flag held by Miss Fankboner. At each place at table were found formidable hatchets on which were printed choice quotations concerning Washington as well as the menu of the delicious dinner. The orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the dinner hour and to the pleasure of the informal dance which followed a little later in the gymnasium.

On February twenty-first three parties were taken to "Milestones"; and on March first a number of girls went to "The Governor's Lady." Both plays were so greatly enjoyed by those present that the rest of us are hoping that there will soon be an opportunity for us.

Thursday evening, March sixth, we welcomed Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, who gave us a talk on "Species of Nature, which Young Woman Ought to Know About." Mr. Bailey is a very interesting speaker as well as a clever illustrator, and his drawings on the black board were enjoyed and appreciated by all. We sincerely hope that Mr. Bailey will come to us again in the near future.

On Saturday afternoon, February twenty-second, we all enjoyed a trip through Panama conducted by Miss Morganthayler. It was

most interesting indeed, and left all of us with a desire to really and truly make the trip.

On Thursday evening, February twentieth, we were all delighted with the presentation of "Miss Civilization," by the Dramatic Club. Miss Hortense Bienenstock, as the leading lady, deserved much praise and credit, both in her rendering of "Miss Civilization" and in the recitation which she gave afterwards. Miss Fuller, as leader of the "gang," was startlingly realistic; and Miss Thomas, as "Harry," and Miss Carothers as "Reddy," held the attention of the audience throughout. The club is certainly to be congratulated. We all hope that they will produce another play before the closing of school.

INDOOR TRACK MEET

An unusual event occurred Saturday evening, March 8. Under the supervision of Miss Warner, an indoor track meet was held in the gym. The events were the high jump, standing broad jump, relay race and the three legged race, this last affording much amusement to the onlookers. Lasell was pleasantly surprised to see how many real "high jumpers" she has. There were three teams, Livermore, Mathias and Libby acting as captains. Peggy Livermore's team scored the highest number of points, 134 as total. The following made up her team: Perry, Dale, Cox, Bunch, McCracken, Hayden, Viener, Griffin.

Miss Mathias' team came in with a total of

115 points, making a good second: "Deckie," C. Joseph, Votaw, Rubert, Hanchett, Carter, Hotchkiss, MacMillan.

Miss Libby's team with a total of 107 points was composed of MacDonald, Fuller, Hayden, Hauser, Wardman, Dezoushe, Hyde, Robinson.

Much credit is rendered all the girls for their splendid work and it is hoped that they all will keep in mind the annual outdoor class track meet, which occurs in the spring term.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

B-r-r-r-r—came the sound of many alarm clocks awakening the White Mountain party in time for an early breakfast and start for Boston where, after having assembled at the South Station for a snap shot, the forty girls boarded the "special" car for Intervale, N. H. At our arrival at Haverhill, we met Mr. Bassett and enjoyed our lunch. During



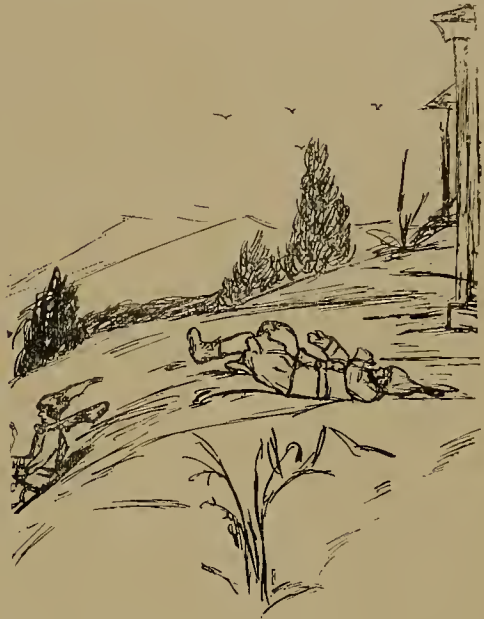
the trip, calls for "Bess Emerine!" were mingled with Mr. Bassett's cheerful voice pointing out some interesting scene along the way.

At last the train pulled into the Intervale station, and girls, suit cases and snow shoes, skis, coasters, and toboggans brought by Mr. Bassett, were bundled into three big sleighs and taken to the Bellevue Hotel. Lunch was then served after which all quickly donned bloomers and boots, clumsy, warm mittens, sweaters and mackinaws, and comfortable

caps, and soon were piled on toboggans and sleds and drawn by four white horses, to a neighboring town.

Returning to the hotel each tried her skill at the various sports and not a few were seen to take hard tumbles in attempting the treacherous skis.

After a jolly dinner, Miss Irwin, who chaper-



oned the party, went with some of the girls on a short snow shoe tramp; others went skating or coasting. Everyone was ready for bed by ten thirty and some already making plans for the morrow.

But the morrow brought great disaster to the Bellevue. At about seven-thirty, while we were at breakfast, word was scattered through the house that the hotel was on fire. It was soon found to be true and most of the girls gathered together their belongings calmly and soon were aiding in carrying out the hotel property. It was a funny sight to see the girls flitting here and there,—at times "in the way,"—one with bed clothes, another with a table, and others with chairs, water pitchers and books; "Ed" tried a bureau and "George" assisted actively until the end.

When the fire was practically extinguished, every one but "Eleanor," who decided she must return to Auburndale in outing costume, on account of the loss of her dress, found her suitcase and other belongings and was conveyed to another hotel where the party remained during the rest of the stay.

The afternoon was spent in a sixteen mile sleigh ride to Jackson and back, and after dinner some went coasting while others remained indoors to pop corn and eat apples.

On Sunday morning came the tramp on



snow shoes thro the "Cathedral Woods" to an ideal spot amidst the pines where hot coffee was voted the best ever. But in the afternoon several of the party started off to "hop" bobs. The evening was spent in reading, writing, singing and walking, for by this time the excitement had given way to weariness and it was not long before all were once more in the "land of nod."

Monday every one was packing, regretfully to be sure, and with many sighs all were taken to Boston without any more mishaps. It was not until we were safely back at school that Miss Irwin dared breathe with safety, but we would not have missed it! H.

Overheard in the library: "She is an awfully funny girl, I loaned her a nickel once and she paid me back."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he. . . .
—Now prepared to meet demands
For prompt repairs to motor cranks,
Magnetos, sparkers, chains, hoods tanks;
New parts for every known machine;
Springs, graphite, carbide, gasoline—
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can
—Vulcanizing, riveting, brazing, repairing
of radiator, clutch, cylinder, bearing;
Inner tubes for sale, cement, patches, tyres,
Battery cells, spark-plugs, coils, wires—
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close
—Tyres recovered, relined, retreaded, sectional and tube patching; aluminium brazing, repairs to radiators, mud-guards, sprocket cones; overhauling and adjustment of every description; on hand day, night and Sundays (residence; third house to right, behind school-house); prices reasonable; all work guaranteed; patronage of motorists resp. invited—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

After Bertine had used Mary Quick's table napkin for two weeks Mary said, "Well, I guess I'll bring a clean napkin over for us tomorrow, Bertine."

Peggie Livermore believes in spelling words as they sound (to her Eastern ears) for instance, Schwartz, Schwatz; Kafka, Kafker Fankboner, Fankbona.

Dorothy Steele taking a dictation in German class, writes on the board, "Knaben bringdneden Weilnachtszeit" for "Gnaden bringenden." Where are your thoughts, Dorothy?

Electricity Prof.: Who invented the first drop light, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith: The man who made the parachute.—Ex.

EDITORIAL



With this Easter number the old staff retires and a splendid new staff takes up its

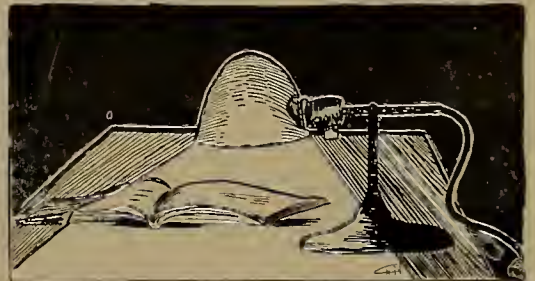
us and offered their willing assistance in the form of stories, locals, etc. Keep up the helping spirit, girls, and be as loyal to the new staff as you have been to the old. They need your help. And remember that *you* make the paper; it is your representative. You never can offer too much help. We are sure you are all interested and anxious to know just who have been elected to further the work, and will agree that each girl is just the one for her place.

Editor-in-chief: Dorothy Payne; Associate Editors: Dorothy Hartshorn, Evelyn Schmidt; Business Manager: Ruth McCracken; Subscription Editor and Joke Editor: Florence Evans; Exchange Editor: Gwendolyn Nelson; Art Editor: Ruth Adt; Personal Editors: Catherine Carter, Charlotte Swartwout; Local Editor: Barbara Jones.



DOROTHY PAYNE

duties with the April number. The retiring staff has greatly enjoyed its work during the past nine months and we owe much to the student body which has so kindly cooperated with



PEDSONAL



Lasell's congratulations go to an unusually small company of "young married folk" this time but our good wishes are none the less hearty.

On Saturday, the eighth of February, occurred the marriage of Beatrice Franklin Cobb to Mr. Donald Wise Perin at Auburn-dale, Mass.

Charlotte Jane Wythe became Mrs. F. Ransom Rideout on Thursday, February twentieth, at San Jose, Cal.

From Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Salisbury (Eleanor E. Warner '11) we receive the daintiest of announcement cards, giving us the news of the arrival of Willis Donald Salisbury on February thirteenth. We know that this thirteenth was a lucky day for Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury and we hope it will prove to be for little Master Willis Donald.

Clara Parker '12 bids fair to be the most traveled member of the class of 1912. Her last message comes from Grand Canon, Arizona. On it she writes, "We leave here this afternoon for Pasadena," and we sincerely hope she will not miss seeing Doctor Bragdon and his family and other California Lasellites.

One of the most beautiful cards received in this "editorial office" is a picture of the

Curtis Lee Mansion at Arlington, Va., which tells us that Hannah Proctor '10 and her family are having a delightful journey.

In a short message to our Preceptress from Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, she announces that she is about to leave for a visit to her "Lasell roommate," Kate Pennell Price '96 in Kansas. We rejoice for both of these Lasell graduates who, we are sure, will make the most of their time together and hope that we shall have further notice of their "doings and sayings."

Our Principal had a pleasant call recently from Eugenia Converse Mathews. She is the same vivacious, merry Gene of thirty years ago and the old girls will not be surprised to learn that Miss Blaisdell knew her at once.

Annie Finkham Allyn '02 sends a kind word to Doctor and Mrs. Winslow, acknowledging the receipt of the Lasell Baby Book, and speaks with great enthusiasm of her "three fine, healthy children." She also tells of her recent great bereavement in the loss of her father.

Dorothy Rogers is studying at the Columbia School of Music, taking the course in Music for Public Schools. She is giving music lessons also. She has our best wishes,

and we believe she will make a success of whatever she heartily undertakes.



ROBERT RADEIGH AMESBURY
Son of W. R. and Jennie Ford Amesbury

We were favored with a call from Abbie Congdon Hall several weeks ago. She came with her sister Nettie who plans to be with us next year. Sisters are always welcome! We were delighted to hear that Mrs. Hall's sister Marion Congdon is teaching kindergarten.

"Polly" Stebbins Ingram, in writing Nellie Packard Draper '84 from her home in New Brunswick, N. J., speaks of her son now in college and also of attending the wedding of Miss Helen Gould. Her husband was for some years Miss Gould's pastor during their residence in Irvington.

Mr. Charles Tilton, husband of Glenna Webb was this year elected to the New Hampshire legislature and has recently been appointed on the Governor's staff.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wagner (Minnie Ransom) have recently returned from a visit to Mrs. J. R. Hazelet (Sadie Ransom) in Williamsport, Pa. "Aunt Min" reports Martha Hazelet Crooks '10 as a delightful hostess and find housekeeper, which pleases but does not surprise us.

Mr. C. B. Ordway, father of our Marion Ordway '11 passed away at his home in Orleans, Vt., February third. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ordway and to Marion and her brother Mr. Earl H. Ordway who is at present associated with the Seminary.

Miss Mary A. Mullikin, head of our Art department, was called suddenly away from her school duties to Cincinnati, O., to the bedside of her mother, who has been for some time in ill-health, and upon arriving at her home found that during her journey her father had passed away. One of the Cincinnati daily papers pays a very beautiful tribute to the life and labors of Mr. Mullikin who held important offices in the church and educational organizations. Our school, as well as hundreds of "old girls" who have been pupils of Miss Mullikin, join with us in extending tender and loving sympathy to her and her bereaved family.

Olive Bates '10, one of our post graduate students, was called home on account of the sudden illness of her mother which, a few days later, proved fatal. Mrs. Bates was greatly beloved by the citizens of Hanover and neighboring towns and will be sorely missed by her large circle of friends as well as the immediate family. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family in this hour of sorrow.



EXCHANGES



is a relief to find something under a joke column that one can really laugh at.

Dalhousie Gazette: Your cover this month is rather vivid, wouldn't a quieter shade be more attractive?

As Others See Us

The *Lasell Leaves* has fine stories in its Christmas number, especially "The Christmas Star" and "The Father Who Forgot About Christmas." The paper shows lots of school spirit, and it is pleasing to read of how the "old girls" still remember their Alma Mater and keep up their interest in the happenings there.—*New Trier Echoes*.

Lasell Leaves is one of our most regular exchanges. The cuts add a great deal to the attractiveness of the paper. The article on Prof. Brooks and the Lasell-Brooks comet is most interesting.—*Ye Harcourte Mayde*.

Lasell Leaves is a very interesting book coming from Lasell Seminary. The cuts and stories are excellent.—*Owl* (Corry High School).

Lasell Leaves keeps us constantly wondering what new and finely executed cover design will next greet our eyes. The amusing caricatures which occasionally appear in your numbers are a decidedly new and unique idea for a school paper.—*Thyme and Lavender*.

Lasell Leaves—All departments are complete and your cuts are clever.—*Vail-Deane Budget*.

The *Lasell Leaves* acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of *Bates Student*, *Commerce Caravel*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Harcourte Mayde*, *Hermonite*, *Kankakeean*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Magpie*, *Megaphone*, *New Trier Echoes*, *Newton High School Review*, *Owl* (Middletown High School), *Owl* (Corry High School), *Thyme and Lavender*, *Vail-Deane Budget* and *Moravian Seminary Mirror* for February.

Ye Harcourte Mayde presents an extremely neat appearance. "In the Bavarian Alps" is a very interesting and well written sketch, and the parodies on Lewis Carroll's verse are clever.

New Trier Echoes contains an unusually good story this month, "The Rescue," also the poem "The Afterglow" deserves much credit.

The Owl (Middletown High School): The small and not too distinct type of your paper makes it very hard to read and also takes away from the appearance.

It always does one good to find "old girls" of half a century ago still keeping in touch with their Alma Mater and taking an active interest in the school life of the new generation. Such loyalty is shown in the Christmas letter from an alumna in the February *Magpie*. It also gives a picture of her interesting life in the Northwest.

The Jokes in the *Hermonite* are always clever; the best in any of our exchanges. It

We're loyal to you, dear Lasell,
For we know you're true blue, Lasell;
For we know you're the best
Of all schools east or west,
And we'll back you with zest, dear Lasell.
So stand up for right old Lasell,
Press onward with might, Lasell,
Our school is our fame protector.
On, girls! for we expect all
Victory for you, dear Lasell.
Tune: "We're Loyal to you, Illinois."
Barbara Jones, '14.

Jo: This is my busy day.

Ed: What have you got to do?

Jo: Oh, I have a class to-day.

Bess Linn thinks that raisins are the only fruit that grows dry.

Could any one imagine:

Helen Carothers, Edna Nichols, Marian Jackson or Margaret Gregson not receiving daily letters and specials to say nothing of telegrams?

Miss Craddock and Miss Baker without jeweled fraternity pins?

Mildred Westervelt arising the minute she is called?

Peggie Livermore quiet and reposed?

Mary Cummings respectably tall?

Or, Flissy McKittrick without a crush?

In history of art Peggie Livermore was asked to tell all she knew about a certain statue. Her description:

"The hands are glued to his sides except for a small space; the proportion is good except for his waist, and he is cracked."



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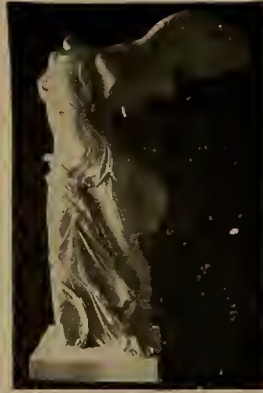
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Vol. XXXVIII

No. 7

April, 1913

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

Vol. XXXVIII

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"Our Seniors"



Literary

RESCUED



"'Bout time I was lightin' up, I guess," drawled Peterson, as he reluctantly rose from

his rickety stool and laid down the delapidated magazine. Shuffling over to the front window, which overlooked the sea, he drew aside the clean homespun curtain. "Whew! but looks like we're in fer some rough weather. June, you'd better git me the lantern. I'm afraid it won't be long before they'll have to git another keeper for this lighthouse. Those steps are 'most too much fer your old Uncle Billy."

"Let me go for you, dear, just once," pleaded the girl.

"No, no, you have enough chores to do without me addin' to 'em. I was just thinkin' this evenin' how fagged out you looked sittin' over there sewin.' You haven't those roses in yer cheeks you used to have. Well, honey, give me the lantern. There, that's a good gal."

June sighed as she watched Uncle Billy slowly amble out.

"Yes, I guess the only thing to do is to forget about myself and try to get the roses back," thought she, "'cause it's hard enough for dear Uncle Billy to keep up without my

giving him extra cause to worry. It seems awfully hard, though, to live all alone like this and not even have anything to look forward to."

Half unconsciously she too peered out the window. "Goodness! how the lightning flashes! Uncle Billy is probably right. I'm glad I'm not at sea tonight."

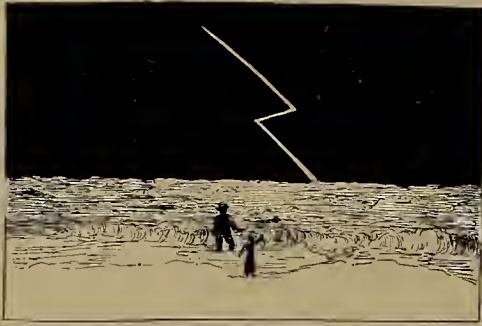
Although accustomed to being alone at night, and naturally not a nervous girl, June became alarmed at the gruesome intermingling of the rattling window panes, and the moaning and lashing of the waves. Hurrying through with the preparation of the evening meal, she went up in the tower to see what was keeping Uncle Billy.

"Well, June! Did you think I was never comin'? Yes, I'd 'most forgotten about supper. This night brings back old memories. It was just such a night when the 'Nautica' was wrecked. The time I found you and yer father in the little life boat. Come! let's go out on shore." Uncle Billy's voice sounded husky.

Single file they descended the narrow flight of stairs. June holding the lantern high, led the way. They passed through the little room used as living-room, dining-room and kitchen, unmindful of the plain but wholesomely cooked food which lay on the table.

Emerging into the darkness the two stood

silent viewing the turbulent water which was lighted only by the phosphorescence. The waves rose high and higher and lashed the beach furiously. Occasionally a flash of lightning rent the heavens, and at such times June and her companion eagerly scanned the water and shore to see if there were any signs of the needy in distress.



"Oh! isn't it awful to think of anyone being out such a time as this. If we only might be of some assistance."

The lightning broke forth as if angrier than ever; with the light thus furnished and by the aid of her lantern, June spied a bulky form, being buffeted by the waves, near the beach. To get a closer view she ran forward, followed by the old man.

"Look! what is it?" June cried excitedly. "Quick, Uncle Billy!"

Together they pushed forward knee deep into the swift current and, although the undertow was strong, they managed to safely come ashore with their burden which proved to be a human form. With all possible haste they took him into the lighthouse and while Uncle Billy was reviving him by raising his arms backwards and forwards, June was busy getting dry clothing and heating brandy.

"Uncle Billy, do you think he really is alive?" she breathed tremulously.

"Well, child, if there's a speck of life we'll know in a minute."

* * * *

When John West regained consciousness he was at a loss to connect his present situation

with thoughts of his past. He knew he could not be lying in a bunk on a boat as he could feel no jar and yet, though very vaguely, he remembered that that was where he usually found himself when waking.

Gradually recollections began to flood pell-mell into his mind. White frightened faces, a terrible storm, the boat sinking and the noise and confusion after the life boats had been let down. Also he recalled how he had grabbed hold of a floating spar in hopes of thus saving himself.

Intent on learning more of his present surroundings, he attempted to raise himself. Very faintly he heard the door close, then soon he was conscious that someone was entering.

"Well, my young man, you did manage to pull through, didn't you?," he heard a cheerful voice say. On looking up his eyes encountered one of the kindest faces he had ever seen.

"No, don't try to answer," the old man resumed, "but you had better thank your stars that you're able to take notice again. June here, was so happy when she saw you could actually open your eyes that she came to fetch me to share in her pleasure."

June, who had hung back made a step forward and West, by a brave effort, brought himself to a position where he might see her fair face. Unable to remain silent any longer he tried, although in weak accents, to express his gratitude for the watchful care which he knew he had received at their hands.

"Well, just lay still and do what June tells you, and it won't be long before you will be on your feet again. She has nursed you better than ever I could have done, and that's saying a lot."

Many happy hours were spent together by June and West, while the latter was convalescing. West learned to count the minutes during the intervals in which Uncle Billy relieved his faithful sentinel.

There seemed to be a mutual understanding between them. West related all he could recall of his narrow escape and many interest-

ing accounts of his voyages as a sailor. June described how she and Uncle Billy had found and nursed him back to life. As their friendship grew she also told West of the night Uncle Billy had rescued her and her father from the beach where they had been washed ashore, in a semi-conscious state; then of her father's death and the kindness of Uncle Billy towards her.

"I used to enjoy my life here," she said one day, "but lately, at least before I had something to occupy my mind, it had been almost intolerably lonesome."

"Well, June," said West in a tender tone, "I hope we can arrange so that the future may be happier for us all,—Uncle Billy included."

Eunice Votaw, '14.

A JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"Goodby," I shrieked wildly, just as the conductor yelled, "All aboard!"

"Yes, of course, I've got my ticket. Don't I always travel on an interchangeable mileage and won't they carry you almost anywhere?"

I settled myself comfortably and began to read the Christmas copy of *Life*. I was brimful of joy as I was on my way to spend a few days in a little country town with some school friends. I had just read one of those traditional jokes about an Irishman and was laughing to myself, when some one startled me with an abrupt, "Tickets please."

After a wild search I found my mileage and handed it to the conductor. He looked at it upside down, right side up, turned it over, then gave it back to me with a curt, "No good on this road."

I looked blank then, instead of being frightened I had a desire to laugh. "How much is the fare?" I asked boldly, quaking inwardly for I knew I had a scant two dollars and a half in my purse.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

My carelessness caused me trouble. I had gone from school to Philadelphia and spent what I had in buying presents, knowing that I would find a letter containing money at my

final destination. The result was, I boarded the train with a mileage book and two dollars and a half with candy and magazines thrown in.

I remembered that my mileage book bore the magic words, "Good on the Reading Road from Philadelphia to South Bethlehem." Now I didn't know where South Bethlehem was, but supposed it was on my way to Durland, my final destination. When I discovered my mistake I felt like a ten year old and said, "Please sir, I'll take two dollars and a half worth of ride."

Almost before I had finished speaking the conductor spoke out, "I only go as far as Port Clinton and the fare there is thirty cents more than you possess."

He was so gruff and big that I felt smaller than ever, so I fearfully told him to come back later and I'd tell him my decision.

When the conductor had left, I set to thinking. An old lady overheard my conversation with the conductor and she smiled and, taking out of her purse three dimes, begged me to take them as a Christmas present. That would have made the amount needed to take me to Port Clinton. I did want to accept her kind offer, but hated to, for I realized how much that small amount meant to her.

In a short time the conductor returned and asked what I had decided to do. I had made up my mind to take the dimes when the man in the seat ahead broke in with, "Beg pardon, but what will you do at Port Clinton? Hadn't you better save your money and get off at the next station? You can get on the Pennsylvania train there and they will accept your mileage."

It so happened that the man in the seat ahead was going to stop there, so when I got off the train he put me into a cab and told the driver to take me to the Pennsylvania Station.

Later my train came and shortly afterwards I was put off again to change cars for the last time. After a short ride I was "dumped out" at Durland, consisting as far

as I could see of a tiny station, a cottage and a general store. I learned that my friends lived two miles in the country and of course had met every train except the right one.

Fortunately, I saw a farmer with a big empty wagon leaving the store and at my request he agreed to take me to my destination, if I wouldn't offer to pay him, for he said he was 'gong right past' the place. At length, four hours later than I expected; I entered the home of my friends and all were quite surprised and happy to see me as they were worried about my not arriving on time and they had received no word of my misfortune.

Genevieve Watkins, '15

SOMEBODY'S HOME

"There's a little green valley,
An' a wee little cabin."

The song came floating along the soft summer breeze with a sweet, lilting melody, and the stranger paused in delight at the scene before him.

Through a small, rustic gate a little path led to the door of a cabin. Behind the cabin rose the great mountains, but they did not seem to tower over the little home; rather they had the appearance of protecting it, while the sun, hastening toward the west, lingered lovingly over the scene.

But much as the grandeur of Nature called to the stranger, he was yet more strongly attracted to the tiny porch of the cabin. Here in a low rocker sat a woman with a baby in her arms, while by her side a little tot of three sat playing with his puppy.

An ordinary scene, you say? Perhaps. But the stranger looked closer and saw the woman's face full of a beautiful, tender light, mother-pride, and mother-love. Her voice was happy and sweet as again she sang,

"There's a little green valley,
An' a wee little cabin."

The sun sank lower, and through the stillness came the sound of steps. The woman rose to her feet, a glad light in her eyes.

"Daddy's comin', sweets," she told her babies, and went to the gate to meet the tall,

young fellow who came striding toward them. A moment later, his arms about her, they went lowly up the path and through the open door together.

Again, you say, it was a simple scene. Yes, but the stranger turned away with a sigh, and a longing in his heart for just such a simple home of his own.

Helen Stockwell, '14.

THE WAY

If you want to get a cubist
Or a futurist effect,
Take the shade of an idea
Which is quite completely wrecked,
Put a pencil in the fingers
Of an active two-year-old,
And just tell him to draw pictures—
He will do as he is told.

Then go get a rabid rooster
Who's been scratching in the dirt;
Make him walk across the picture
With an extra jaunty flirt,
Keep him thusly promenading,
Till he's spattered o'er the page
Lines and jabs about the baby's—
For this style is all the rage.

Now throw ink spots on the picture,
And if still remains a trace
Of a line which could have meaning,
Try that meaning to erase
With a currycomb or toothpick;
Then when you have done it all
To the likeness of a brainstorm,
Call it "Maidens at a Ball."—*Ex.*

CLAUDINE'S REFORMATION

It may seem unkind to say, but Claudine, my room-mate, was a prig. She was a tall, willowy blond, who delighted to dress in sombre greens or grays and thought my blue and red frocks shocking. I don't believe I ever saw her when she was not scanning poetry, sketching from Nature or something else just as energetic; that is, before we tried to reform her, and it is of that attempt that I want to tell you.

Claudine believed in spiritualism. She had visits she said, from the other world, and to these she attributed her failures in her studies. But the teacher called it something else. Whenever I wanted to study in the evening, Claudine wanted to sit at the window in the dark. I should have had a most

dreadful time, had it not been for the girls across the hall, who were good chums of mine and when I was forced to leave my room, they took me in. One night when Claudine went into a "trance" lying across both our beds, I slept on a trunk and a table, across the hall. So it came about that I told all my troubles to Grace and Mary.

At last, we determined that we would try to reform Claudine. I must confess that it seemed rather a large undertaking, but we finally hit upon a plan. We borrowed a magic lantern from one of the girls, searched through the slides until we found one of Lady Macbeth. After blacking out the background, there was left a white, draped figure of a woman, with streaming black hair. It suited us exactly. As soon as lights were out we brought the step ladder into the room, put the lantern on the top so that it would throw the light through the transom. The next thing was to wake Claudine in a properly spiritual method. Of course she believed in number knocking, so I put a spool in a can and crept quietly into bed. Then I began my message.

Two knocks, five knocks, twenty-three knocks, one knock, eighteen knocks, five knocks. I waited a few minutes and then repeated it. Claudine sat up with a gasp, "May!" But I managed to give a gentle snore. Then came our climax. A flash of light, a floating figure appeared on our dark wall. O, it was weird! I trembled in spite of myself, and drew the bed clothes up to my chin. A ghostly figure with flowing drapery, a wild staring face and outstretched clutching hands, gliding across the room. Claudine jumped from the bed with a scream and rushed down the hall. I reached the door just in time to see her run right into the arms of our matron.

How Grace, Mary and I rushed to get that lantern under the bed and the ladder in the closet! The matron came into the room, leading Claudine, who vowed she had seen a ghost. Our matron said it was nonsense, I knew nothing about it and neither did Grace

nor Mary, so there the matter had to rest.

The next morning Claudine decided that she would brush up the room. I did my best to rescue the can from under my bed but she had to find it and I had to explain it. At last I told her the whole story. She didn't say anything, but for a few days she was even paler and more frigid than ever. There were no more "trances" or "visits," though, and when she had finished living on her dignity, she became, as the girls said, almost human. I can't say we are good friends, but she has reformed a little bit.

M. Jones,'14.

WIDOW RICHEFIELD'S MONEY

On a high hill, in a large house surrounded by spacious grounds, lived the Widow Richefield. No one knew much about her, in fact, scarcely any one had seen her except Jane, her maid, since she had lost her husband three years before.

However, it was rumored that on the first of every month a check was sent out to her from the county bank, a check for one thousand dollars the most of which, it was generally supposed, she hoarded in some safe place in her bedroom. How this story ever started is a mystery, but certainly it was believed by everyone for miles around. Then some one added to the tale; she had been seen by a passer-by, who was curious enough to stop and look in her window, to go to a drawer in her table, take out a tin box and put in something which looked like money. Then she replaced the box carefully and tenderly as if it were the most precious article in her possession. Of course, said rumor, this box must have been full of money by this time as she had been doing this same thing for three years.

One night two men of the village, men whose characters were not of the best, decided that they could make good use of the contents of that box. About nine o'clock they approached the house; but reaching the hedge they saw a light in the Widow's bedroom.

They therefore decided to sit down and plan how they would spend the money which they expected soon to possess. For two hours they planned, waiting for the occupant of the room to retire. Then quietly and quickly they entered her chamber. They soon found the box and started to leave. One of the men fell from the window hitting his leg such a crack that it caused him to think many things that he dared not say for fear of wakening the Widow.

When they reached the highway they ran for nearly two miles, so afraid were they of being caught. Finally, so tired that they could not run another step, they sat down to rest and divide the contents of the box. Before opening it they almost came to blows as to who should divide it. At last it was opened. At the sight of what their eyes beheld both men fell flat. On top was a picture which must have been thirty years old. It was labelled "Willie." Under this was a roll of paper marked "Willie's first composition."

How the two men spent the rest of the night is left to the reader's imagination.

The next morning Jane, on her way to the village, found the box and its contents just where they had been thrown.

Dorothy Hartshorn, '14.

OUR DINNER HOUR

Our dinner hour! What a throng of happy thoughts those words bring to the mind of a Lasell girl! I shouldn't wonder if the first of them were about her frequent scrambles to appear clothed and in her right mind when the clang of the electric bell and, immediately after, the booming of the Chinese dinner-gong find her at five-thirty in the midst of combing her hair. But somehow she always appears with the other jolly girls on the stairway, and looks down at the crowds in the hall below following Miss Potter down to the dining-room. If she chance to be at the last of the

line, and her table at the other end of the dining-room, she will have to hasten to get there, wedging deftly through the narrow spaces left between the tables while the girls are pulling out their chairs. She arrives just in time to drop into her seat as the blessing is being said, and when it is finished she looks up to discuss the day with her mates.

For dinner is quite a feast of reason—at times of course, of matters in lighter vein—and by the time the kitchen door has swung back and the line of black clad maids comes in, each carrying her big soup tureen, the dining-room reminds one of a hive of humming bees, or of an exaggerated church thimble-social. If we could but distinguish the different remarks made in the buzz of conversation, we should certainly have a goodly share of Lasell gossip. "Did you know Mary sent her those flowers tonight?"—"I honestly don't think that is right. We decided in psychology—"—"Oh dear, I have to make the salad tonight!" Such expressions we hear very frequently from those whose seats are near, or whose voices "carry" well, and many others, ranging from the merest ordinary things even to inarticulate communications, to the silent conversation of adoring looks which a bashful little Prep casts toward her admired Senior. In the small new dining-room "L" at the French and German tables, sit certain of the girls trying valiantly to express their enthusiastic feelings regarding the day's experiences in one of those tongue-twisting languages, once in a while edging in a few words of English on the sly.

Sometimes the lights all go out suddenly without warning, and it is amusing then to hear—every time—the same gasps and surprised oh's, and then the general laughter over the unexpected diversion. Pleasantest of all the sounds in the dining-room, however, is the singing of school songs between courses, a new custom just introduced this year.

We have other songs at our dinner hour, too, for the dining-room is the place where sundry

(Continued on page 185)



COMING EVENTS

April 19—Paul Pearson, Reading, Edgar Allen Poe; April 30—Concert, pupils in Music Department; May 1—Dr. Frances E. Clark; May 8—Henry Oldys, Silver Spring, Maryland, Bird Notes; May 14—Orphean Concert; May 24—Glee Club; May 31—Military Drill.

All the girls that had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Edgar J. Banks last year, looked forward to Thursday evening, April 2. Nor were we disappointed; for Dr. Banks' lecture on "Arabia" was educational as well as interesting, and the accompanying stereopticon views carried us to that almost unknown, and therefore fascinating country.

At a tea given by the classes in mathematics this year the following topics of conversation were some of those suggested: "A log fire," "The π belt," "The square deal," "Field notes—the Birds," "A woman with a sphere," "How to set a table," "Signs of the times," "There's a reason," "The pyramids," "Important factors in the social problem," "Weather probabilities," "Within a radius of ten miles," "{ Brace up }"

On Saturday afternoon, April 5, the assistant secretary of the Consumers' League, gave us a very interesting talk about her work among the working girls.

On Sunday evening, April fourth, Rev. Elvin J. Prescott, of Gloucester, addressed

us in Vesper Service on "The Reality of Ideals." His talk was very inspiring, and the message he brought to us most helpful.

On Thursday evening, March 20, the studious peace of Carpenter was suddenly and rudely shattered by the blare of trumpet and the roll of drum. Crowding to the windows the Seniors espied a small battalion of dark-



REV. D. BREWER EDDY

coated figures closing in upon the front lawn. Its movements were highly mysterious. Was it a siege or a serenade? An umbrella waved

over somebody's head, but aside from this, no weapons of attack seemed to be in evidence. The watchers waited with bated breath. Suddenly from twenty eager throats sprang the war-cry of the Juniors, closely followed in slow stentorian tones of triumph, by the announcement of the Honorary Member of the class of 1914, the Rev. D. Brewer Eddy. Then how the applause burst forth! The Juniors now made the round of the campus, their announcement everywhere eliciting the same cordial interest and enthusiasm. For Mr. Eddy is universally popular and all were quick to feel and appreciate the honor which the Juniors were enjoying, adding greatly to their happiness by sincere and hearty congratulations.

The Junior Class takes great pleasure in announcing the engagement of one of its members, Bertha Bradley to Charles Pearce, of Gloucester, Mass.

SCHOLARSHIP CREDITS

The head of each department recommends one out of each ten pupils in that department for special credits. Any students thus nominated for work totalling ten or more periods per week shall receive one scholarship credit for each five periods' work for which she is thus commended, provided that at least one-half of such periods shall be academic work.

On April 8 at chapel the result of the first semester's work was announced.

Inez Payne, 7 subjects, 92 5-14%, 3 scholarship credits; Georgina Fankboner, 6 subjects, 91 3-5%, 3 scholarship credits; Alma Bunch, 5 subjects, 91 4-5%, 2 scholarship credits; Etta MacMillan, 5 subjects, 92 1-10%, 2 scholarship credits; Hazel Harris, 4 subjects, 89 7-8%, 2 scholarship credits; Mildred Cutting, 3 subjects, 92 1-6%, 2 scholarship credits; Alice Frasch, 3 subjects, 91 5-6%, 2 scholarship credits.

Here now is a chance for the faculty to earn a little pin money by giving an exhibition in dancing. We predict a full house.



'Oh, girls, what shall we do? There isn't a single thing left to amuse ourselves with and we have tried everything,' cried Ruth as she threw herself in a dejected heap on Grace's divan.

'Don't you want to try over some of my music in the practice room?' suggested Tommie, but before Ruth could disapprove, Frances had acted on a sudden impulse and soon produced a pile of interesting looking school papers which she tossed into the middle of the floor. Each girl, eager for something new, scrambled after two or three and withdrew to examine them.

From the jumble of conversation that followed, Frances gathered the following opinions.

'Here's a clever one, Frank. It has bright departments, but I am disappointed not to find any cuts because *The Magpie* is so good in other ways.'

'You must read this one, Frances. *The Somerville High School Radiator* is the best school paper I have read in a long time.'

'I've just finished *The Knick Knacks*. The cuts are good but I don't like to see the advertisements mixed in with the other material.'

'Tell *The Iris* that it is very interesting and that all its departments are well developed.'

'*The Scroll* has a simple but pleasing cover. The paper, however, would be greatly improved if the advertisements were placed together and if cuts were introduced.'

EDITORIAL



The new *Leaves* staff takes up its work this month, and its ambition is to keep the *Leaves* up to the standard which the old staff has established. We ask you girls as a student body to help us and to give us your support and co-operation. We will do our part and with the loyal support of our schoolmates, cannot help but make the *Leaves* what it should be.

Shortly before Christmas, someone suggested a plan for inducing the girls to learn the school songs and to enliven the school spirit. This was carried out by singing at the evening meal in the interval between salad and desert. It not only encouraged the girls to learn the songs, but it also served as a better outlet for their exuberant spirits, than loud laughing or talking. Lately, however, the girls have become careless and so uninterested in the singing, that it has been anything but a pleasure to listen to them. The Student Council has come to the rescue, and now we are only to sing on certain evenings each week, and it is to be started at the Senior table *only*. So now, girls, when we sing, let us sing as if we were enjoying every note of it, and not as if we were taking a dose of bitter medicine. Remember the effect it has on

outsiders, and the impression of us they take away with them.



Now on the tennis courts each day,
Gathered there by twos and fours
The energetic maidens play
This splendid game for out of doors.

Evelyn Hauser must think the fare to Chicago has been reduced to a quarter. She tried this last Monday on the poor ticket man. She is perfectly willing to discuss her method with anyone.

If Sophie Wendt where has Ida Beane?

Ask C. Moore if her spearmint keeps its flavor on the bed post over night.

PERSONAL



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LASELLIANS

We had a "lovely time" at the recent Luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club. Elizabeth Lum and Isabelle Bowers Church were the team which did the work, and they did it well.

The luncheon was at the famous Hotel Maryland, Pasadena. The table was a hollow square and violets (Lasell color as nearly as could be had) and maidenhair and other greenery made it very attractive.

We chatted before and during luncheon, old friends meeting and new ones greeting. Besides the "residents" several were unexpectedly present. Cora Danforth, of Brooklyn, who was on her way "round the world" and had come thus far just at the "psychological moment" and who halted to be with us.

Also Isabel Bronson Johnston, of Ottawa, Canada, who managed her stay in Southern California to cover our date. She says she has three children and showed us some winsome photos of them (she said) but Isabel doesn't look a day older than when she and Florence were our sample Canucks at Lasell!

Then Maude Snyder Davis was a happy surprise and also owned to three but—how

can we believe these girls? Maude has joined our Southern California company, living at Azusa, about fifty miles east of Los Angeles.

Helen Huntington Berryhill, of Des Moines, was on hand. She and her husband and splendid little Junior have spent three months in Pasadena but are now returned. We hope they will decide before long to come and live here as Margie Schuberth has and Jenetta Kiser. Mabel Lord Preston and Irene Sanford are almost residents, though I believe they haven't registered yet as we hope they will.

It was a good time. Look at the list and you can be sure of it with such girls together.

Lotta Hewson Green came near being present and Lil Tukey Byram. They pleased us by calls (bringing their husbands) not long ago, but had to go on their ways before the event. Anna Howe Shipley should have been there for she is in Long Beach nearby with husband and daughter for the season.

Clifford Warnock was in Pasadena lately but has not called.

Evelyn Lapowski Hague was curiously met in the street in Los Angeles. She has married J. P. Hague, lives in Salt Lake City and has a bright girl baby eighteen months old. I

know she is bright because I called to see her and she wouldn't come to me at all—just said over and over "Man, man! No! no!"

Evelyn says her father died a few months ago and Joel and Mrs. Lapowski are in San Francisco. Joel very well.

I saw Emma Christensen on the road a while ago and had a wayside chat. Edith Simonds has come back to Pasadena to live. Sallie Ellwood is making good in her profession at the Angelus Hospital in Los Angeles.

It does me good to see our girls taking hold and doing things!

Lois Thomas is spending the time now at Victoria, B. C.

When the eating was over Mrs. Dodge, a friend of Bessie Lum, recited delightfully, "I'm glad to see you" and later "My Ships," adding much to our enjoyment. She has just the *right touch*.

I told some things I knew about Lasell doings; Secretary Church read some regrets, and each girl told what she knew about other old girls. This new feature was fine. I commend it to all Lasell Clubs. Then came "Ho-i-la" and all too soon "Aufwiedersehen."

Those present were:

Elizabeth Lum, '01, President, Isabel Bowers Church, Secretary and Treasurer, Bertha Gray Richards, Adele Roth, Lizzie Bacon Whittemore, Grace Coon Palmer, Irene Sanford, '79, Flora Joannes, Edith Simonds Bennett, Mabel Lord Preston, Caroline Ebersole Martin, '85, Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, May Church Cottle, Ruth Young, Emilie Kothe Collins, '00, Margie Schuberth, '96, Jennetta Kiser, Mary Johnson Whitney, '98, Carrie Thomson Moore, Ellen Chase, '02, Laura Chase, '02, Lilian Douglas, Isabel Bronson Johnston, '96, Cora Danforth, '07, Maude Snyder Davis, '91, Helen Huntington Berryhill, Martha E. Ransom, Belle Bragdon Barlow, '95, C. C. Bragdon.

C. C. B.

Miss Martha Ransom is visiting her sister, Sadie Ransom Hazelet, of Williamsport, Pa. Now that she is thus far on her Eastern journey, we hope she will reach Auburndale and Lasell by June 1.

On Saturday, March 15th, occurred the marriage of Anita Wilson, to Mr. Frederick William McAvoy.

Edna Wheaton, '09, was married to William Law.

On Thursday, March 27, Rosalie Reimold became Mrs. Charleton R. Dean.

The engagement of Ruth Coulter, '12, was announced to Mr. John Bierer, also Bessie Draper's, '02, to Dr. Ruffin, of Washington, D. C.

Barbara Cushman Vail, '05, is now Mrs. Bernard Dewey Bosworth and is living at 21 Blossom Street, Leominster, Mass. The wedding occurred March 24 in Oakland, California. Welcome home! Barbara, and if you really "belong," we shall hope to see you and Mr. Bosworth often at Lasell!

Bernice Lincoln '12, in a dainty note to our Preceptress, announces her engagement to Mr. Lewis Gilbert Beers, formerly of Taunton, Mass., but now of Atlanta, Ga.

Nellie Fuller of Saint Augustine, Fla., closes her friendly message to Mrs. Winslow in these words, "I hope Lasell is having the best year in all its splendid history." We hope her plan to be at Lasell in June will materialize.

At least fourteen of the class of 1912 have promised to return for Commencement, some coming from a distance as far as St. Paul, Minn. This is good news and we trust that many other "old girls" will follow their example.

The best recent news from California is that our Principal Emeritus Dr. C. C. Bragdon is to be with us in June. It is earnestly hoped that a host of *his* "old girls" will be here to welcome him.

Lela Goodall '08 has returned to her Normal School work in Farnington, Me., and will be graduated in June. We are proud of Lela! Mildred ('10) spent Sunday evening with us recently and brought with her Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Prescott of Gloucester, Mass. Doctor Prescott gave us one of the most stimulating and inspiring messages to which we have listened this year.

Mrs. M. A. Ordway of Orleans, Vt., Doctor Winslow's mother, is now a guest at the Seminary. Marion ('11) accompanied her

mother and remained with us a few days. During her visit, Miriam Flynn '12 and Gladys Lawton '11 were also "back home."

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Woodward, Josephine Woodward's, '10, parents, are now living in Auburndale. We are delighted to have our former pupil and her family such near neighbors. In a recent Village Improvement Society entertainment Josephine won special distinction, the local paper declaring that she "carried off her part with the ease and grace of a professional."

Bessie Hayward '96 writes of her new position in the Peabody High School and of seeing Grace Loud '95 there several days in the week. We shall expect some future Lasell girls from there with two of our graduates on its staff.

Emma Barnum Riggs of Euphrates College, Harpoot, Turkey, writes in a letter of January 25, "We have just celebrated the third and last Christmas of the season. We have so many that it is a physical relief when the holiday season is over for the various nationalities. On our New Year we had one hundred and forty callers, so I have been trying to return as many as possible at the Christmas time, which the Armenians celebrate by calls of congratulation. In four days I succeeded in going to seventy houses. The snow makes walking very difficult so I am rather stiff as a result." Emma sends a bright picture of her little girl playing in the snow.

Mary Packard Cass, '89, has recently been elected to the School Board of Tilton, N. H.

Ruth Merriam, '98, in a personal letter writes of the Young Women's Missionary Society of which she has charge, and says she has used some Lasell ideas in planning its work. The Society has raised this year \$50.00 Thank Offering, \$35.00 toward the salary of a Missionary, and is to send two delegates to Northfield this summer. Ruth has the advantage of having visited the foreign missionary field. Many of our "old girls" are doing this same sort of thing. We should

like very much to have them tell us about it.

In a recent report of the indoor athletic meet at Jackson College, we notice that Bernice Wood won special mention in both the vault and broad jump contests.

In a message to Doctor Winslow, Caridad Fonte speaks of her mother's recent illness and also of her own loyalty to Lasell.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Peirce (Annie Kendig, '80), of Brookline announce the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth Peirce to Mr. S. Theodore Bittenbender of Boston, Harvard '07. We learn that Elizabeth's wedding is to be at their attractive summer home, "Meadow Crest," Egypt, Mass., early in June.

Irene Sanford '79 has been spending the winter in Los Angeles, California. Miss Ransom speaks of being delightfully entertained in Irene's attractive California home.

Some of the "old girls" are hoping to join Miss Potter's European party this coming summer. A delightful itinerary is offered, the party leaving Boston June 24.

Lasell's outlook for 1913-14 is unusually bright. A larger number of students have registered up to date than for a number of years.

The "latest" from little Marjorie Winslow was this bedtime confession to her mother,

"I have been a good girl today. I haven't eaten any snow for I looked everywhere and couldn't find any!"

It is an old saying that "the busiest people always have time for one thing more." This is certainly true in the case of our Principal, Dr. Winslow who in addition to his school duties has recently been elected Alderman for the City of Newton. Lasell for the past year has been the meeting place of the Auburndale Good Government Club, and recently the Democratic and Progressive parties held their mass meetings in our gymnasium.

Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas little as a chip;
It came to her upon a plate,
And cost eighty cents—sans tip.

OUR DINNER HOUR

(continued from page 178)

big class-events are announced by songs, sometimes even by yells. On the great occasions when the Seniors first display their pins, or show themselves in caps and gowns, there are special songs and great excitement. There are also class dinners, when individual classes have special tables and special songs. Our dinner hour, you see, is often a center of school spirit and class activity, as well as of ordinary social intercourse.

The most interesting part of the whole hour to many of the girls is that near the close of the meal, when the evening mail is brought down to the tables, and the last few minutes of suspense must be patiently endured, until the letters are distributed by the teacher and the eager girl is either made sad by receiving no mail, or happy by the possession of a welcome letter or so.

At the close of dinner those at each table are dismissed as the meal is finished, and, the teacher and the Senior leading, walk upstairs where the various girls join the jolly groups in the halls. Dinner is the pleasantest meal of the day.

Georgina Fankboner, '13.

NO, SIR!

"My man," said the philanthropist, "I am going to give you a chance to work."

"Mister," replied Panhandle Pete, "me old father lost half his fortune playin' roulette an' the other half on hoss races, an' almost the last advice he gimme was never to take no chances."

A MEAN STEAL

"My! My!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout. "So the story is true and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl."

"Yes," replied the weeping wife, "and she was the best girl I ever had too—a perfectly lovely cook and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll ever be able to get another."

BRING YOUR FRIEND

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the illiterate old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way in society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."

JUST A HINT

"Grandpa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."

Mark Twain was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to two young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waiters about in a most impressive fashion.

One of them gave an order and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for.

"Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of its being all right."

Mark, who hated swagger, called the waiter and said in a loud voice: "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."

A young man went to the office of an editor to ask about the fate of a manuscript. He received it back, also some advice from the editor.

"You've got half way through the book before saying anything," explained the editor. "You want to hit 'em in the first paragraph and then go on with your plot."

In a few days the editor received the manuscript again. It had been changed according to instructions. This was the first paragraph:

"'Curse you,' said the duchess, who until now had not engaged in the conversation."

WHEN I'M A WOMAN

"You're a very naughty Esmerelda, and I hate you! It isn't one bit nice of you to sit there like an old stick when I'm trying to tell you something. You'll never be a nice lady when you're growed up. When I get to be a woman and tall like my mama, I'm going to have a great big candy store, and have all kinds o' goodies around everywhere so's I can eat all I want. And I won't give you *any* if you keep getting yourself stuck in the stomach and letting all your sawdust spill out,—no sirree! Of course I won't have any *homely* candy; it'll all be red and white and blue and green and—and—oh! all sorts of colors; the kinds what make your tongue look all funny like when you see it in the mirror. O' course in one place I'll have some chocolates for sister's beaux to buy her. Now, Esmerelda, don't you say sister don't like chocolates, 'cause she does; though o' course she does like Charlie better. I never *could* figure that out. I like Bob; he always brings *me* something too. *He* likes chewy candy, so I'll have to have lots of those off in a corner by themselves, so he can have 'em fresh. And I'll bite a tiny corner off each piece to see that they're made just right. Bob's awful particular. But the biggest place I'll save for those red, white and blue ones; little, big and middlin' ones, 'cause mama likes them better'n any other kind. Daddy does too. Now when I'm a growed up lady, Esmerelda, and have this big candy store, I'll be so well-known and pop'lar, that every one will come to my place to buy things; so you'll have to come too. When I see you standing there, I'll say, "Good morning, Miss Esmerelda Hucky! Will you have something today? Now, we have chocolates, chewies and candies in all the colors. What did you say you'd take? Chewing gum! Why Esmerelda Hucky, do you think I'd sell old sticks of gum in *my* store? My 'stablishment won't keep *nothing* but the bestest breeds o' candy.

Whereupon poor Esmerelda was buried

under the rose-bush for twenty minutes by way of punishment, and this cruel fate made more cruel by her mistress' threat never to play growed-up with her again.

Josephine Clapp, '13.

MRS O'FLAHERTY SPEAKS

Now did ye iver see the loikes of that! 'Taint enough that we should for be havin' rain in April, with mud and such loike; but it must *snow*! And me with me floors just scrubbed so clane! Such luck as I do be having! If there isn't Mrs. Murphy traipsin' this way, and me ironin' only just begun. She will have to be for intertainin' herself, I'm a thinking.

How d'you do, Mrs. Murphy! Now maybe I ain't for bein' glad to be seein' the loikes of ye. Do have the aisy chair there by the stove. I'm shore you won't be for mindin' if I kape at me ironing. It's more at-home loike, you reckon, if I am busy. It certainly is hard toimes that we wemen do be havin'. How long do you s'pose this floor will be the loikes of what it is now? If you please, the minute Sammy and Katie come in from school, there'll be a streak of mud, 'count o' this April snow—April, mind ye!—from one end of the house to the other. Just the other day, Mrs. James was in, her as always tries to be so refined loike, and kapes the pig in the parlor, so's to speak. Well, if she didn't light into me, then me noime's not Mary O'Flaherty, and 'twas all about this here wumman's rights business. Seems loike she can't trust her old man to vote the way she's for wantin' him to, and is mad 'cause *she* can't vote. Then, she up and axed me me own opinion of it. Faith, says I, now that you're for axin' me, I have all I can be a tendin' to right under me nose. And I'd loike to be a-knowin' who's a-goin' to look after Patrick and the loikes, if I go into this public spakin' business. And if Mrs. James is a fair example, then deliver me! Excuse me just a minute, Mrs. Murphy, for here comes the grocery man, and it's

for payin' him I be goin'.... Beats all, this high cost of livin' as they calls it. I shall have to be for taking in washin's next What! you must go, Mrs. Murphy? Well do come again. I so enjoy your breeilyunt conversashun. Gud day! *Wilhelmina Joscelyn, '13.*

GIRLS' SCHOOL

"We have 500 girls at our school and to-day we vote to decide who is the prettiest girl."

"How many votes does it take to elect?"

"The decision usually goes to any girl who can get two votes." *Ex.*

GOSSIP

"Most popular couple in our flat. We'd all hate to see them move out."

"Why are they so popular?"

"They always leave the windows open when they quarrel." *Ex.*

VINDICTIVE

"Going to make a garden this spring?"

"No; I'm going to disappoint a lot of insects that have infested my yard for years, and I won't care a bit if some of them starve to death." *Ex.*

VERY HUFFY

"The duke is very angry with me," said his wife, the heiress.

"Seriously?"

"Oh very. He has refused to borrow any money from me for more than a week." *Ex.*

HER SPECIALTY

"Can you make your own dresses?" asked the bridegroom.

"No."

"Hats?"

"No."

"Cakes?"

"No."

"Pies?"

"No."

"Great Scott?! What can you make?"

"Purchases," she answered sweetly. *Ex.*

BETTER

"The one thing that we had better put off until tomorrow, we seldom do."

"What is that?"

"Worry." *Ex*

NOTHING NEW

"Now some scientist has discovered a woman with X-ray eyes."

"Nothing new about that. My wife has always been able to see through me." *Ex.*

"Do you think it is unlucky to postpone a wedding day?" "It may be, but if you don't postpone it you will be married, so what are you to do?" *Ex.*

"Our product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff to-day that has not been tested." "We manage to sell our product without testing it." "That's odd. What do you sell?" "Dynamite." *Ex.*

A man who has been troubled with bronchitis for a long time called on a rather noted doctor. After a few questions, the doctor told him he had a very common ailment that would readily yield to treatment. "You're so sure you can cure my bronchitis," said the man, "you must have had great experience with it." "Why, my dear sir," confided the doctor, "I've had it myself for over twenty years!"—*Judge.*

WANTS THE RECEIPT

"Pluck, pluck, pluck, first, secondly and thirdly, my boy, is the secret of success," said Mr. Magnate, the millionaire. "Ah!" sighed the pale, overworked clerk, "I guess so; but I wish you'd tell me your method of plucking." *Ex.*

APRIL

Oh! met ye April on your way,
And was she grave, or was she gay;
Saw ye a primrose chaplet fair
Upon her tangled, wind-tossed hair?

And had she on a kirtle green,
The sweetest robe was ever seen?
Oh! met ye April on your way,
With eyes like dove's breast, meek and gray?

Yes I met April on my way,
Part morrow and part yesterday:
And she went laughing, she was sad,
Wayward and pensive, grave and glad.

The fluttering fabric of her gown
Was emerald green, in shadow brown:
Soft gray as dove's breast were her eyes,
And bluest blue of summer skies.

Light fell her step upon the grass,
As though a faery queen did pass:
Her hands were cold, yet full of flowers,
Her loose hair wet with pattering showers.

Strung daisies for a girdle white
Were wound about her body slight.
Yes, I met April on my way,
And swift she stole my heart to-day. —*Edith Dart.*

Heard in the studio: "What is the lecture
on this afternoon?"

"Consumers' League."

"Oh! isn't that where we hear about how
much we should eat?"

"PEEP, PEEP"

"What is that chirping sound in the closet?"

"Young chickens," gasped the husband
guiltily.

"I know it. You forgot to mail that dozen
eggs I gave you three weeks ago."

NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS

"Well, Mrs. Climber," said the visitor,
"I presume your daughter is working very
hard for her graduation."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Climber. "Since my
old man made his pile we've quit makin'
Susie make her own clothes, and hires a
seamstress to do the work."

HE HAD A CAR

"Will you walk through life with me?"

"No, Harold. I have promised to honk-
honk with another fellow."



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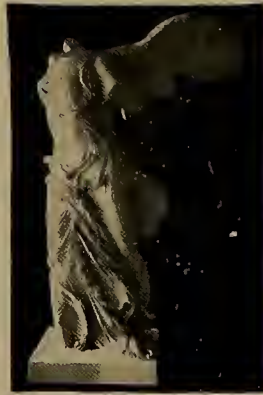
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MAY DAY

LITERARY.



"O WERT THOU IN THE COLD BLAST"

Donald sat down to the piano and turned to Ruth with an inquiring glance. "Well, what shall it be?" He ran his fingers over the keys, idly, yet with a touch which was fine and masterly. Ruth tipped her head to one side, as if pondering the question deeply, then, with a rapid gesture of her hands, and a bright little nod, answered,

"Some of those old Scotch songs, Donald. They seem to belong to you Scotchmen."

"Oh come now, Ruthie, don't you want some rag time? You know, just some old romping, rousing rag. I'm afraid there will be trouble if you demand those old love songs."

As he spoke an expression came into his brown eyes which Ruth did not see, for she sat with her eyes cast down, her hands folded demurely in her lap. A very pretty picture she made, a slender girl, with eyes of heavy blue, and soft black hair which curled in a most tantalizing fashion about her forehead. Her red lips were puckered, but even so one could see that her mouth and chin were firm and finely moulded, and denoted a sweet, strong, womanly character. She wore a quaint little gown of deep cream with violets at her belt, and a violet band about her hair, and she was the one bright spot in the room, which was beautifully decorated in shades of brown.

Young Graham's parents were from the land of Burns and Scott, and in the young man's nature were deeply inborn the romance, the love of adventure, and the wild patriotism, which characterizes the Scotch poets. He was a Yale man, and now had reached the dignity of cashier in the bank of Nashville, in which city he and Ruth Kenyon both lived.

"Now, Donald, there will be trouble if you don't do as I tell you. You know how I detest those popular songs." She looked up ready for argument.

Donald liked to arouse her, and so with a twinkle of fun in his dark eyes, he said, "Oh, you mean you try to hate them, because you know it is the thing to do. Your English professor taught you that at Belmont. But listen, I think this catchy!" And he played the chorus of a song popular a couple of years ago.

"What sort of poetry do you call that?" asked Ruth. "Somebody thought of that verse, and then somebody else wrote the words to suit the rhythm. And now somebody is richer because of the song. But the words are a mere jingle—not a bit of sentiment in them. Don't you know how simple an audience looks when it listens to one of those songs? Did you try reading the words without the music? They are sentimental. I want deep true sentiment—the kind that stirs the blood."

"Enough, enough," protested Donald, "I give in. I won't confess that I belong to the vulgar herd." Very softly he struck a chord, then, in a rich baritone voice, he began to sing Burns' love song, "Oh Wert Thou in The Could Blast," to Schubert's beautiful setting.

"Oh wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow."

His whole soul seemed to be in the words as he uttered them. Small wonder was it that Ruth, seated near the piano, where she could catch the varied expression playing over the man's face, was intent.

Before beginning the second stanza, he turned,

"Well, shall I proceed?"

"Oh yes, please. That is a true song. None but Scotchmen ought to sing it," she answered softly.

"Or were I in the wildest waste
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if you wert there
Or were I monarch of the globe
With thee to reign, with thee to crown
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

He paused after singing the last line, playing it again softly—

"The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Then with a swift movement, he turned, "Ruth, have you decided to go?"

"Yes, I leave, let me see—this is Saturday, I leave Tuesday. This morning I received a letter from Mrs. Grant, which was so satisfactory in every particular, that I accepted the position immediately. So behold me in my true guise—a governess for one small boy, who is spending the winter in Tampa, Florida. Mother consented reluctantly, for she thought I ought to rest a year after my college work, but, Donald, I could not. I want to get away, to see a little of the world, and besides, you know, I probably will have time to write, and then I can find out if I really am worth anything. The first article

that gets published, I'll send to you," she concluded playfully.

Donald sat still for a moment.

"Ruth, I must tell you something."

Surprised and confused by the tenseness of his face, and his low spoken words, Ruth arose, and cried, "No, no, Donald, don't,"

"Yes, I will, you can't stop me. I love you and I want the right to shelter you. I can't bear to think of you wandering so far away, dear, alone. I—I don't stand much chance, but I mean what I say. I'm a Scotchman." He stammered confusedly, and Ruth said gently,

"I'm sorry, Donald, but I can't say what you want me to. I don't want to think about love yet. I have life before me and Oh! there are so many, many things I want to do."

"I will say no more about it." He arose, for he was not the kind to plead his cause. "But remember, when you are far away, this winter, that I love you, and will come at the slightest call from you."

A few days later, just at sundown, Ruth Kenyon arrived at Tampa. The train had crept, crept along through the marshy country until the girl was nearly frantic. Already little pangs were in her heart, pangs which she would not permit herself to account for. In her twenty-two years of experience she had not learned to control herself, and to master her moods. Hence she was little surprised at her inability to thrust that evening scene with Donald from her mind.

"The man that loves me, and that I love must not propose just because he has sung a touching love song. He must simply be compelled, by the rising tide of love in him, not by any outward circumstances which seem to indicate that the proper moment has arrived. I reckon he thought I was touched by his song. But I wasn't," and she shut her mouth firmly.

Deep in her heart the girl knew she was wrong, and that she had been touched, not by Burns' love song, but because it had been sung by Donald for her; and she also knew, she

would not acknowledge it, even to herself, that the words of the song that evening, belonged to Donald, just as much as they had ever belonged to Robert Burns, for they had been a part of him; they had revealed his heart.

The words kept recurring until she stamped her foot in chagrin, "I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee." Even the wheels of the locomotive kept time to the refrain, "I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

"What a weak minded creature I must be." And she forthwith concentrated her attention on a lonely palm tree, resembling for all the world, a long poled feather duster, as it stood against the brilliant olive of the tropical sky. "I never saw a palm tree that cast any shadow. Whoever wrote that song, 'under the shade of the sheltering palm, didn't know what he was talking about. Sheltering palm, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.'" Persistently back came those words in Donald's caressing, passionate voice.

As Ruth alighted from the train at Tampa, she was met by a pompous, fashionplate kind of woman, who shook her hand languidly.

"Miss Kenyon? Yes, I'm Mrs. Grant. So glad you came at last. Donald has pretty nearly driven me wild asking questions about his new governess. Your baggage? Oh, give me the checks. Here Sam, you attend to this. Here is the carriage. Yes, just about a mile from town—right near the sea. Glad? Well, I'm thankful somebody will enjoy it. I detest it you know. So monotonous after Atlanta society."

Soon they arrived at a beautiful old Southern home, set in a grove of stately dark green trees. The massive pillars of the old colonial architecture impressed Ruth favorably, and a quarter of a mile away she could see the restless, relentless sea. During Mrs. Grant's incessant clatter, Ruth's heart had dropped. It did seem the irony of fate that the youngster's name should be Donald, of all names. But he was a dear, bright child, full of mischief, it is true, and restless,

but lovable. That night Ruth cried herself to sleep. The waves moaned and moaned, as if in sympathy with her mood. She awakened at daybreak, and drew a long breath at the beauty of the scene that greeted her from her low, broad window. The sun was just rising from the sea, and the eastern sky was glorious, a ravishly beautiful picture done in tints of rose and gold and palest green, merging with blue overhead and driving back the grey veil which had a few minutes before enveloped the world.

"What an inspiration this place will be for my literary work," thought Ruth, as she dressed, feeling refreshed and happy in her beautiful surroundings.

Two weeks passed and Ruth studied her small charge faithfully, striving to the best of her ability to unfold his child mind. One morning she was struggling with him over subtractions, which seemed particularly hard for him to grasp.

"Listen Donnie, here is four," and she wrote the figure, "and I take three away. How much is left?"

"Four," answered Donald confidently.

"Why Donnie, how do you make that out?"

"Well," he said, "Here is four", pointing to it, "and here is three," he covered the three with his plump little hand." Take away three and there's four left. That's easy." he added triumphantly.

Ruth groaned under her breath for it was now one of her "blue days" which she constantly had to fight. The day dragged. Somehow, although everything was just as she had planned it, the days had a habit of dragging.

She tried to write, but the inspiration was not there, and her efforts were fruitless. Something seemed to be lacking in the girl's life. She resolved to conquer this spirit which had taken possession of her.

"What will become of me, that old song is worse than Mark Twain's 'A blue trip slip for a five cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three cent fare,' and so on." But heedlessly

she wrote the words on her pad. "The desert were a paradise, If thou wert there, if thou wert there," and to her distress, that "thou" personified was Donald Graham.

A week later she sat down by the sea one evening, dreaming. The stars twinkled. The moon shone softly. The sea was still, sullen, black and ominous, except where the moonlight fell on it, and it roared loudly.

"It is beautiful, beautiful. How I love it," cried Ruth in her heart. "But I'm so lonely. Oh! just a small girl in this great expanse of sea, and land, and sky. What do I matter any way."

A footstep behind her did not distract her, so tense was she. But in a moment she heard a smothered cry—

"Ruth" and two strong arms were about her.

"I knew you would send for me some time," Donald whispered.

"Why I don't understand." Ruth was completely bewildered, yet happy.

The man pulled an envelope from his pocket and handed it to the girl, who read in large printed letters, "First National Bank, Nashville, Tenn. Donald Graham, Cashier" and in the envelope in her own handwriting, were the words,

"The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

A blush of shame spread over her face as she remembered when she had scratched down those words.

"It looks to me as if my other Donald and I will have to have a little conference. I will tell you about it later."

"Now Donnie," Ruth said, when she had escorted that youthful gentleman to her room, "Did you ever take a piece of paper off the table with some words written on it? Oh, I'm not scolding you, I just want to know all about it. Tell me, dear."

"Well, mamma wouldn't let me write to Harry—he's my chum, you know. I came up here and you were gone, so I thought I'd get that paper with some words on it and it would

do for a letter. Then I didn't know how to spell Harry, so I thought I would send it somewhere else. I saw that little book and I copied some off of it on an envelope. Then I took a stamp and slipped my letter in with the other letters when Sam went to town. That's all."

Ruth grabbed the book indicated. It was her Nashville bank book, and on the leather cover were the words, "First National Bank, Nashville, Tenn." Then followed the officers, and down the list, was the name, "Donald Graham, Cashier."

"But why on earth did you pick out that particular name, Donnie?"

"Because, Miss Ruth, the first part of it was like mine—D-o-n-a-l-d Donald. If he was a little boy, I thought he'd come and play with me. I'm lonesome," and he buried his head in her lap.

"Bless the boy," she said, "He's here, dear, and he will play with you. Your letter brought him, and I'm glad." And as she led the child down to where the other Donald was waiting, she hummed softly,

"The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

Frances Allen.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

"Oh, please tell us a story, Auntie," pleaded little Jack and Tom.

"All right then,—just one," replied their youthful Aunt Jane, and began at once. "Once upon a time, in a little red house on a hill, lived an old witch. All the children around were very, very good, for if they weren't they knew that old Molly, the witch, would get them. Well, one night when the moon was shining, a great big black cat came sailing out of the window of the little red house, sitting on a big fiddle. There—"

"Was the cat sitting on the fiddle, Auntie?" breathlessly interrupted Jack, too interested to wait.

"Yes," replied Aunty. "There were awful sounds coming from the fiddle, and all the time

it kept going around and around the house. It did this for a long time; finally the cat jumped off the fiddle to the roof, and the fiddle sailed away all by itself into the air. Then there came a loud wailing noise, and immediately the cat changed into the old witch. She slid off the roof, and picking up a stick, waved it in the air three times. In another minute a little brown dog came running up to her, and asked her where he should go.

"Go bring me a little boy who wouldn't do what his mother told him to," she commanded.

"Pretty soon the little dog came back bringing with him the little boy, who was crying as if his heart would break. He would have tried to run away, but was afraid to.

"Old Molly looked at him a minute, then she said, 'I have no use for little boys who disobey their mothers. I am going to teach you a lesson.' Then she touched him with the stick and right away the little fellow was turned into a big yellow cow. 'Such you shall remain until you have learned to obey your mother,' said old Molly. 'To-night you shall jump over the moon, and tomorrow I'll decide what next to do with you.' Then—"

"Did he jump over the moon?" asked Tom, anxiously, his little heart thumping with excitement.

"He had to," answered Auntie; "the old witch made him."

"Then the witch said to the little dog, 'Go bring me the two little girls who ran away from school yesterday.'

"Off ran the little dog, and pretty soon he came back with the two little girls, who were scared to death.

"Old Molly looked at them and said, 'Don't you know you must always go to school? I'll show you what happens to little girls who don't go to school.' She touched one with her stick and at once the little girl changed into a big round dish. Then she touched the other little girl with the stick and in a second the little girl was a spoon. 'Now run right off quick and make some cake,' said the

witch. 'And don't be afraid to beat hard,' she said to the spoon.

"Then the little dog laughed, and the witch, muttering some words to herself, changed back into the black cat, and waved her stick in the air, when right away the fiddle appeared at her feet. She jumped on and both sailed away into the air."

"Is that all, Auntie?" asked Jack, hungrily.

"Yes," said his aunt. "Now you must both come to bed."

"Now I see why all the children were so good," said Tom. "Don't you, Jack?"

Theresa Gordon.

PAPER DOLL DAYS

One cold winter day I sat on the floor beside the glowing fireplace looking over the paper doll book I had made and played with years ago. It was a fad then for each little girl to get a wall paper book from some paper hanger and into it to paste paper furniture, which one found in advertisements or catalogs. The books were very thick, and as each page was fitted up as a room, it made a very large house.

My first page, the hallway, recalled how proud I had been when I had finished pasting in the furniture which I had searched hungrily through magazines and catalogs for, and which I had cut out so carefully. The other rooms all recalled how many summer mornings, my playmate, Caroline, my sister, and I had worked at them on our side porch, or on Caroline's. Sometimes our older brothers and their friends came to watch us.

I turned the page and came to a bedroom that made me remember how the boys had picked out a certain colored paper which they liked for their room, meanwhile making all kinds of fun at us for playing with dolls. In one of these rooms I found a little picture of a football game which had not been pasted in. Even the boys had helped with their rooms, insisting that the guns they cut out with much care be put on their walls.

In the different rooms I found dolls and

their clothes. There were a great many of them, for the house, as I said, was large, and so I had searched out a lot of dolls to fill up the rooms, although I had never finished the book. Some of the dresses were painted or crayoned in bright colors. It took me back to the happy days when I had dressed and undressed those dolls. Perhaps Caroline would give a big party, and then my little sister and I would be very busy, getting the dolls dressed in their prettiest gowns. But I had a lot of fun all by myself, too, with that old book and the dolls. Many hours I spent either fixing up another room, or playing with the little figures. It had been such a lot of fun to collect fashion plates and cut out the dresses, hats, and suits. It had been so hard to get some kinds of dolls. This I remembered when I found how few men there were in my big paper house—many girls and ladies, but very few men. And the maids! It was such a large mansion, and so few maids to take care of it. Always I had hunted for maids, in aprons and caps, but had found very few. So I had tried to be contented without them, saying that it was very hard to get help. I had played whole days with those dolls, for there were so many, that it took a long time to get them all off somewhere a-pleasuring, and when I had sent the last one to some amusement or other, it was time to bring the first one home and change her dress.

So as I sat looking through that old book, and saw each little doll I had cut out, I thought of my happy childhood and the fun I had had; and I decided that some day I would get out the old book again, finish up the rooms, and get some new and modish clothes for those dear long-neglected dollies for their gowns were grown very queer-looking, and very different from those that are worn by the paper dolls of good family and high social standing to-day.

Hannah Bingaman.

A FAMILY HOLIDAY

"Oh, what is so rare as a day off in June,"
and what is so much enjoyed by every member

of the family, from the baby to the grandmother, as a family holiday. For a long time before the eventful day the children think about it, talk about it, dream about it; everything else is of minor importance in comparison with the great day. When at last the day arrives, and it chances to be an ideal day, one such as could not have been improved upon if "made to order," bright and early the children are up and impatient to start. Mother, too, is up earlier than usual, packing the big baskets with all the good things proverbially belonging to picnics. Grandmother is busy helping and getting the children ready to start. The excited youngsters and the well-filled baskets are finally piled into the big machine, and off they go. And now comes a volley of questions as the drive goes on. "Oh, how much farther is it, mother?" and "Daddy, may I go on the merry-go-round?" they asked, not once, but a round score of times. When the park is reached, there is a scramble to get out first. The children race up the hill, and through the big turnstile. At last they are in the land of their dreams, and how wonderful it all seems.

The morning is spent by the children in bathing; even the baby paddles and splashes to his heart's content, Mary and John spend most of their time on the chutes, while Tom, the high school freshman, feels quite grown up, and tries to show his ability in swimming and diving to his less accomplished "audience" on the beach. Mother and grandmother sit on the cool sand close by and embroider, and Daddy spends his time reading and smoking.

When noontime comes, the children need only to be called to dinner once. "Oh, how good that chicken does taste!" "I want another sandwich." "Please may I have another piece of cake?" Everyone talks at once, and such monstrous appetites? Mother wonders why she was given only two hands. After dinner, mother, daddy, and grandmother sit under the big trees and rest, but the children spend their time on the merry-go-

round, pony, track, slides, and every other place of amusement.

Supper time comes all too soon, and after the baskets have been emptied, the tired yet reluctant children are bundled into the machine. Mary and the baby are soon in Slumberland, and the Sandman is working his way into Johnny's eyes. Home at last, and the tired but happy family pronounce unanimously that that day has been one of the happiest ever spent.

Mildred Koch.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

"Well, girls, what are we going to do tomorrow? We haven't had any excitement for several days."

"How would you like to go for a picnic? There is a good place by that brook we passed the other day and when we are eating our lunch I will tell you a story the stage-driver told me last summer."

"Just the thing," came from the other three girls. "Let's get all ready to-night, then we can start early."

Thus it was that one summer day four girls were settled comfortably by the side of a brook, eating their picnic dinner while one of them told the following story:

"Quite a few years ago a woman named Mollie Carpenter came here to live. No one

taking care of the children, helping the women with their sewing, or caring for the sick ones but never did she take anyone into her confidence. It was thought that she had a great deal of money, for, though she did not live luxuriously, she seemed to have everything she needed. When she died the people expected to find out all about her but they were very much disappointed for they found only a few dollars and no papers of any sort. Her furniture was sold to cover the funeral expenses and the house closed. No one ever came to claim it and it is thought that her money is in there somewhere and that each evening at twilight her spirit comes to see if it is safe."

"Oh, how terrible," said one of the girls after a short silence.

"Dear me, I hate to think of it, let's move around it makes me feel so queer," said another getting up and climbing a bank under which they had been sitting.

The others joined her and suddenly the girl who had told the story exclaimed, "Why, girls! I believe that is Mollie Carpenter's house over there. I did not know we were so near it. Wouldn't it be fun to go and see if we could find the money.?"

The others agreeing they soon reached the house and found the back door unfastened. They entered quietly, at first looking around cautiously, then growing bolder, they searched the house in vain, coming back at last to the room from which they had started. They had almost decided to go, as it was beginning to get dark, when one of the girls discovered a door overlooked before. Just as she started to open it, there was a horrible wail, and, thinking it must be Mollie Carpenter's spirit, they all ran. Outside, they came to the conclusion that the noise came only from the hinges of the door which had probably been unopened for a long time. With new courage they went back to finish the investigation, only to find the door, by which they had entered and left, locked.

Ruth Adt.



knew who she was or where she came from. She bought a small house, paying for it immediately, and here she had many visitors for she soon made friends with the people, but she never communicated with the world outside the village. She was kind to everyone,

THINGS WORTH WHILE

VESPER NOTES

April, 13, Dr. Helms, the superintendent of Morgan Memorial Settlement, spoke at our vesper service. For a number of years the girls of Lasell have sent an offering to this institution and we were especially interested to hear Dr. Helms, one of the most successful of Christian workers, tell us about his work in Boston.

April 20, Miss Katherine Stanley Hall, daughter of Charles C. Hall, gave us an interesting talk on the International Institute in Spain.

April 27, Dr. George Butters, pastor of the local Methodist Church, and a warm friend of the Lasell students, had charge of our vesper service and gave us a most helpful talk.

May 4, our usual vesper service was turned into an Evensong. Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles and our own Lucile Scott sang most impressively.

May 11, Dr. William Huntington, ex-president of Boston University, gave us a splendid message on "Religion in Schools." Bishop Thirkield, the father of Helen Thirkield, '11, came with Dr. Huntington and talked to us for a few minutes on "Service."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

April 8, Christian Endeavor was led by Mildred Westervelt, '13, her subject being "Practical Christianity." The meeting was a very helpful one.

April 15, a splendid meeting was held with Florence Shields, '14, as leader. Virginia Williamson sang for us.

April 22, Miss Packard led Christian Endeavor. Her subject was "Faithfulness in little things." Some very helpful thoughts were brought out.

April 29, The Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Margaret Gregson, '14. Her subject was "The Duty of Speaking Out." Hazel Shaw sang for us.

May 6, Miss Potter led Christian Endeavor. Her subject was "The Influence of a great life." She told us something about the life of Francis Willard, who was at one time, her teacher and warm personal friend. At this meeting the members decided on some special work to do, several girls offered to sing at the Newton Hospital on Sundays; others to take offerings of fruit to some poor the in Boston Missions; and a number of girls offered to make scrap books during the summer which will be sent to the Children's Hospital in Boston.





On the afternoon of May first Lasell was the scene of great festivity when all the classes joined in paying homage to the May Queen, Miss Catherine Carter and her Maid-of-Honor, Miss Isabella Collins and little Marjory Winslow, the Mascot.

The frolic opened with the coming of the Seniors, dressed in caps and gowns and carrying American Beauty roses. Singing they walked down the path between streamers of their class colors. Miss Linn, vice-president, acting as leader in place of Miss Fankboner, who was unable to attend on account of illness. Miss Clapp, the class secretary, walked with Miss Linn.

The Seniors formed a line on either side of the path to the throne, upon which were laid banners of the Sophomore class, of which Miss Carter is a member.

Miss Linn then went in search of the May Queen and led her to the throne amidst the applause of the girls. They were followed by Miss Clapp and the Maid-of-Honor. The May Queen was then crowned by the Mascot with a wreath of arbutus and having donned the royal robe turned and thanked her school-mates for the great honor they had conferred upon her. Following Miss Carter's short speech of thanks, Miss Linn presented her and her Maid-of-Honor with May baskets.

The merrymaking was started with a May pole dance which was very pretty and effective.

After the dancing, the Seniors sang a song to the May Queen and were followed by the rest of the classes in turn.

The Juniors looked very picturesque in gypsy costumes and added much color to the scene. Their song was extremely well given and deserves special praise.

The Sophomores wore large paper hats in orange and black, their class colors.

The Freshmen looked very dainty in pink and gray sunbonnets.

The Specials were well represented by Miss Evelyn Hauser, who as jester, was mounted on a horse.

All unite in saying that this May day of 1913 was the best ever.

JUNIOR MAY DAY SONG

Tune —The Anvil Chorus
Here come the gypsies with music and dancing,
Homage to pay to the Queen of the May.
While we're approaching our eyes ever glancing,
Tell her the tribute we bring her to-day.
Forward we hasten—sing now with gladness.

Chorus:

Hail, hail our May Queen we gypsies hail our May Queen,
Hail, hail our May Queen, we gypsies hail our May Queen.
We hail this fair Queen of the May.
We gypsies hail her, we gypsies hail her.
We hail our Queen to-day.



SCENES FROM MAY DAY

She stands for all that the gypsies hold nearest,
Honor and beauty and love for all.
All that the gypsies e'er find in their dearest.
Our flowers about her we now let fall.
Forward we hasten, scattering our flowers.
Chorus.

SPECIAL MAY DAY SONG

Tune—"Good Night, Dear"

All classes about you pay homage
To you our most beautiful Queen,
And long in our memory will linger
The joy of this gay festive scene,
Oh! bright may your path be with sunshine,
And ever your radiance beam.
We pledge you our loyal devotion,
The Specials of 1913.

May Queen fair, May Queen fair,
Loyal and true to Lasell ever be.
Fling high your banner, o'er land and sea.
May Queen fair, May Queen fair,
We pay homage to you and your maiden so sweet,
Oh May Queen fair.

SOPHOMORE MAY DAY SONG

Tune—"Juanita"

Over the campus
Come we Sophs to sing to thee.
Fairest of May Queens,
We do honor thee.
In your glorious splendor,
Seated there upon the throne,
In our hearts we pledge our loyalty to you
May Queen, beautiful May Queen
You uphold Lasell's ideals,
May Queen, fairest May Queen,
Our most gracious Queen.

SENIOR SONG

"Wisteria Song"

Here beside the Senior's rustic crow's nest
We will plant our own class vine
On this May Day our hearts combine
To see the wisteria fast entwine
Right here, upon this crow's nest, dear.
Our class vine, 1913 the year,
Here beside our Seniors' rustic crow's nest.
We will plant our wisteria vine.

Raven tresses or golden locks, golden locks, golden locks
They have bothered us lots and lots, lots and lots, lots
and lots,
Now we see you, oh May Queen fair, May Queen fair,
May Queen fair,
And 1913 honors you, beautiful fair May Queen.

SENIOR SONG

Processional

We come this glad May Day
To crown our May Queen fair.
One and all be gay,
Springtime's in the air.
Onward each every one,
Our May Day is begun
Our voices ringing,
Cheering and singing.
All hail! this glad May Day.
May Queen so fair!
May Queen so fair!
Few can surpass
Your beauty so fare,

Nineteen thirteen
Honors you Queen—
On bended knee
Pays homage to thee—
Oh, happy with flowers so gay,
We hail you Queen, we hail you Queen of the May.

FRESHMAN SONG

Tune—"Stars of the Summer Night"

To thee, our Queen of May,
Our class their honor pay
And beg you to accept
This offering of our love.
To you, our class will e'er be true
And when this year is past
Our love for you will last.
We'll think oft of this day
And of our Queen of May.
To you, our class will e'er be true.

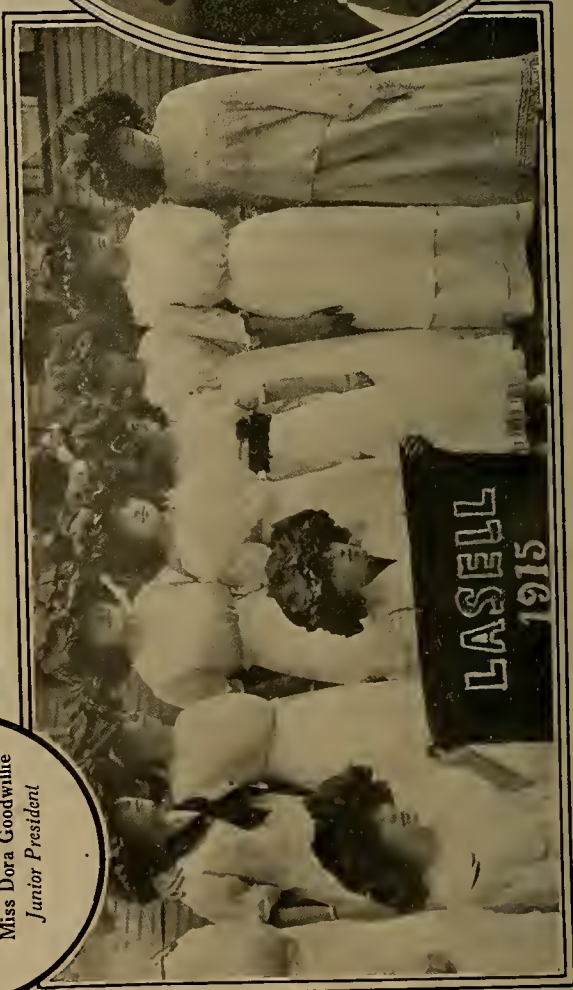
Lasell has been honored by being asked to send an exhibit of garments from the sewing department, to a Home Economics exhibit, held at the Elizabeth Peabody House on Charles Street, Boston, under the auspices of the New England Home Economics Association. Two other schools were also represented in the clothing exhibit, Newton Technical High School, and the Practical Arts High School.

There was great excitement on the evening of April, the nineteenth, when the Juniors entertained their Honorary Member, the Rev. D. Brewer Eddy and Mrs. Eddy at dinner. The class came down in a body and were seated in the center of the dining room at special tables, which were decorated with ferns and red roses—the red rose being the class flower. The fact that the Seniors were entertaining their Honorary Member, Prof. Paul Pearson, on the same evening made the affair doubly interesting. Between courses at dinner, songs, appropriate to the occasion, were sung, after which cries of "Speech, speech" arose.

It is scarcely necessary to state to those who know Rev. Eddy that the speech which he gave was greatly appreciated and applauded by all. After dinner both the Senior and Junior classes, with their guests, went up into the parlors where coffee was served and those who had not before had the privilege of meeting the honored guests could do so.



The May Pole Dance
The Sophomores
Miss Dora Goodwillie
Junior President



FIELD DAY

"Are you entering to-day?" "What in?"
 "Oh! please come out at least for the class!
 You can do lots! Come on!"

Everyone was wakened from her peaceful slumber May fifth, by these questions, asked by her athletic friends. It was a hot day, but at nine-thirty the large field beyond the canoe house, was covered by enthusiastic lookers-on, and girls "warming up" at the different ends of the field.

members won honor. Gladys Wright, though small, showed remarkable skill in throwing. Bess Emerine and Perkins were close followers. Tho she did not win Edna Mathias showed splendid form in her throwing.

The third event was the high jump. This was won by Abbie Viener, her record being four feet two. Edna Mathias was second and Edna Nichols third. Evelyn Houser, Florence Evans, and Marion Griffin deserve credit.



PUTTING THE SHOT

Miss Warner with a large megaphone called to the girls entering in the hundred yard dash to come with her to the start. This was enough to send all the eager watchers to the finish, to cheer for their classmates and snap a picture now and then. So many entered that it made it necessary for the girls to run in heats. The final "heat" was won by Bertine Libby, with Evelyn Houser a close second, and "Peggy" Livermore following.

This event was followed by the "Shot Put;" ten girls, members of different classes entered. This went to the Sophomores as three of their

Broad jump was won by Marion Griffin. Her record was seven feet eight. Gladys Wright was second and Bertine Libbey a close follower.

The hop, skip and a jump was won by Edna Mathias. The first time she jumped twenty-six feet eight inches, and as her ankle was in bad condition she was allowed to rest, until some one could reach her mark. This was done by Ruth Perry. Then in the final jump Edna won, raising her mark to twenty-seven feet ten inches.

The last event was the Relay Race on a

mile track. Four girls standing together started off at the signal to touch their classmates hand a quarter of a mile away, close to the line. Everyone watched to see who would win. Bertine did splendidly entering first, with Abbie Viener right at her heels and Edna Nichols following.

Two events were added. First came the hoop race, entered by Mr. Ordway, and Mr. Winslow, Bess Linn and Evelyn Houser. At the signal they were off, Mr. Ordway won easily. Bess Linn was second, and Evelyn Houser third. Mr. Winslow lost his hoop in the dense underbrush. The olive race followed. Dr. Winslow won, Lois Brader was a close second, thus showing that the Faculty are closely followed by the students.

Everyone came home believing "Field Day" to be a big success. This is the first year with one exception that the Seniors have ever entered into "Field Day." Last year, Mildred Hall was the only Senior to enter. The Juniors won by entries, having twenty-eight points, the Seniors by glory, winning in three events and having as a total twenty-two points. The Sophomores, Freshmen and Specials showed up splendidly.

LATIN PLAY

On the sixteenth of April, the Latin department, under the direction of Miss Irwin, presented "A Roman Wedding." The principal character, Eunice Votaw, the bride's father, Ida Beane, the mother, Dorothy Canfield, the bride, and Marion Cutting, the groom, performed their roles beautifully.

One of the features of the play was the wedding procession by the entire cast,—Dorothy Canfield, Marion Cutting, Eunice Votaw, Ida Beane, Josephine Kenower, father of the groom, Myra Eby, mother of the groom, Ernestine Lederer, little brother of the bride, Frances Harris, a priest, Evelyn Hauser, Pontifex Maximus, Mabel Flagler, attorney-at-law, Alice Frasch and Virginia Williamson, torchbearers, Evelyn Lebowich and Genevieve Bettcher, flute players, Nellie Youngers, priestess, Cathrine Carter and Marion Griffon, slaves.

The accompaniment was played on the flute by Mr. McKnight. Between acts Mr. McKnight, accompanied on the piano by Hazel Harris, rendered a beautiful selection. After the play, the large audience went into the parlors, where a reception was held.



100 YARD DASH



SCENES FROM FIELD DAY

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR PICNIC

One morning not long ago the mail was unusually heavy. Tiny envelopes were visible through the glass doors of our post office boxes and everyone became excited. The suspense, however, ended at 8.30 when we received our mail. Little shrieks of delight could be heard as the Juniors opened the envelopes and saw the dainty apple blossom invitations to the Senior Orchard Party.

We all grew more and more excited as the day for the party drew near, wondering what was to come. But our curiosity reached its height when on the day of the party we were told by the Seniors to be sure and dress warmly. Some said it was just a joke to get us all to bundle up. Most of the girls, however, took heed and appeared as directed at the Senior House at 5.30 on the appointed day.

We were met on the porch by a gay group of Seniors who were surrounded by a great heap of blankets and couch covers. While we were engaged in greeting our hostesses, three large hay-racks drove up and we all climbed into them. We soon found ourselves on the road to Weston. The ride was cold but we were all too excited over what was to come to mind the weather. The Seniors can always be relied upon to furnish a corking good time and we all knew that "something good was surely coming."

We arrived at our destination, the school dairy, and after having our pictures taken, we followed the crowd to the front yard. Here a delicious picnic supper was spread on the ground and we did ample justice to it. After supper, the Seniors escorted us to the top of a hill where a big camp-fire was built. All gathered eagerly around the blaze for a marshmallow toast.

Then came the jolly ride home with its songs and laughter; but this did not mean the end of our fun. The door to Senior House was opened and our band of gypsies, looking almost as wild as on May Day, trooped in, followed by our hostesses. Soon delicious

ice cream and fudge cake was served to us. Each received also a lantern as a souvenir of the occasion. There was more singing and jollification. As the party broke up we all declared that "Apple Blossom Time in Auburn-dale" was the ideal time for a Senior-Junior picnic.

SENIOR-SPECIAL PARTY

A very serious attack of curiosity seized the Special girls when each found in her post office box one morning, an attractive little invitation to the Senior Country Fair. When they eagerly gathered at the gymnasium door at the appointed night and hour, clad in Rube and Mirandy attire, their sense of mystery and wonder increased, for they were greeted by total darkness and a shrill voice which cried, "Straight ahead for the Bingville car."

Luckily the flaming red coat of the "Special Conductor" served as a beacon and guided them all safely to the haven of the trolley. The ride was all too short to enjoy to the full the wonderful scenery, and before they realized it, they had crossed the stage and landed in the fair grounds.

Lusty cries drew the crowd to the center of the grounds, where the cause of the disturbance proved to be none other than "baby" Mildred, wrapped in swaddling clothes, her feet dangling over the end of a bassinet. Her petite mother, Georgina Fankboner, soon pacified her with a bottle, the removal of which was the cause of repeated outbreaks during the evening.

Attractively attired in the costume of a banana vender, Bertine Libby jostled the crowd with her push cart and distributed her goods gratis.

But oh! that roller coaster! It was the joy and fascination of all, and its popularity did not wane throughout the evening.

Suddenly, above the din, the familiar strains of a hurdy-gurdy broke forth, and the country lads and lasses tripped lightly over the sawdust strewn floor in the dance. No fair is complete without the "cop" and Ed Mathias

in all her glory of brass buttons made an admirable one. All barrel heads—and Seniors, are not to be trusted, as those who caught a fleeting glimpse of Ed Nichols disappearing through one, can testify.

To be brief, all the accessories of a Country Fair, minus the expense, were to be had, and the unlimited supply of peanuts, lolly pops, chewing gum and ice cream cones were freely indulged in.

As souvenirs of the evening, little Special pennants were distributed, although without the aid of a remembrance the Senior Country Fair will ever be a very pleasant milestone in the memory of the Specials of 1913.

On Saturday evening, April 19, the Senior class had the honor of entertaining at dinner their honorary member, Prof. Paul M. Pearson, of Swarthmore College, Penn. The long table was decorated with two beautiful baskets of yellow daisies and bachelor buttons, in the purple and gold of the class colors; at each plate were dainty hand-decorated place cards. It was with great pride and pleasure that the president, followed by the other members of the class, conducted Prof. Pearson to his seat, amid the applause from the other tables. Those who know Prof. Pearson recognize his wonderful ability as a story teller. Thus it was that during the entire meal the girls near him were kept in an uproar of laughter. Being very proud of their member and desirous of introducing him to the new girls, the Seniors were very glad when they could push back their chairs and cry "Speech, speech!"

With clever repartee he proved his ability by answering every one of the good-natured challenges which Mr. Eddy, the guest and honorary member of '14, had just given him. At the close of his speech in his characteristic manner he recited the beautiful little poem, "When the corners of your mouth turn down." After dinner, class rivalry was overlooked, as the members of 13 and '14 all gathered in the

parlors for after dinner coffee and a delightful chat with the two honorary members.

In the evening Prof. Pearson gave, in the chapel, a very interesting and instructive lecture on Edgar Allen Poe and his works. The light which he threw upon Poe's life and character made everyone feel a deeper sympathy and interest for that strange and often misjudged poet. In his rendering of "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee" everyone felt the beauty and rhythm of the poems, while the tragic despair of "The Raven" held the audience breathless. "At the Command" as he said, of his classmates, he gave two of the old favorites, "When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down the line" and "That old Sweet-heart of Mine."

We are gratified that Miss Potter has at last consented to write a "sermonette" for the *Leaves*. Her message appears in another column of this number.

COSTLY EXPERIMENT

"That actor yonder is looking for a play."

"Well, well."

"And the playwright with him is looking for a star. I brought them together."

"Distinguished company."

"That's what I thought until I mixed in. I had to pay for the lunch."—*Ex.*

AND YET IT'S HONORED

The early peas have power to please
But no one plays a tune,
Puts praise on tap or cares a rap
About the early prune.

—*Ex.*



EDITORIAL



What *is* school spirit? A good many of us I think, have an idea that it consists merely of loud cheering and yelling at a center ball, or basket ball game, or whatever the sport happens to be. If you heard one of your school mates talking to an outsider, and heard her say something about her Alma Mater that was decidedly detrimental, would you think that she had the right kind of school spirit? If something happens at school, girls, that isn't as it should be, let's keep it to ourselves and not publish it to outsiders. Let us always be ready and eager to give our Alma Mater a loyal support and show her the right kind of a school spirit. If a girl has the right conception of a school spirit she will have the same feeling toward her class. Is there anything more disagreeable and uncomfortable than having one girl in a class who is not the least bit in sympathy with her classmates, and cares nothing for the honor or welfare of her class? Once again, girls, let us be loyal to our school and our class.

A SHORT SERMON

"Only one moment at a time, just one Person to please!" It was a short sermon.

The preacher was a singing-evangelist. He prefaced his sacred song with this sentence sermon, the sermon with this story:—

It was Saturday afternoon in one of the New England towns. The pastor of the village church had just bid a kindly farewell to one of his "members" and entered his study, hoping for a while at least, the needs of his flock had been supplied—and he would be granted time for final and uninterrupted preparation of the morrow's sermon. But this was not to be. The sound of footsteps on the gravel walk—a moment later, the study door was opened gently, and one of the boys from the neighboring college stood face to face with his Pastor-friend.

"It's no use Dr. Ridgeway. I've failed again, and the whole thing seems impossible."

There was a tone of tender sympathy in the Minister's voice as he said,—

"The battle is on, my boy, do the best you can. It's bound often to be a single combat. There are times when those of us who love you most can't help."

"But the struggle seems so long, Doctor. Just think of the years and years that a

fellow has to keep this up, and the awful part is that when you think you are all right, and danger's past—why, the old temptation suddenly appears and you yield, and are all down and out again!"

"Down you may be Ned,—but not out. Years ago I went to my Pastor as you have come to me, in shame, distress and discouragement. I can see him now as he turned on me with the question,

'Richard, did you ever think of the young Alpine Climber and how often he falls, and how again and again his wise and patient guide will help him up to a place of safety?'

"You may have fallen, but your purpose is unchanged. Believe me my boy, you are still on the Road. Don't try to see the whole way at once. Take this simple sermon as your guide,—'only one moment at a time, just one Person to please?.' "

The look of discouragement on the young man's face was passing.

"I see Dr. Ridgeway, after all this religious life is the simple life. I believe God wants it so."

There was healing and strengthening in the touch of the Pastor's hand, as he laid it on the shoulder of the student.

"Yes, unless we become as little children—you know the rest, Ned."

The young man stood with bowed head while Dr. Ridgeway repeated reverently,

"Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Amen!"

A few moments later the Pastor watched the young athlete as he disappeared along the turnpike, and then, turning, glanced riverward. Nearby was a clump of friendly barberries. Their crimson berries seeming to defy the blight of winter! Long ridges of snow stretched across the field between the rectory and the river. Down close to the stream were *his* birches! How lovingly he appropriated these things of beauty! What inspiration has come to him again and

again, from the sight of that winding river, the song of a vagrant bird, or the telltale fragrance of some meadow sweet.

"Ned is right. It is the simple life God wants us to live. Just rejoicing in the here and now, and doing His will moment by moment. My Father I thank Thee that for each of us the message is the same,—'Only one moment at a time, just one Person to please.'" L. R. P.

WOMAN, OUR THORN

They say the rosebud, or the rose full-blown,
We always find accompanied by a thorn;
So each of us by maid, or woman grown,
Ofttimes has had his manly patience worn
Until he longed for worlds of women shorn.

I read the news at breakfast in the morn,
And o'er the coffee cups there comes this plaint:
"Oh, John, I wish I never had been born!
Such gross neglect! Your love is growing faint."
Oh, for bachelor joys again without restraint!

Dead tired at night, I long to sit and snooze
With pipe and smoking jacket by the fire;
But such a course with *her*, I dare not choose.
Forthwith I must be clad in dress attire,
And bored,—for social prestige I expire.

And I can't see, with hats and dresses new,
And all those boots and slippers, pair on pair,
And gloves and waist to match that suit of blue,
And combs and dingle-dangles for her hair,
Just why she still has "not a thing to wear!"

And still—I take her smiling kiss and vow,
A willing victim to her whims I'm led;
For love was never quite so deep as now,
Just as the rose is dyed a richer red,
Just when my finger from its thorn has bled.

Georgina Fankboner.

Gena to Hazel: 'I'm a critic—no, I mean a hypocrite.'

Hazel to Gena: "I don't believe you know what the word means."

Gena, much ruffled: "Well, you ought to know; you've got a large vocabulary; you're broad-minded."



PEDSONAL



Lasell wedding bells never cease their joyous ringing.

On Saturday, April 19, Ruth Emigh became Mrs. Elmer John Masters at New Rochelle, N. Y.

On Tuesday, April 29, occurred the marriage of Elizabeth May Love, '08, to Mr. R. Ward Macey, Jr., at Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Macey will be at home after June 1, at 1804 North Meridian St., Indianapolis.

Lasell continues to rejoice heartily with these who do rejoice, and sends congratulations.

From Whittier Hall, Columbia University, N. Y., comes the glad tidings of the engagement of Isabella T. Blackstock '03, to Alling Prudden Beardsley. The date of the marriage is not yet fixed. Mr. Beardsley is a graduate of Wesleyan University, and took his Ph. D. at Yale. One of the principal causes for our rejoicing is that Isabella's home will probably be in Derby, Conn., and not in far away India.

This is the season not alone of apple blossoms, first spring flowers and the coming of the birds, but also the arrival of a number of dear little Lasell grandchildren. On Febru-

ary 27, was born Donald Willard Rich, Jr., son of our Nellie Krause Rich, and April 6 dates the arrival of Clark Chisholm Brown, son of Rev. and Mrs. Grow S. Brown (Emma Mae Chisholm) at Los Angeles, California.

Elizabeth Love Macey, '08, was kind enough to drop us a line on her wedding journey. The message was dated at Atlantic City. We read between the lines the experience of a very happy Lasell girl, and a half promise that some day she will come to Lasell, bringing Mr. Macey with her.

Mae Chisholm Brown in a message to Miss Packard tells of the appointment of her husband to occupy the Yosemite Park Church during the summer, and also sends a picture of a chapel in China built largely with money given by Lasell girls. We rejoice in her latest and best good fortune, the coming of little Clark Chisholm, and also in the restoration to health of her husband.

One of the biggest and best surprises of this month was the unexpected coming of Katherine Fassett and her mother. Katherine looks not one minute older than she did when she was here six years ago. Our only regret

was that we could not keep these loyal Lasellites with us for a longer visit.

A friendly word from Annie Merrill '12, is always welcome. In her last message she writes that her life has been a busy one. "Teaching school, housekeeping, etc.," is a practical way of showing her Lasell training, and the best of all is, she thoroughly enjoys her work. She speaks also with enthusiasm of her sister's intention to enter Lasell next fall.

If we dared we would like to print in full Dorothy Rogers' fine report which came to us from the Columbia School of Music where she has been studying. Dorothy is teaching now, and this sentence from her last letter to Doctor Morgenthau shows that the "new teacher" enjoys her work, "This being a teacher and doing something worth while wakes a person up. I never saw anything like it!" Our congratulations, Dorothy!

Bertha Hayden King, '03, Miss King and Ethel Hook gave us a pleasant surprise recently. Both Lasell girls looked and seemed "well and happy" and not a day older than when they left us ten years ago. Bertha had some charming snapshots of her son and daughter and promised that before long she would bring these dear little Lasell grandchildren to see their Alma Mater. Ethel and her family spent the past winter in Florida. The only formal thing about their call was the length of it.

Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, Lasell's latest bride, has been out to see us. She stayed just long enough for us to tell her "she never looked better," and for her to assure us that "she was never happier." And the next time she comes she hopes to bring Mr. Bosworth with her.

From Jeanette Ritter Heller comes a pleasant line to Dr. Winslow. In her own words, her "new home is on the banks of the Susquehanna River, sixteen miles distant from Wilkes Barre. On looking over my library, I feel a great addition to it would be the Lasell Leaves." She asks that her name

be placed on the list of subscribers and very properly suggests that the Lasell catalog would also be an important addition to her library.

In a "dear" note received by Miss Potter from Ethel Lindstedt, she tells the good news of her convalescence and expresses her deep appreciation of the constant loving kindness of her mates in sending her daily messages during her long scarlet-fever-illness. She hopes to be with us Commencement.

Marion Keefer is on the gain, is up and out and is looking forward to returning to Lasell in September, but we hope it will be this Commencement time.

Josephine West writes from her Provincetown home:—

I attended on the evening of April 30, a reception given by the Methodist Church to its new pastor and wife, who have just come to us from Plymouth, our rival town. Two automobile parties, comprising friends and former parishioners came over from the historic town across the bay, in time for the welcome. Old Lasell girls will be interested and surprised to learn that Dr. Helen Pierce, our school's former physician, was one of the party. Many will recall the severe injury which Dr. Pierce sustained while alighting from a train during her sojourn at Lasell, and which for seven years made her an invalid. Our principal, Dr. Bragdon, in his chapel remarks, so often referred to the fortitude of the sufferer that most of the girls of more recent years knew the genial doctor even though it had never been their good fortune to meet her. I had that pleasure on the evening of the reception, and recognized her name at once when she made a few remarks in behalf of the Plymouth friends. I rejoice to spread through the *Leaves* the news of her recovery.

Dr. Pierce told me how much pleasure the visits of Dr. Bragdon and the girls always gave her, and I am sure our beloved principal will be glad to know that the former guardian of the health of his girls is now able to go about and enjoy life once more.

Doris Brien is passing through a great bereavement in the loss of her mother. Mrs. Brien passed away May 10, after a prolonged illness. Our hearts are filled with tender sympathy for our school mate and her sorrowing family.

Montana lost one of its leading citizens and Lasell one of her best friends in the passing of Mr. Herbert Strain (father of our Clara Strain), of Great Falls, on April 10. Seldom have we read a finer or more tender tribute than was given to him by the press of Great Falls which spoke of his unusual and successful business career, of his fine moral influence in the community, and his strong Christian character.

In February occurred the sudden death of Mr. Lewis C. Kleinhaus, husband of Helene Wiedenmayer, at Newark, N. J. Mr. Kleinhaus was secretary of the Charles Cooper & Co. chemical works, vice president of the Keratol Company, and was identified with important business interests of his city. He is survived by his wife and three children.

To each member of these bereaved families, Lasell extends sincere sympathy.

EXCHANGES



The *Lasell Leaves* acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of the following exchanges: *Centralian*, *Vail-Deane Budget*, *Mirror*, *Milton Orange and Blue*, *Echoes*, *Daedalian Monthly*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Bates Student*, *Shamokin High School Review*, *Knick Knacks*, *Owl*,

St. Helen's Hall Quarterly, *Kankakeean*, *Hermonite*, *Review*, *New Trier Echoes*.

As We See Others

Pine Bluff, Colorado,
May 7, 1913.

Dear Spider,—

Thank you so much for the exchanges you sent last month. I enjoyed reading them very much. The literary department of *Les Collines* over-balanced its other departments but its contents were very commendable. I liked the Easter cover of the *Abbott Observer*. I think the arrangements of its contents could be improved by placing all the literature in one place under one head. The *Hermonite* has very clever cuts and a good school spirit is noticeable all through the paper.

The Maroon and White has a very poor quality of paper and the advertisements at the bottom of each page detract from the dignity of the magazine.

I enjoyed the *Magpie*, it had such good material. The winner of the prize poem "Competition," is to be congratulated.

But I must not bother you longer with my criticisms. All of the school papers were interesting and I enjoyed them exceedingly.

Hoping to receive a new instalment of magazines soon, I am as ever,

Your friend,
Peggy.

As Others See Us

The illustrations in the *Lasell Leaves* add much to the appearance of the magazine, and those of Lasell's so-called "Grandchildren" were both artistic and interesting. One of the stories, "A Pair of Dancing Slippers," was a pathetic little tale and beautifully told. A little poem named "Blue Skies and Gray" also had a pretty sentiment, and the article on the "Special-Senior" party was good. On the whole the magazine shows a good spirit. — *New Trier Echoes*.

We find in *Lasell Leaves* many interesting short stories, and we congratulate the winner of the contest.—*Ivy Leaves*.

A TRIP THROUGH YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

We began our journey in the month of August. The weather was exceedingly cool for that season of the year, in fact it became so chilly at times that fires had to be built in order to keep us comfortably warm.

On leaving the train we spied behind the small depot, a number of large coaches, each drawn by four heavy black horses. Other people began to advance toward them, and a few minutes later we found ourselves up in the last seat being conveyed rapidly to the hotel. The air was crisp, and our drive was just long enough to give us good appetites. On our arrival at the hotel we were immediately shown to our rooms and an hour later we were all seated around long tables in the dining room. There was a huge log fire on the hearth and it crackled and spluttered merrily, seeming to welcome us to this beautiful country. The ride that day had proved rather tiresome, and so we went to our rooms almost immediately after dinner.

Next morning we were awakened by a loud gong which hung down in the main hall and which we had noticed on entering. After we had finished our breakfasts, we donned our cloaks and warm wraps (the air had grown much cooler since the night before) and hurried out to the coaches already waiting in front of the hotel.

We drove through many miles of beautiful country, stopping every now and then to look at geysers and hot-springs, and marvel at their beauty. By noon we had reached a camp where we alighted and had lunch. The horses were changed and in the course of an hour we were again on our journey. Late in the afternoon we came to the next hotel, situated on a hill, which overlooked a beautiful lake. After dinner a huge bonfire was built in front of the hotel, and all the people gathered round popping corn and spinning yarns. It was quite late when the moon rose, clear and silvery, above the hills,

one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

The next day was one of those bracing days which we often have in the early fall. The warm air of the summer had given way, and a cold, brisk breeze came stealing o'er the country. During our drive to the next hotel we encountered several guards on horseback. On inquiring, we found that they were stationed by the government at various intervals in the park, to guard and protect it.

Soon we approached the hotel—a very large one known as “Old Faithful Inn.” We entered by a rustic porch, highly ornamented with doors of heavy oak. The interior is very beautiful and spacious, the architecture and the decorating being truly rustic.

That night about nine o'clock a huge search-light was thrown on Old Faithful Geyser, which was not very far distant from the hotel. The huge columns of water shooting up into the air, sparkled and shone in the brilliant illumination, making one of the most beautiful sights one could wish to see.

Our drive the next day brought us to the Falls and the gorgeous Yellowstone Canyon. We spent nearly the whole day marveling at its grandeur and extreme beauty. Our journey was now rapidly drawing to an end, and we viewed numerous mud geysers, hot springs and paint-pots with only partial interest. The last night we spent in chatting with certain acquaintances made during the trip. We were all seated around a huge camp-fire, and as the hour grew late we bade each other good-bye, trying hard to suppress the sadness which crept over the heart of each one at the thought of leaving this fascinating country.

Lois Brader.



Mr. Jordan's son was very doubtful about the outcome of his mid-year exams but when they were over and the results were known, Mr. Jordan received a telegram which referred him to "Hymn 444, stanza 3, lines 3 and 4." Upon looking up the hymn the father read: "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."

The following notice was recently read in the morning assembly: "Will the girls whose names are on the paper see me at their earliest convenience on the bulletin board?"

A bill came from a certain firm. Jo Clapp insisted that it was for Dr. Winslow, as it had Dr. on it.

One of the students has just discovered that Agabus was a biblical character, and not a *flying horse* as she had stated in a test on mythology.

NOT ENTIRELY PLEASED

"All I want," said the artist, "is to convey my message to the world."

"Well," replied the man who refuses to be impressed, "that cubist picture of yours may be a message, but if it is, it surely looks like bad news."—*Ex.*

LET OTHERS KNOW

"Did the girls get a hint of our secret?"

"Yes—with telling effect."—*Ex.*

BRILLIANT PROSPECTS

"That's a wonderfully smart child of yours."

"Well," replied Mr. Biggins, modestly, "I don't know whether he is so very smart now. But if he ever finds out the answers to all the questions he asks he will be a world-beater."—*Ex.*

SPRINGTIME BEAUTY

Oh, what is so fair as the woods in May,
When the flowers are all in full bloom,
And the little brook babbles along its glad way,
And the tall trees a lullaby croon.
The wee little birds in their nests up aloft,
Seem to feel the glad tidings of spring.
The buttercups drooping their heads of gold,
And the violets so modest and shy,
Forget not the song that the nightingale told
As he clove his swift way through the sky.
All nature's awake, for the season draws near
When the spring with her beauty must pass,
And make way for summer full soon to appear.
With her apple trees knee deep in grass.

B. J. '14.

THE WINNING MOOD

Oh, patience often makes a hit,
But things more often grow
For those who get a little bit
Impatient with a hoe.

—*Ex.*

EXTINGUISHED

Nell—He had the audacity to say he was the light of my life, so I turned him down.

Belle—I suppose he felt put out about it.—*Ex.*



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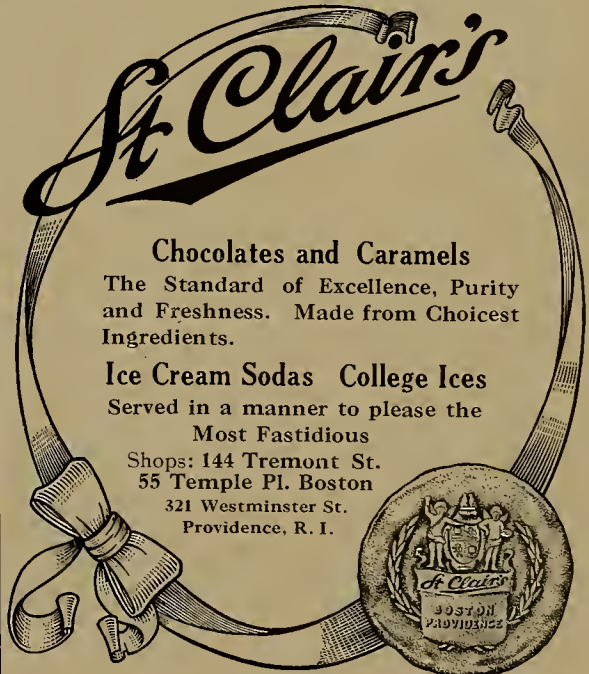
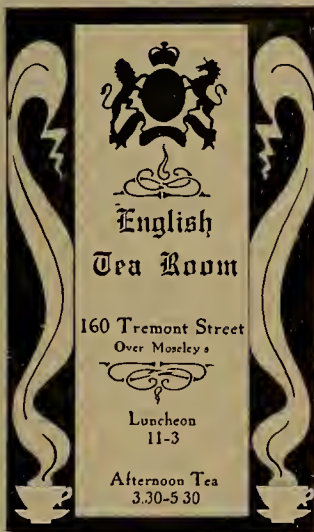
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI"

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LITERARY.



THE ELOPEMENT OF JACK AND JILL

Jack had been a very naughty boy, yes, so naughty that his mother was forced to send him to bed with only a bread and milk lunch. The occasion for this punishment was disobedience. Not far from Jack's home was a small lake on which several of the older boys of the suburb had rafts and canoes in which his mother had cautioned Jack time and time again, never to go, for she was afraid he might get hurt, although he could swim fairly well for a youngster. That morning when Jack had ridden his "Irish-Mail" around the circle driveway until he was dizzy, he had gone towards the lake in search of fresh amusement. There was no one there at that time of day, but a big raft on which he had always wanted to have a ride, was tied to a tree near the water's edge. The temptation was too strong. It surely couldn't matter since the raft was tied he thought. But it resulted in a very drenched and frightened little fellow's being sent to bed an hour later to meditate upon his sins.

Jack, however, was not the only one who felt himself ill used that day. In the big house next door, a playmate of his, Jill, as she was called—for the children had been Jack and Jill since nursery days—was in tears. Now what is the use of being the proud possessor of a rosebud sash, if one cannot wear it when one's father comes home to lunch?

Fired by the tragedy of this situation, Jane went forth to tell her woes to Jack, even as he came out still smarting from the ignominy of being put to bed. What a sad fate it is for a little girl and boy, a good little girl and a brave little boy, as they assured each other, to have parents who do not appreciate or love them! Such uncomprehending grown folks could never have been young, never have known how much a fellow wants to go on a raft, when his older brother's allowed to do it whenever he pleases. And Jill's mama wore a brand new waist down town that very morning, so she should have known how much fun it is to s'prise one's father. The children had worked themselves up to a state of exceeding self-pity, when a click of the gate caught their attention. There were Frances Place and Frank Allen who were to be married Wednesday. And then to Jill, came a grand idea: Why not be married themselves and not have to mind anybody any more, but just play with each other indefinitely? They could have a nice little house where their two yards met, and Jill would put on her rosebud sash to go out on the raft with Jack, and since they could do what they pleased now, she would get it right away to be married in. But would Doctor Newhouse marry them? He was a good friend of their father's. Then they remembered a young minister who had stayed at

Jack's house when he was preaching during Doctor Newhouse's vacation. He lived in a village two miles away but they could reach him that afternoon, if they hurried.

No sooner said than done. At dusk four parents sought wildly for the missing little ones, who were just at that time trudging wearily along over the last block of their journey. Ten minutes later a masculine voice told over the telephine the story of a postponed elopement, and the children were sought at Dr. Newhouse's rectory, and found—fast asleep. Home they were brought, still unmarried, Jill clutching a draggled rosebud sash, and Jack dreaming of a water-proof raft that could not tip over.

A BIT OF APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

The Sunday afternoon passing slowly and quietly, was interrupted only by the hum of the automobiles speeding on their way to Boston. Florence and Mary sat at their desks, each busily writing her weekly letter home. The ticking of the two clocks and the buzzing of a blue-bottle on the window pane seemed to add to the stillness of the room. Florence finished her letter, pushed back her chair and contemplated the blue-bottle. "Poor fly," she mused, "I wonder if his consciousness is marginal."

"Mary, what was that Miss White said about our consciousness yesterday in psychology?"

"Why, something about our always having the same one, wasn't it? Remember, for an illustration she asked us if we ever awoke with any one else's consciousness, and how would we know it if we did?"

"Well," said Florence, "I'd hate to have Anne's. Of all the superficial silly girls she is the worst I ever knew."

"I never could see why you didn't like her," said Mary. "She has always lived in a small town and has never had much experience and her being among so many girls all at once makes her backward, but, at heart, she is a dear girl."

"She is a dear dunce!" declared Florence with a decided jerk of her head, which showed Mary that the conversation was at an end.

The blue-bottle, tired of the window pane, came over to hum to Florence and succeeded in being caught in a very determined fist and thrown angrily out of the window.

At vespers in the evening the minister had for his text, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Usually Mary enjoyed these Sunday evening talks, but tonight it seemed to make her angry. To try to ease her mind she would keep repeating, "No one can love everybody, and Mary is so unreasonable with regard to Anne."

That night the girls got ready for bed in silence. Mary liked Anne very much, so much in fact that many called it "a crush," and she did not like the attitude Florence took towards her. Florence, for her part, climbed wearily into bed and lay there a long time thinking.

"Buzz! Buzz! That old fly again! Psychology—consciousness—fly with marginal consciousness—no, Mary, I don't like Anne"—and Florence drowsed off into welcome sleep.

Seven-fifteen! Florence jumped up with a start. Mary was still asleep. She ran over to pull her out of bed feet first, but something seemed to hold her back, and instead she only called her in a quiet voice. All that morning Florence felt strange. Instead of talking and laughing merrily with her friends as usual, she held back, preferring just to sit and watch them. Why was it she could not talk to anyone? It just seemed as though she could not think of a word to say. She saw Anne sitting alone, wistfully looking at an excited group of girls, talking over their last center-ball game.

"Well, if she feels every day the way I do now, I certainly feel sorry for her," thought Florence. Then, on a sudden impulse, she went over to the lonely-looking girl and began talking to her. In the afternoon these two girls took a long walk together, returning late

in the October day, with such bright, happy smiles as seemed to cast sunshine everywhere.

That evening Mary and Florence talked long into the night, and just as Florence was dropping off to sleep, she said, "I really believe that this morning I awoke with Anne's consciousness; but I certainly am glad that I did."

TO NEW ORLEANS VIA THE AIR ROUTE

I never expect to experience such a sensation again as I felt the day of my first trip in an aeroplane. Naturally I was very much excited over the idea of such a trip. My brother Jack, who was to go with me, had been with the Wright brothers for a year and understood the machine thoroughly so that I had perfect confidence in his ability to manage the biplane, and had no fear whatever of any calamity.

We started from Chicago on a Tuesday morning in May, both of us in high spirits with New Orleans as our destination. The misgivings of my friends as to my safe return had failed to lessen my enthusiasm in any way. We expected to reach New Orleans by Saturday night if luck and the weather were with us.

The day was perfect—a nice warm spring day, when all nature beckons one to come out-of-doors and enjoy the sunshine. As we rose off the ground amid the good-byes of our friends, my heart leaped within me,—I was as happy and care-free as the birds around about us.

We swept across the south part of the city and out into the country. It seemed wonderful to be able to look down on the high buildings and the meadows from such a point of vantage. I think we covered about one-fourth of the entire distance that day; as the engine was running perfectly, and we lost not a moment. Four or five times during the day we stopped for food, gasoline, and oil. At these stops crowds of people would gather around us and ask hundreds of questions, not

to speak of the many speculations they made, audibly, as to our probable destination and identity. We spent that first night in a small town where not half of the people had ever seen an aeroplane before, and naturally we caused quite a furore.

Early up and early off the next morning (we started by six), we made very good time until about ten o'clock, when our engine began missing, and we felt ourselves going downward. There was a clump of trees directly below us, and both of us knew only too well that should we light there we should be probably badly injured, if not killed. It seemed an interminable time, although in truth it was only a very few seconds, before Jack regained control of the machine, and sent us vol-planing to the earth in a series of circles. Both of us were pretty well frightened at the narrowness of this escape. Jack had been in many such tight places by himself; but it was different when my life as well as his was at stake. He begged me to take the train for the remainder of the journey, but I firmly refused to do any such a thing. Finally, after working at the engine for almost an hour, during which time he made several trial flights, the machine seemed to be in good running order, and we started once again on our interrupted journey. This time we stopped for the night at about five o'clock as my brother wanted to go over the engine thoroughly.

The next day was rather uneventful. It was a great deal like our first, only the newness had worn off to some extent. When we stopped that night the clerk at the hotel told us that there was a man there journeying in a monoplane, and bound for New Orleans. Jack hunted him up and found that he had come all the way from New York, had had a great deal of trouble with his engine, and had been on the way for over a month. He had been forced to lay over at one place until repairs for his engine could be sent to him.

Both the stranger and we started by half-past six next morning, and were within sight

of one another until about noon, when Mr. Ludlow, the monoplanist, had something go wrong with his machine. We saw him in New Orleans later and found that he had arrived about three hours after ourselves, and we had concluded our trip at four o'clock Saturday afternoon. I enjoyed this novel journey to the fullest extent; but I did not object very seriously when my brother advised me to go back to Chicago by train, although, mind you, I would not take anything for the experience of that first trip in an aeroplane.

"I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY"

By S. W. Gillilan

When you've set your head to do it,
When your judgment says you're right,
When your conscience gives its sanction,
Then pitch in with all your might.
Don't let anything prevent you,
Though the odds seem big and strong
Every obstacle must vanish
As the swift days roll along—
If you set your jaw and say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

While the whole world loves a lover,
Yet it lives a winner best
Loves the man who, till he conquer,
Stoops not e'en for sleep or rest.
Oft he may be worn and haggard,
Often he may weary be
Yet the lion heart within him
Has been firm as rock since he
Set his quiet jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

Oh, the loose-hung jaws encountered
In the course of but a day!
Oh, the lives devoid of purpose
That we find along the way!
They the weaklings are who know not
What strong faith and will may do
Know not that the world's a servant
To the man who's game and true,
And who sets his jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

SPRING

We're a-goin' to the country where the trees an' flowers
grow
Papa said 'at he would take us an' he'll do it, too, I know
We will get aboard the trolley an' go whirlin' far away,
To the trees so green an' shady an' the fields where I
can play.

For nobody owns the country or at least they doesn't
care,
An' you go just where you want to, on the grass or any-
where,

An' they let you pull the flowers an' chase after butter-
flies,
An' it's all so big an' open; nothin' but the fields and
skies.

An' we'll take a lunch box with us, an' we'll set down by
a spring,
An' the way we'll eat sandwiches—bet we never leave a
thing
An' we'll jus' lay 'round an' 'joy it—hear the birds an'
watch the bees
My! but I am glad we're goin'—I can almost smell the
breeze.

CAREFUL HENRY

"Jane," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the parlor table this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?"

"No; he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and he must have forgotten all about them afterward."

The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with her speech as Henry had been with his cigars.

STRANGE

"Most things that are bought go to the buyer."

"Yes, all except coal; that goes to the cellar."



THINGS WORTH WHILE

VESPER NOTES

May 18, Miss Liu, a Chinese girl from Wellesley College, had charge of our Vesper Service and gave us a most interesting talk on "The Problems of the Women of China."

May 25, Rev. J. T. Stocking, pastor of the Central Church, Newtonville, spoke at Vespers and gave us some very helpful thoughts about "Memorial Day."

June 1, Dr. W. C. Gordon, pastor of the local Congregational Church gave a splendid talk to the students.

June 8, At the closing Vesper Service of the year, Dr. Laurens MacLure, of Grace Episcopal Church, Newton, gave a most inspiring talk on "Not for School but for Life." Dr. MacLure has been with us before and it was a great pleasure again to welcome him.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

May 13, Christian Endeavor was led by Lucile Scott. Several of the girls sang.

May 20, The Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Gracia DeZouch. The meeting was a very helpful one.

May 25, Miss Rand led Christian Endeavor. Some very suggestive ideas were brought out in the meeting.

June 3, Christian Endeavor was led by Barbara Jones. The service was held on the lawn. We were very glad to have Mrs. Gordon and Dr. Bragdon with us. Both gave

a stirring talk. Katherine Steele and Lucile Scott sang for us.

SCHOLARSHIP CREDITS

The scholarship credits for the second semester are as follows: Adelle Wilson, 6 subjects, 93%, 3 credits; Mildred Cutting, 5 subjects, 92%, 3 credits; Ruby Newcomb, 5 subjects, 92%, 2 credits; Hazel Harris, 3 subjects, 92%, 2 credits; Etta MacMillan, 4 subjects, 92%, 2 credits.

PRINCIPAL EMERITUS

In the words of the President of our Alumnae Association, "to a host of old girls, Commencement at Lasell would not be complete without Dr. Bragdon!" We were glad to have Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon with us this year and hope they will never "fail us" in the Commencements to come!



EXCHANGES



The *Lasell Leaves* acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: *Bates Student*, *Hermonite*, *Quill*, *Kankakeean*, *Artisan*, *Gale Pennant*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Knick Knacks*, *Mirror*, *Hackettstonian*, *New Trier Echoes*, *Maroon and White*, *Les Collines*, *News*, *The Scroll*.

As We See Others

Little Miss Critic sauntered into a book store and approached Mr. Bookseller with a stern glance at her surroundings. "Good afternoon, Mr. Bookseller, I want to look at a first class school paper, one that is well compiled and interesting."

Mr. Bookseller looked over his stock for the months of April and May and carefully selected the *News*, the *Scroll*, *Les Collines* and the *Hackettstonian*.

"Oh, here is an attractive one," observed Miss Critic as she examined *Les Collines*. "The quality of paper is excellent, and all the departments are well arranged. The exchange column is very well written."

She picked up the *E. O. H. S. News* and her glance fell upon a criticism of a school paper which had the advertisements in the front of the magazine. Critically she looked at the *News*. "Why this paper has the same thing itself, Mr. Bookseller."

"What an attractive cover the *Scroll* has, and in such good taste, also," she remarked. "The literature, too, is good in that."

She laid aside the papers he had given her.

"Are these all you have?" she inquired.

Mr. Bookseller brought out a pile of other magazines and laid them before her. She took up the *Knick Knacks*, carefully turned the pages with a pleased expression until she came to the Ticklers. "Oh, what a shame to spoil the paper at the very end by sprinkling the advertisements in with the jokes!"

She glanced over several other papers. "These papers are very interesting, they are marked by such school spirit," and she cast aside the *New Trier Echoes*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, and the *Hermonite*.

The *Quill* came next and little Miss Critic complained of the abundance of jokes in proportion to the literature.

She handed Mr. Bookseller the *Gale Pennant*, *Kankakeean* and the *Mirror* which had very poor quality of paper, and said, "Well Mr. Bookseller, you have some very good papers. All of them have many good points and I am sure you can easily please your customers. Thank you for showing them to me. Good afternoon."

As Others See Us

Lasell Leaves: We think "That Rascal Bob" an extremely good story. It is well composed throughout and the end is charming.—*The Scroll*.

The cover design of the Easter number of the *Lasell Leaves* is very pretty and well executed.—*E. O. H. S. News*.

Lasell Leaves: Your school photographs brighten up your paper. Your stories are good, your whole paper is good—*Artisan*.





ORPHEAN CLUB CONCERT

The Orphean Club Concert took place on Wednesday evening, May 14. The members of the Club were assisted by Mrs. Blanche H. Kilduff, soprano; Clarence H. Wilson, basso; Miss Dorothy Payne, violin; Miss Mary F. Curtiss, organ; Saumel Goldstein, violin; J. Bayard Currie, piano. The conductor was Henry M. Dunham.

The following was the program:

PART I			
Duet for Piano and Organ	H. M. Dunham		
Miss Curtiss and Mr. Currie			
St. John's Eve	Charminade		
Orphean Club and Mrs. Kilduff			
Ave Maria	Marchetti		
Orphean Club			
Solo: "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," from the Opera, "Scipio"	Handel		
Mr. Wilson	Elgar		
"The Snow"			
Orphean Club			
Assisted by Miss D. Payne and Mr. Goldstein			
PART II			
"Hesperus"	J. H. Brewer		
Orphean Club			
Solos by Mrs. Kilduff and Mr. Wilson			
Solos: a. "Down in the Forest"	Ronald Spross		
b. "Will o' the Wisp"			
Mrs. Kilduff			
Birdal Chorus	Cowen		
Orphean Club			

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Glee Club Concert took place on May 24. A very enjoyable program was

given and the manner in which the club rendered their selections showed the result of careful practice. The following was the program:

PART I			
IN MAY			
TARANTELLA	}	Horatio Parker	
NYMPHS' SONG		Neapolitan Air	
SERENADE		Arr. by Wm. Rees	Schubert
Miss Williamson			
WHILE THE SOUTH WIND BLOWS		Cox	
EASTERN SONG		Josephine Sherwood	
PART II			
BENDEMEER'S STREAM		Old Irish	
ROSE O' TIPPERARY		Josephine Sherwood	
a. AUTUMN SONG	}	Mary Turner Saller	
b. A PROPOSAL			
Miss Bienenstok			
MY LADY CHLO'		Clough-Leighton	
BANJO SONG		Homer	
Miss Scott			
SWING ALONG		Cook	
Miss Scott and Glee Club			
ESTUDIANTINA		Lacome	

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

Director, Miss Goodrich; President, Ruth Ketcham, '13; Vice-president, Hazel Shaw, Sp.; Secretary, Katherine Steele, '14; Treasurer, Lucile Scott, '14; Business Manager, Alma Bunch, '13; Leader, Josephine Clapp, '13. First Sopranos: Hortense Bienenstok, Isabella Collins, Marion Newland, Lucile Scott, Katherine Steele, Virginia Williamson. Second Sopranos: Genevieve Bettcher, Dora Goodwillie, Ruth Ketcham, Edna Nichols, Hazel Shaw. First Altos: Josephine Clapp, Georgina Fankboner, Carolyn Lawton, Hazel Lynch, Charlotte Swartwout. Second Altos: Alma Bunch, Mary Louise Cummings, Barbara Jones, Merriam Thomas. Accompanist, Lois Brader.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

The pupils' Commencement Concert took place on Wednesday evening, June 4. The following program was given:

PART I

PIANOFORTE: Spanish Caprice *Moszkowski*
Miss Josephine Clapp

VOICE: a. To Music *Franz*
b. Hark, Hark the Lark *Schubert*
Miss Dora E. Goodwillie

VOICE: Longing *Rubenstein*
Miss Hazel F. Lynch

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN: Pastorale *Guilmant*
Miss Grace M. Lindsay and
Miss Elizabeth H. Linn

VOICE: Go not happy day *Whelpley*
Miss Marion H. Newland

PIANOFORTE: Romance in F sharp major *Schumann*
Hills

Dance Italienne
Miss Mildred Cutting

VOICE: Through the still night *Tschaikowsky*
Miss Lucille Scott

PART II

VOICE: a. Dost thou know that fair land *Thomas*
b. Mirage *Lehman*
Miss Hazel E. Shaw

PIANOFORTE: Autumn *Chaminade*
Miss Katherine A. Hoag

VOICE: a. The Proposal *Salter*
b. Autumn Song *Salter*
Miss Hortense Bienenstok

VIOLIN: a. Melody *Paderewski*
b. Hungarian Dance No. 6 *Brahms*
Miss Mildred E. Hyde

PIANOFORTE: Concerto in D minor—Larghetto *Mozart*
Miss Hazel E. Harris

PIANOFORTE QUARTET

a. Nocturno from the "Wedding Music" *Jensen*
b. Spanish Dance *Moszkowski*

Misses Charlotte Joseph, Grace Lindsay,
Frances Johnson and Carolyn Lawton

THE JUNIOR—FRESHMAN PARTY

One day, when all was quiet
And the hours in study we spent
We noticed that the Juniors
On some mischief, sure were bent.

That afternoon at mail time
Long white envelopes most neat
Were opened by each Freshman
Whose eyes a red canoe did greet.

Upon it were some verses
Inviting one and all
To meet upon a certain day
On the porch of Cushman Hall.

Upon the day appointed
The weather wasn't fair
But we were so excited
That none of us did care.

At five o'clock we started
With Miss Warner in the lead
We walked down to the boat house
At her well known rate of speed.

We were taken to the club rooms
Where on the floor we sat
And there in one big circle
We had a merry chat.

Then came a picnic supper,
With ice cream cones and cake
And other kinds of goodies
With which to heap our plate.

And favors, too, came with it
For then it was each got
A canoe filled full of candy
Which reached just the right spot.

When supper all was over
We had a merry time.
In playing and in dancing
And hearing Abbie Darlin's rhyme.

But duty called us back to school.
So not long after eight,
We started on our homeward way
In a tired but happy state.

Laura Hale.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS EXHIBIT

One of the most important events of the school year, was the Household Economics Exhibit. It was held on Thursday afternoon, June 5, from three to five. The sewing room was transformed into a veritable "salon," where all sorts and kinds of dainty garments were displayed. Dresses and shirtwaists clad many forms and busts, and summer hats also had a table to themselves.

In the practice kitchen good things to eat were very attractively arranged, representing the different kinds of cooking learned the first year. In the practice dining-room a complete luncheon was arranged on the table, and many a visitor was tempted by that sight. Iced chocolate and sandwiches were served to the guests. It was without a doubt a most successful exhibit, and the girls felt more than repaid for their efforts.



THE PLYMOUTH TRIP

On Monday morning, May the twenty-sixth, a jolly group of girls with Miss Shank, Miss Rand and Mr. Ordway acting as chaperons, left the school for the annual trip to Plymouth.

Upon arriving in Plymouth a glorious ride was taken about the city for the purpose of visiting various places of interest,

utes before returning to Plymouth or take a short walk.

Returning to Plymouth, Pilgrim Hall was visited. Among the many interesting things seen there was an old sword once belonging to Miles Standish. Other things of interest were some old chairs brought over in the Mayflower, the cradle in which the baby born on shipboard was rocked, many charters, the



such as the National Monument, Leydon Street, the first made in Plymouth, the stream the only remaining house built during the time of the Pilgrims, and last but not least, Plymouth Rock, where the carriages stopped about ten minutes in order that the girls might take pictures.

The party then went up the wild and picturesque road, rightly called Sandwich Lane, to Billington's Sea, or the head of the old stream which decided the Pilgrim's landing place. From here the party returned to Plymouth and took leave of the carriages. The girls were now given time to walk about the old cemetery, where the oldest grave stone in America was seen, or buy souvenirs, provided they returned in time to take the car.

A most delightful ride was enjoyed along the seashore to the point where lunch was eaten. Enough time was given the girls to take pictures on the beach, rest a few min-

Pine Tree shillings, and various things once belonging to the Pilgrims.

The party arrived at Lasell about six o'clock; a very tired, hungry, though happy crowd of girls, for all declared that it was the best short trip of the year.



DRILL

No soldiers in the crack regiments of the armies of Europe ever went through the manoeuvres of the manual of arms with greater earnestness or in more finished style than did the fair warriors of Lasell, in their annual prize drill on the school campus on Saturday afternoon, May 31.

It did not matter that the guns they carried were mere wood or that, while marching and

The judges were Capt. Julian I. Chamberlain, first Lieutenant Thomas R. Brown and second Lieutenant H. Dwight Cushing, all of the eighth regiment, M. V. M. Col. Logan; Lieu. Baumann. In addition, a number of other military men were present and frequently applauded the work of the students.

Company A chose yellow for its color, company B was represented by red and company C by blue. These colors were displayed all



Cpts. Payne, Westervelt, Beach

countermarching, some irrepressible member of the student body in the large audience tried hard to make some of them smile, the girls went through all the intricacies of company and individual drill in a manner that won the commendation of the judges, who were militia officers.

It was hard work picking the winners, but after many extra rounds and much consultation on the part of the judges, it was announced that Company A had won the Lasell banner offered as a company prize. The individual senior prize, a bronze medal, was awarded Miss Katharine Humbird, of Spokane, Wash. The first junior individual trophy went to Miss Bertha G. Bradley, of Gloucester, and the second junior prize was given Miss June Raymond, of Belmont. Both these prizes were silver medals. In addition a banner was awarded Miss Juliette B. Beach, of New Milford, Conn., as captain of the winning company.

over the campus, and the partisans of the three companies carried them to show their loyalty.

The program opened with the escort to the colors, followed by company competition, individual competition and the battalion parade. Afterward a banquet was served to the officers, the judges and guests, at which Dr. Guy M. Winslow presided.

Following is the roster of the battalion:

Cadet Adjutant Geneveive M. Bettcher, New Haven Ct.

Company A—Cadet Captain Juliette B. Beach, New Milford, Ct. Cadet Lieutenant Carolyn F. Lawton, Sheffield, Ill. Cadet First Sergeant Etta E. MacMillan, Providence, R. I. Cadet Second Sergeant, May A. Joseph, Fort Worth, Tex. Cadet Corporal Angeline E. Emery, Albany, N. Y. Cadet Corporal Adelle Wilson, Paxton, Ill.

Privates—Frances D. Allen, O. Helen C. Baird, Austin, Minn. Bertha G. Bradley, Gloucester, Mass. Elise C. Craddock, Lynchburg, Va. Constance H. Davis, Portland, Ore. Bess E. Emerine, Fostoria, O. Theresa Gordon, Sharon, Mass. Marion M. Griffin, North Bloomfield, Ct. Francis M. Harris, Rumford, Me. Hazel E. Harris, Orleans, Vt. Maude J. Hayden, Dorchester, Mass. Viola R. Kafka, New Haven, Ct. Josephine E. Kenowe, Huntington, Ind. Evelyn

Lebowich, Dorchester, Mass. Louise E. Lucas, Johnston, N. Y. Lelia P. Maddocks, Gloucester, Mass. Evelyn C. Schmidt, Lynn, Mass. Esther L. Underwood, Summit, N. J. Virginia Williamson, Charlestown, W. Va. Gladys W. Wright, Pomfret Centre, Ct. Nellie M. Youngers, Geneva, Neb.

Company B—Cadet Captain Mildred G. Westervelt, South Bend, Ind. Cadet Lieutenant Katharine Humbird, Spokane, Wash. Cadet First Sergeant Florence Humbird, Spokane, Wash. Cadet Second Sergeant Dorothy Fink, Reading, Pa. Cadet Corporal Clara P. MacDonald, Guanajuato, Mex. Cadet Corporal Gratia deZouche, Troy, N. Y. Cadet Corporal Una Wise, Allentown, Pa.

Privates—Katharine Baker, Lynchburg, Va. Marion Beach, New Milford, Ct. Marion Cutting, Chic, Ill. Dorothy C. Darrow, La Porte, Ind. Ruth P. Davis, Galveston, Tex. S. Dorothy Greene, Coxsackie, N.Y. Laura S. Hale, South Glastonbury, Ct. Florence L. Hallock, Amsterdam, N. Y. A. Marion Harris, St. Louis, Mo. Dorothy F. Hartshorn, Gardner, Mass.: Edna M. Hyde, Prince Rupert, B. C. Marion Jackson, Flint, Mich. Martha W. Keith, North Middleboro, Mass. Lena Vee Kelley, Lansing, Mich. June Raymond, Belmont, Mass. Dorothy

B. Smith, Brockton, Mass. Katharine Steele, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Marian S. Thomas, Franklin, Pa. Eleanor Tingley, Washington, D. C. Ethel E. Wade, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Company C—Cadet Captain Dorothy P. Payne, Vera Cruz, Mex. Cadet Lieutenant Georgina Fankboner, Marion, Ind. Cadet First Sergeant Marion F. Gibbons, Roslindale, Mass. Cadet Second Sergeant Dorothy Canfield, Los Angeles, Cal. Cadet Corporal Mabel C. Flagler, Mechanicville, N. Y. Cadet Corporal Charlotte G. Joseph, Stonington, Ct. Cadet Corporal Margarette R. Spooner, Harrisburg, Pa.

Privates—Sophie R. Barrett, Brooklyn, N. Y. Irene L. Bollman, Tuscola, Ill. Dorothy M. Bushnell, Mansfield, O. Mildred Cutting, Chicago, Ill. Dorothy W. Dale, Omaha, Neb. Lillian M. Davisson, Charlestown, W. Va. Margaret Gregson, Morgan Park, Ill. Evelyn L. Hauser, Evanston, Ill. Katherine A. Hoag, Ogden, Utah. Ernestine F. Lederer, Terre Haute, Ind. Ruth A. McCracken, Paxton, Ill. Carolyn B. Moore, Duluth, Minn. Ruby H. Newcomb, South Hadley Falls, Mass. Clara L. Paton, Leominster, Mass. Ruth A. Perry, Pawtucket, R. I. Mildred M. Post, New York City. Charlotte Swartwout, Port Jervis, N. Y. Eunice Votaw, Boston, Mass.



Prize Winners
Bertha Bradley, June Raymond, Katherine Humbird, Juliette Beach



Winning Company
Company A

RIVER DAY

It was a sunny day on the second, and the girls rushed upstairs from breakfast to be sure and be "in" on everything. The two crews met promptly at 8.30 at Riverside boat-house. The "Blues" were the first to start, with Captain Mildred Westervelt giving her orders and for stroke was our littl old timer "Gennie" Bettcher. Then came the "Reds" with Captain "Ed" Mathias. Both crews paddled down stream, to the bend near the old haunted house.

Though a gale was blowing, the girls were calling "Reds," "Blues"—and no one knew which was the most popular crew. The Faculty and Junior launches took the crews up to the pumping station where Miss Warner gave them a few orders, ending by these

familiar words, "Get ready, set, go!" Go they did. The "Blues" kept the lead until the half way mark, when "Ed" Mathias encouraging her girls to pull harder, and in a strong voice, 'Stroke, back, in, out, one, two" was off, leading the "Blues" a merry chase. The girls on the bank were calling and laughing to their friends, betting on different captains every minute. The "Reds" won by at least two canoe lengths, entitling the following girls to sweaters: Livermore, Raymond, Hartshorn, Gregson, Clapp, Fenno, Newland, Lawton, and to the Captain a bar.

The singles was the next event, three canoes, with two girls, C. Swartwout and G. Downs, R. Perry and F. Humbird; E. Hauser and MacDonald. Hauser and MacDonald were their war canoe colors green and white,



Reds



Blues

with a flag of green cloth and skull bones. They were all taken up to the beginning by the launch. And with "Get ready, set, go!" they were off. It was hard work as the wind was blowing a gale. Houser and MacDonald won by half a canoe length. After this the girls wandered home discussing the morning events and most talked of was the wonderful losing spirit shown by Captain Westervelt and her crew. They are to be congratulated.

BACCALAUREATE

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered at the Auburndale Congregational Church on Sunday morning, June 1.

Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, D.D., of the Park Church, Elmira, N. Y., was the speaker. His topic was "A New Definition of Life." The pastor of the church, the Rev. William C. Gordon, was in charge of the service and the large gathering included many of the alumnae.

Dr. Eastman said in part:

I sat in a dentist's chair sometime since enduring the tortures of such a position. Rolling my eye about the room in pain, I saw stretched from sash to sash over a light of glass in a window the web of a spider with two claws raised ready to seize the unfortunate fly that at any moment might unwittingly strike a wing into the web and become entangled. I marvelled greatly, for the dentist himself, his office and all its appurtenances were immaculately clean. But I soon discovered that the strands of the web were made of fine silk thread, that the body of the spider was cut out of black felt, that his claws were waxed linen and that the whole was a clever bit of artistic realism. It set me thinking of the real spider which like "the flower in the crannied wall" holds in itself the mystery of the whole creation. In the dreamlike unfolding of this drama of life I forgot the rasping files and beating hammers.

Aeons ago a little water spider,—there were only water spiders then—had her home

on a floating leaf or a lily pad, a dangerous place because a passing bird would find her easy prey, and a ripple of water stirred by a breeze might upset her frail house-boat.

Tempted by an enticing environment,—pushed by a sense of inane peril she weaves a water-tight bell-shaped house, goes with it to the bottom of the pond and fastens it by three or more strands to water weeds. Then this first inventor of the diving-bell returns to the surface for a bubble of air, takes it down into her house and so continues until she has an air chamber, a safe and comfortable home for herself and her family. She becomes an ancestor of a new race, a prototype of a new species.

Ages roll on and a water spider at length floats or swims ashore, climbs the bank, and wayward disobedient creature, breaks all the laws of heredity, defies all the instincts of spider nature, elects the dry land for her abode and will not return to her native element. Her knowledge of spinning and weaving is not lost or useless but adapted to her new environment. She has only to flatten the bell, leaving it open lacework, and attach it by cords to wheat or hay stubble, and she has the most approved fly-trap in spiderdom. She in turn becomes an ancestor, a prototype.

But the consummation of spiderhood has not been reached until the great wolf spider of the tropics, the tarantula is evolved, two inches in length with claws four inches long. This creature has no use for a fly-trap for she can run down her prey. But the rich inheritance of skill in spinning and weaving is not lost in her. She digs a bullet shaped hole in the clay and the diving bell of her remote ancestor becomes the soft silken lining of her bed-chamber. The tarantula in turn becomes an ancestor, a prototype, but what consummate spiderhood shall be in the perfected purpose of nature no student can guess. You have already conjectured the meaning of the parable.

The difference between the spider on the window pane in the dentist's office and the

spider on the floating leaf is just this—in three words power to become. And we have a definition of life, Prof. Drummond to the contrary, notwithstanding. Life is power to become. However, I am inclined to agree with the Professor when he says "In the presence of the essential mystery of a living thing we are all agnostics."

Originally vested in a single living cell life has climbed through higher and more complex manifestations through countless ages until it issues in a being conscious of his own existence and conscious of God, the Supreme Life, the Supreme Good. It is evident that here the on going process encounters intelligence and will. Man set free, the halter of instinct removed, must voluntarily enter the process, and direct the power to become to its destined Goal. Man becomes the creator of himself.

This process of spiritual attainment is variously called education, culture, evolution, salvation, whatever word we use we all mean pretty much the same thing, the reaching of the measure of the stature of full or divine manhood.

Schopenhauer called "conscious existence the hideous mistake of nature."

To be alive physically and know it, to be alive mentally and know it, to be in conscious touch with the power of infinite life, is this all a "hideous mistake?" To feel within the power to become and have the alluring heights of attained righteousness, joy and peace stretch away until they lose themselves in the far-away purple of a heaven of perfected society and completed manhood—is this the result of a "hideous mistake?" What will you match with this? The care free life of the bird? The content of the fed beast? What though conscious life opens an awful hell of suffering and loss below, even as it hangs a glorious heaven above shall we turn back from life's lure? Who will not say "better walk the lofty path with trembling, sublime dread than crawl with the beasts in safety?"

There is a little company bereft of their teacher and best friend, gathered in an upper room in the house of one John Mark in Jerusalem. They are mourning, talking, praying, hoping together, clinging tenaciously to some words of promise which their teacher spoke to them before his going.

The Great Augustus is being proclaimed a God in Rome by his own imperial edict. The scholar priest Gamaliel is uttering the wearisome common places of the law in the holy city of the Jews. Sons of Annas, temple priests, in league with the bankers of Jerusalem and the inspectors of sacrificial animals are fattening off the unsuspecting peasants that come up to make offerings on feast days, converting the ancient temple into "a den of thieves." In the decaying Roman Empire, the rotting Jewish hierarchy the microscopic living germ—the power to become—it is in that upper room. In a few centuries it becomes "The Holy Roman Empire."

Let us come nearer now to our own lives with this thought of a power to become.

There are supreme moments in each life when all our yesterdays seem utterly mispent—horribly mispent if we think of our brother as well as ourselves for then they seem "torches lighting other fools the way to dusty death." Perhaps suddenly the light shines, as if the little roof of conventions and customs under which we have taken refuge were suddenly lifted and we stand alone in awful brightness of the Sun or gradually the door opens and we see into the inner room "where truth abides in fullness." We become conscious of ourselves as living souls, self living, eternally living; and God visits us in this inner room and we become conscious of the Infinite Life. These are moments of illumination. Upon all our darkened ways, wild strivings, sordid gettings, hot pursuits the light shines. A strong hand is laid upon our envyings, hatreds, tempers and prejudices. A master light has shone across our way. A master love has touched

our hearts. A master spirit has invaded our secret place. It is a birth hour. Out of our chaotic and darkened lives arises a pure and holy form. It is our real self, our ideal. It is that which we are called to become, that which we have power to become.

There are gathered into groups in colleges and seminaries our boys and girls. There are two hundred of you in this Seminary. These youth are like young saplings full of the sweet juice of life with power to become—all sorts of power—power to become pitchers on the baseball teams or quarterbacks on the foot-ball team or I have forgotten what is it girls?—on the basket ball team; power to become editors, doctors, preachers, teachers, mechanics, farmers, housekeepers, leaders in domestic science, those splendid artists, dressmakers, and high above all the multiform ranges of human activity power to become characters that shall stand erect for fair play, for equal opportunity, for kindness in the surging swells or grasping greed and money's brutal cruelty; power to become heroes and heroines of service, princes and princesses in the empire of truth. And this is the destined glory to which this power may be guided. And, friends just this is education not to pile up knowledge in the chambers of the mind like so much useless lumber, but to lead out that the imprisoned splendor of moral and spiritual ideals within them may escape and shine in our darkness like a galaxy of midnight stars. Your teachers understand this.

But here is a lapsed soul. He was well on toward the sunlit heights unloading volt after volt of power to become when Diabolos, the demon of deceit, or Beezeleub, the demon of little flies literally, of the lesser goods of life, or Apolyeu the demon of fleshly Appetites met him in the way and he now lies a poor victim of selfishness or folly or lust. Is there still in him power of moral vision, is there a yearning after that which he has lost. There is still hope for him for there are remnants of the original power

to become within him. I believe with Richard Realf

"* * * * *In the meanest there is something noble
"behind the sensual darkness of the human face not
"to be quenched by any adverse wind
"Enough of God's light flickers for a sign
"That our best possible is his divine."

This potential power of all life makes it profoundly true that it doth not yet *appear what we shall be*.

Why it doth not yet appear what a spider shall be. No mortal man can guess what the consummate perfection of even spiderhood in the ongoing executive infinite purpose shall reveal.

Much less doth it appear what the power to become of all the manifold forces of the human soul shall accomplish for individual man.

Here is a man at eighty years, mentally alert, I found him, over hexicon and grammar, examining a new language. He can now speak and write in ten. Will the dissolution of the body put out the fires still gleaming as brightly as ever in his soul?

In all of us under whitening hair, what untold forces have yet never been called into play; latent buds that have never opened into bloom and fragrance and fruitage,—possible harmonies that have never sounded forth, organ stops, (Brierly would say) that have never been opened—this to say nothing of the acquired power of mind and soul and spirit still intact in the old man and woman.

Here is an accumulated probability of individual life after death that the doubting soul well to consider, for

"Because we have power to become Sons of God even at death it doth not appear what we shall be."

Members of the Class of 1913

You are well under way to the goal, if there be any goal. You have been trained here to endurance of things hard and to self-mastery, to self-superintendence and to self-direction. You cannot turn back now, you must gird your loins and light your

lamps for the upward path. You know
Browning's couplet

"And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
"Is the ungirt loin and the unlit lamp."

The human factors in the Power to Become are faith and obedience, or faith ruled by conscience to secure obedience. The knowledge process is too slow and is a failure at its best. The philosophical process is too tortuous. Obedience is the sure road to the actualizing of your ideal. Obedience digs the channel for the Power to Become. And when I speak of faith I do not mean a dead thing "something to sit down upon" as Mrs. Stetson would say, but a living creature to mount and ride. I mean an active faith that adds to itself energy of

(continued on page 264)

SENIOR RECEPTION

On Saturday evening June seventh, the annual reception of the Seniors took place. The drawing-rooms were thronged with the parents and guests of the graduation class; and the seniors in their dainty gowns made a very pretty sight. Light refreshments were served in the dining-room, and the seniors and their guests were waited upon by the juniors dressed in white

CLASS NIGHT

Class Night took place in the gymnasium on Monday evening, June 9. As usual the hall was crowded with relatives and friends of the members of the graduating class.

The Seniors preceded by Miss Florence Evans, president of the Sophomore class, carrying the 1913 class banner, marched down the aisle holding the daisy chain and singing their processional. The address of welcome was delivered by Miss Georgina Fankboner, president of the class. The following program was carried out:

SONG

ROLL CALL

SONG

POEM

SONG

Josephine Clapp

Mildred G. Westervelt

CLASS PROPHECY

SOLO

MEMENTOES OF 1913

SONG

PRESENTATION AND FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL

CAMPUS

Farewell to Carpenter

Farewell song to Cushman

Farewell to Crow's Nest

To the Flames

Ernestine Lederer

Isabella M. Collins

Margaret S. Livermore

Elizabeth H. Linn

Juliette B. Beach

Ruth A. Ketcham

Edna Mathias

ROLL CALL

Class attention! At this meeting you are requested to each rise at the calling of her name, and to remain standing till presented with a memento given by the class, and carefully chosen for its suggestiveness.

Juliet Buckingham Beach, New Milford, Conn., known as "Judy":—

To you 1913 give this charming counterfeit of a perfectly correct military man, knowing how vitally important in your eyes are white ducks and a medal-bedecked uniform.

Alma Louise Bunch, Chicago, Ill., otherwise "Bunchy":—

Alma, we trust that this accelerator will hasten your pre-breakfast rate of motion, and enable you also to cut shorter your bedtime delays. Would you had had it soon enough to hurry you to Glee Club!

Isabella Mary Collins, Bainbridge, New York, "Izzy" to us:—

You need a copy of "Proper Styles in Wall Decoration." Study it carefully, and don't decorate the walls of your Smith College room next year with numberless duplicates of the same photograph.

Mary Louise Cummings, Claremont, New Hampshire, alias "Cunning":—

She prefers her "youngers" to her elders. Here is a small companion who will not tease you about your diminutive proportions.

Mary Augusta Fenno, Canton, Mass., otherwise "Pert" or "Finny":—

This clothespin, fastened upon your lips, will surely cure your failing for letting the cat out of the bag—unconsciously, of course.

Dorothy Fink, Reading, Penn., or "Dot":—

Always drowned in her own tears when reading a sad book. Shall we ever forget the day she was reading "Open House" and suddenly burst into tears and wailed, "Poor Mr. Burnett has passed away." Use this large convenient sponge to catch the surplus tears.

Theresa Gordon, Sharon, Mass., known as "Ted":—

Our talking machine. A rattle for you, Ted, maybe it can give you inspiration for some new expressions.

Charlotte Goodwin Joseph, Stonington, Conn., "Shorty" for short:

The best thing we could give to you is a R. R. ticket to Cincinnati for we know that you could not sleep peacefully in your little town with Florence so far away.

Wilhelmina Elvira Joscelyn, Newport, Vt., less dignified appellation, "Willie":—

You have proved such an expert in secret service for the class that we present you with a gold medal, for without you we never could have taken our Senior tables successfully—without even a hint to the Juniors.

Viola Kafka, New Haven, Conn., we call her Kafka:—

A human interrogation point. Forever so-lociting information. Viola, wear this small token in plain sight so that we can all see you coming.

Ruth Elizabeth Ketcham, Oak Park, Ill., familiarly known as "Reddy":—

As our sunny-haired Ruth is not very athletic she is very fortunate in having a strong friend. I could think of nothing better for you than this McDonald express in which Clara can pull you up any hill.

Mildred Esther Koch, Cincinnati, Ohio, otherwise "Mid":—

Your voice would get you a position anywhere, Mildred. With the aid of this you can easily procure an engagement to sing grand opera in the Pumpkinville Opera House.

Ernestine Frankton Lederer, Terre Haute, Ind., *real* name "Earny":—

Always hearing or seeing burglars. Take this gun to shoot them with, but be sure and

do not use it wrong end to.

Bertine Winifred Libby, Cleveland, Ohio, alias "Bert":—

The very first thing your name suggested to me was a Beta House somewhere in Ohio. So I went immediately to Dennison's and procured this very good looking Beta pin. Wear it constantly till you get a real one.

Elizabeth Harriett Linn, Brookline, Mass., to us "Bess":—

The thing for you is this good big bottle of giggle cure. Take a large dose every time you feel that impulse.

Margaret Saunders Livermore, Pawtucket, R. I., otherwise "Peggy":—

A girl who loves fun, boys and beauty books, but this parrot will give you inspiration for your life work, imitating others.

Edna Mathias, Joliet, Ill., better known as "Ed":—

Voice practice is what you need, Edna. Use this fog horn; it is guaranteed to develop a soft, sweet, girlish voice in six weeks.

Katharine Inez Payne, Tuxpam, Vera Cruz, Mexico, "Inez" is her name:—

Inez reached home with but one mishap, her numerous decoratively framed certificates of honor did not all arrive with her. So we are going to send her this private freight car for conveying all her numberless diplomas about.

Ada Esther Swanger, Marion, Ind., called "Ads":—

The best thing for you is this small volume entitled "Food for Daily Life." It contains advice for every day; what dress to wear, how to write your English theme, what to say in that letter,—anything you wish to know, in fact.

Ruth Elsbeth Trowbridge, Uxbridge, Mass., just plain "Ruth":—

She lost her mind in childhood. Connect this extension wire with your home, and you can get advice from your entire family at any time, upon any subject.

Mildred Grace Westervelt, South Bend, Ind., another "Mid":—

With this box of tin soldiers you can, after leaving Lasell, satisfy your one passion, drill.

Laura Adelle Wilson, Benchland, Mont., diminutive form, "Dell":—

For you, something in which to keep your 17,459 pieces of embroidery. This large practical, stretchable string bag, we think amply sufficient.

Lastly, our President, Georgina Fankboner, Marion, Ind., "Georgie" to us:—

Let this errand boy do for you a large part of your work after this, George. He is guaranteed absolutely, *if always* kept in sight.

PROCESSIONAL

From the hills of Maine
To the wide-flung plain
We come to thy halls of learning.
From the northern pine,
Or the southern clime,
To the land of the mid-day moon,
From hill and dell
To thee, Lasell,
The eyes of youth are turning.
Thy honored name,
Thy noble fame
We shall spread abroad, when soon
We leave thy sheltering walls,
Thy long familiar halls,
But memories dear
Of school-days here,
Shall ever be before us.
And over land or sea,
No matter where we be,
What joy 'twill be to us to join the chorus:
Our dear Lasell,
Thy loyal daughters e'er shall love thee.
In far-off future days,
Our song of praise shall rise and swell
Long in our hearts
We'll bear the sweetest memories of thee,
Long shall we sing
To thee our dear Lasell.

In soft star-light,
Thy hills tonight
Are bathed in tender glory
From thy spreading trees
O'er velvet leas
The evening shadows fall.
With full hearts we
Go joyfully
To tell the dear old story,
Of glad school years,
Of smiles and tears.
Oh, how we love it all—
Thy sloping green hill-crest,
The Seniors' own Crows' Nest,
In leafage set,
Where oft we've met,
Thy welcoming halls before us!
And when school days are past,
As long as life shall last,
What joy 'twill be to us to join the chorus:
Our dear Lasell,

Thy loyal daughters e'er shall love thee.
In far-off future days,
Our song of praise shall rise and swell.
Long in our hearts
We'll bear the sweetest memories of thee,
Long shall we sing
To thee our dear Lasell. *Mildred Westervelt.*

CLASS NIGHT

(Solo by Isabella Collins.)

Tonight we are singing farewell to our schooldays.
Farewell to the days that seem all too few.
Alma Mater, may never
Our school ties sever.
For ever and ever to thee we'll be true.
For ever and ever to thee we'll be true.

Farewell dear old classmates, our school mates, dear
friendships,
Farewell Alma Mater our love be with thee.
While thy name proudly bearing
And thy honors sharing,
Loyal and faithful forever we'll be.
Loyal and faithful forever we'll be.
Mildred Westervelt.

CLASS POEM

Glimmering, shimmering, heavy with dew,
Of violet, and of azure hue,
Its splendor thrilling, stilling the soul
The rainbow beckons the Questing One.
'Tis curved by the cunning hand of God,
A fairy web of raindrops spun,
Its myriad shades of misty light
Sublime beneath the setting sun.
It points, to the Questing Heart, the path,—
But the Pot of Gold is not yet won.
Drearily, wearily off he goes,
This Questing One. And yet he knows
What wealth of beauty and wonder of tint,
What glory of sunshine this arch doth hold
And he follows unfaltering the long steep way
Though his heart be oftentimes weary and old.
The Fates spin fast the web of life
Its wishes the Questing One unfold
But he presses on with resolute step
'Till at length he reaches the Pot of Gold.

Carefully, prayerfully the Questing One
Takes up the gold at set of sun
The prize secured, his long-sought goal
At last attained. But now the spell
Is lifted, and he sees the end
Is yet to win. The clouds dispel
A Voice bids "Use your gold aright
Lighten the darkness, ring the knell
Of sin and of suffering lest a blight
Fall on you. Use the treasure well!"
Mildred Westervelt.

A glimmering, shimmering far-off light,
Our dreams once pictured Commencement Night.
A rainbow path of fairy youth
That we might follow for aye and aye,
Should beckon us on to the Pot of Gold
Through blithe school years so glad and gay,
The years wherein we would work and learn
Not all our time would we while away,
On that rose-hued rainbow road of youth
That would lead at last to Commencement Day.

But drearily, wearily, oft we have climbed
Up that self-same road that is now behind,
That road of youth here at Lasell.
Yes; sometimes, like the Questing One,
We've found that the rainbow holds the rain
As well as the joy of life, and fun
But we've followed unfaltering the long steep way.
Our years of school are past and done
We now have reached Commencement time,—
Our Pot of Gold at last is won.

And carefully, prayerfully we take that gold.
Yes, Alma Mater, thy name we hold
To use as long as life shall last—
God grant that we may use it well!
May Nineteen-Thirteen far and wide
Of thy fame and glory proudly tell,
May the rainbow thought of schooldays here
Our hearts to loyalty impel!
And, now, we pledge that our Pot of Gold
We will use to thy honor, oh, Lasell!

CLASS NIGHT SONG

Ev-ery-bo-dy, ev-ery-bo-dy lis-ten to us,
And we'll tell you just ex-act-ly h-ow it was,
We were in - the hall,
Waiting for - the call
To our class. Al-as, pride goes
Be-fo-re a fall!
For we for-got
That we should not
Talk lo-ud at all,
And we yelled,
And just pell-melled
Right do-wn the hall.
That's not all - not all
For there we did see
One of our f-ac-ul-ty!

Chorus:

A voice said, "So! So! So!
'Twas you who made the noise here!"
"No! No! No!
We didn't mean to do it, it was—you see—"
"Yes, I do see!"
"We didn't think at all a-bout it and - and we
We just called "Oh, oh, oh!"
In-to the stu-dy hall you
Go, go, go!
So 'tis our advice to all:
Take care and look out
That no - one's a-bout,
When you call
"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Ev-ery-bo-dy, ev-ery-bo-dy lis-ten to us,
And we'll tell you just ex-act-ly h-ow it was,
We were in the hall,
Wait-ing for the call
To our class. A-las, pride goes
Be-fo-re a fall.
A big mouse trap.
We saw like that,
Be-fo-re us all,—
Three mice a-live!
We made one dive
Right down the hall.
But that's not all - not all,
For one of us did see
One of our fa-cul-ty!

Chorus.

SOPHOMORE SONG

O Sophomores, dear Sophomores, we now must say
farewell!
Throughout all this bright year you've stood by us well
You've loved us as we've loved you, with love that ne'er
will die.
We know you'll be true to us when years have gone by,
We know you'll be true to us though long, long years
pass by.

You gave us a banquet—nine courses 'twas in all.
Then Catherine and Alice in trains loomed up tall,
And Florence 's toast to us we never can forget.
Oh, surely 'twas a splendid time—the best ever yet!

There one day our table in decorations fine
You trim; then in aprons you serve while we dine.
The Juniors have tried so hard to imitate our fun,
But Seniors and Sophomores have always won.

And now dearest sister class, we bid you all farewell.
Throughout all this bright year you've stood by us well.
A pleasure it is to us your praises to sing,
And make these familiar halls with your proud name
ring.

FACULTY SONG

Some think it well to tell the fads and follies
Of the faculty,
And so do we.
And please remember that these jokes and jollies,
Could never be
Meant seriously.
Has ever anyone heard Dr. Winslow
Talk rapidly,
Talk rapidly?
May our Miss Potter, dear, *beloved*,
Our sister be,
Our sister be.
Fo' instance, fo' instance, stand up for the right!
Fo' instance, fo' instance, be firm and just in spite
Of all temptations, deprivations; truth is everywhere,
If you but seek it, grasp it, keep it, you will find it
there.

Puzzle, find the grandfather!
Puzzle, find the grandfather!
Puzzle, find the grandfather!

Help! Help! We had to sit,
For we could not find grandpa!
No, not a sign of grandpa!
The day's work was N. A.
We made it up the next Friday.

(Old Black Joe)

Miss Packard is waiting, for those slips to be returned,
So that the estimated marks may be confirmed.

(My Bonnie lies over the Ocean)

Miss Rand has lost her note-book—
Her note-book with history in;
And looking for that same note-book
We fear will soon make her thin.
Woman! woman! Bring back my note-book to me, to me
Woman! woman! Bring back that note-book to me!
(*The shades of night were falling fast*)
We speak French like a Spanish cow,
This is how! With a bow!
Yes, just like a Spanish cow.
Hear us now! Bon Soir!

Fraulein thinks we beat the Dutch,
Also! Also!
But she doesn't say how much
Also! We know!

Miss Collins always wears a hat
Pinned on with greatest care,
We s'pose perhaps she is afraid
She'll take cold in her hair.
And if you'd like to take a tramp,
A dozen miles or so,
Miss Warner gladly will show you
The longest way to go.

But you never will get home!
No, you never will get home!
Though so hard, and fast and long you walk, still
You never will get home!

(Oh, my darling Clementine)
Now we're here to
Give a cheer to
One whom nothing could dishearten,
And we thank you,
Yes, we thank you,
Here's to you, oh, Mrs. Martin!

JUNIOR SONG

Say, have you heard? Heard what?
Haven't you heard? Heard what?
Don't tell a word.
Oh, it was so absurd.
That gigantic class pin!
Where shall we begin?
The Juniors were afraid
Their pin might be mislaid.
A monstrous size
They deemed most wise.
Thought they'd put our small pin out of sight.
When they, too, turned on their flash-light.
They put their money in, a five inch horse blanket pin.
(Juniors presented with a large safety pin during song.)

Chorus:

Oh, you Juniors!
You supe—su—perior class!
The school is laughing, laughing at you,
Chaffing, chaffing, at all you do.
Oh, you Juniors!
Now you're getting yours at last!
Just make believe that its your own sweet will,
And if the dose is bitter, try a sugar pill!
Oh, you Juniors!
You supe—su—perior class.
Tr—rrr—rum!
Tr—rrr—rum!
Yes, 'tis the drum
'Tis the Juniors drum.
Before we go away
We can tell you today
We never thought or knew
How much we'd listen to
That tr—r—rrr—rum!
That tr—r—rrr—rum!
So here's a great big drum
Every one can whack and bang from night till morn.
When you can't toot your horn,
You can all beat your drum.

Cho.

'Tis sad but true
We had a crew

Ready to race.
Yes, we set you a pace,
But you could not keep up
And try for the cup.
You had no captain to
Steer your class war canoe.
So we present
With kind intent
This little captain your crew to steer.
She'll try to help you run the race.
It would be a disgrace
To have no crew next year.

Cho.

(Doll in canoe presented.)

Now we thank you
For all you do!
Why, we all know
That you love us so.
Never try to prevent
Our slightest intent.
Let us take cap and gown
Without ever a frown.
Oh, you've been sweet!
Yes, we repeat.
We never saw such consideration.
But where can be your Allerlei
We've waited vainly—Why!

None!

Such a deprivation.

Cho.

The presentation of the class gift, a stone bench, was delivered by Elizabeth H. Linn, vice-president of the class, who also gave the farewell address. /

At the close of the exercises the Seniors marched to the side porch singing the recessional.

RECESSIONAL

Our happy senior year is spent
'Tis time to say farewell.
But memories will e'er abide,
Of years at dear Lasell.
Yet "not for school; but e'en for life,"
Let this for aye our motto be,
And by it let us ever live.
In school, we've learned this lesson wise,
Always our best to give.

Nineteen Thirteen must say good-bye
To troops of friends loved well.
We'll ne'er forget the friendships firm
We've made at old Lasell.
Yet "not for school; but e'en for life,"
Let this for aye our motto be,
And by it let us ever live.
To these dear friends we gladly pledge
Always our best to give.

Nineteen Thirteen, in years to come,
Will bear this message well:
"Be not repulsed by anything"—
The motto of Lasell.
Yet "not for school; but e'en for life,"

Let this for aye our motto be,
And by it let us ever live.
One plan we have, one purpose sure,
Always our best to give.

Wilhelmina E. Joscelyn.

On the porch the Seniors were met by their "supes" carrying torches. Headed by a band they marched around the Campus and then down to Carpenter, where the farewell was delivered by Juliette B. Beach. From there the procession moved on to Cushman where a farewell song was sung. At the Crow's Nest the farewell was delivered by Ruth E. Ketcham. Following this the girls gathered around the flames where Edna Mathias made the opening address. Each girl threw various articles which had been a special worry to her during the year, into the flames. The loving cup was passed by Florence Evans, President of the Sophomore class, to each member of the Senior class while the girls sang the customary toast.

FAREWELL TO CARPENTER

Tune "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Now comes the time for us to sing farewell
To this our Senior home at dear Lasell.
Precious are the friendships made in schooldays here,
Glowing like hearth-fires, coming days to cheer.
We love our school-home, source of joy, so bright,
Starring its way, e'en to this farewell night.
Just a song at parting, to our Senior home,
Memories fond will linger, though afar we roam.
How shall we forget thee, thee beloved so well.
Now to thee, dear Carpenter, we sing farewell.
Dear Carpenter, farewell.

Charlotte Joseph.

FAREWELL SONG TO CUSHMAN

Tune "How can we bear to part."

Now, we must say farewell
Dear Cushman, student home
Where in we all have met
To work and play.
In Chapel we have gleaned
The truths of higher lives
And from our teachers learned
Day after day.

And so again to you
We sing a fond farewell
To memories of old Main
We'll e'er be true.
In "Seventy" our room
We'll meet together here
Should fortune bring us back
Again to you.

Wilhelmina Joscelyn and Inez Payne.

FAREWELL TO CROW'S NEST

Tune "Those Endearing Young Charms."

In parting we sing to our own dear Crow's nest,
Where with class-mates, we often have met.

To cheer, and to sing Senior songs with a zest.
Those days that we ne'er will forget.
'Tis a pleasant retreat, where inspired we are,
This Senior's haunt of old Lasell.
Now, tonight '13 pays her last homage to thee,
'Tis with sadness we now sing farewell.

Charlotte Joseph.

Edna Mathias made the opening Bonfire Speech, concluding it by throwing her "fiery temper" into the blaze, "so it may no more offend those friends of mine."

Georgina threw in "Song Practise."

Adelle Wilson threw in account book of Missionary Society.

Ruth Trowbridge, Sunday evening roll call at Vespers.

Mildred Westervelt, "rhymes, poems, and songs."

Juliette Beach, "eggs of all kinds, to scramble, fry and burn."

Ada Swanger, "Sharps in music."

Mildred Koch, "Household Economics note book."

Charlotte Joseph, "her pet phrase, 'I don't know.'"

Bertine Libbey and Josephine Clapp, "carrying rolls back from Sunday breakfast to Senior House for "Ed" and "Deckie."

Mary Fenno, "class account book."

Ruth Ketcham, "Bible note book all a bluff!"

Isabella Collins, "that somebody who borrowed and left things hanging around."

Margaret Livermore, "the Jacob's ladder."

Mary Cummings, "three flights of stairs to practise rooms."

Theresa Gordan, "Gelatine dessert."

Dorothy Fink, "the mouse that ate my pretzels up."

Viola Kafka, "My tongue."

Alma Bunch, "that light's out bell."

Elizabeth Linn, "these awful Speeches in my hand."

PASSING OF LOVING CUP

LAST FAREWELL SONG

Tune "Sweet and Low"

Fare—ye—well

Fare—ye—well

Classmates of nineteen-thirteen.

Fare well

Dear Lasell!

Thy daughters of thirteen,
Scatter o'er far-off hill and dell.

Still we'll be faithfull to thee, Lasell.
 We of nineteen-thirteen
 Say good night, Lasell, goodbye,
 Farewell!

COMMENCEMENT

In the Auburndale Congregational Church the fifty-ninth graduation exercises were held on Tuesday morning, June 10, the happy occasion bringing together a large number of alumnae and many visitors. George S. Dunham, of the seminary faculty, was at the organ and played the processional. Prayer was offered by Rev. Willis P. Odell, Ph.D., and there were organ and viola selections by Mr. Dunham and Professor Samuel Goldstein, also of the faculty.

The address to the graduating class was made by Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, D.D., president of the Andover Theological Seminary, and the presentation of diplomas and announcement of prize winners was made by the principal, Dr. Guy M. Winslow. The exercises ended with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. F. M. Peloubet. Miss Jepherson's beautiful singing was a musical feature of the program.

The following pupils were certified in household economics:

Hannah Bingaman, Plainfield, N. J.; Isabella M. Collins, Bainbridge, N. Y.; Angeline Emery, Albany; Nary Fenno, Canton; Dorothy Fink, Reading, Pa.; Margaret Gregson, Morgan Park, Ill.; Marion Harris, St. Louis; Katharine Humbird, Spokane; Charlotte Joseph, Stonington, Conn.; Carolyn Lawton, Sheffield Ill.; Grace Lindsay, Helena, Mon.; Margaret Livermore, Providence; Florence McKittrick, Winnipeg, Man.; Beatrice Roos, Scranton, Pa.; Maria Riker, Harrodsburg, Ky. Mildred Smith, West Barrington, R. I.; Cornelia Stone, Kankakee, Ill.; Ruth Trowbridge, Linwood.

Certificates in music were given the following-named:

Charlotte Joseph, Grace Lindsay, Hazel Harris, Orleans, Vt. Frances Johnsen, Greenport, L. I.

Those certified in bookkeeping were: Ruby Newcomb, South Hadley Falls; Cornelia Stone. The winner of the school tennis tournament was Miss Mary Fenno, and the winner of the contest for the best Commencement cover of the *Lasell Leaves*, the seminary magazine, was Miss Dorothy Green, of Coxhackie, N. Y.

In his address Dr. Fitch said in part:—"Up to this time you have been mendicants, beggars in the community. Think how responsible are your lives to your sisters—those who have never had and will never have the gifts bestowed on you. The nation, through your seminary, has invested huge amounts in you. Never before has so much been spent on education, and that is because the nation expects 5, 6 and 7 percent interest on the investment.

"And how much are you responsible to your own souls? You have freedom, youth, and must accept responsibility. You owe it to your own self-respect to keep them, and you can in four ways:

"You will keep your freedom, youth, and accept responsibility as seminary-bred women, by being simple in your pleasures. To exploit one's self for power and for pleasure is the way of the world today. You must set yourself against that.

"You will keep your freedom, youth and accept responsibility if you take toward life a democratic attitude. Your obligation lies in making this generation see that an educated person has wide-open sympathy and reveres the principles of human life.

"You will keep your freedom, youth and accept your responsibility as women of intellectuality. A seminary is to teach men and women to think, and if it doesn't do it, it fails miserably.

"Cherish and exhaust the spiritual experience of human life. For this woman has a far greater capacity than man. Therefore it lies with you to transmit that sense of spirituality to the coming race, that we may see your own children with a simple, sincere spiritual aim."

One of the important announcements in connection with a Lasell graduation is that of the winners in bread-making. First prize this year was given to Dorothy Canfield, of Los Angeles, Cal., and second prize to Florence McKittrick, of Winnipeg, Man., while honorable mention went to Ruth Trowbridge, '13, of Linwood.

EDITORIAL



What are we going to do with this accumulated power which is ours because of these years of Lasell-training? Danger of sad failure awaits us if we use our diploma as a sort of uncashed check, putting it carefully away and letting the things it stands for be wasted and dissipated through lack of using.

With the gracious words of our baccalaureate sermon still stirring us to high and holy resolve, still tremendously moved by our Commencement speaker's righteous indignation against the frivolous weaknesses of our social life, let us not dare to lose for a moment our deep sense of responsibility and opportunity, remembering that failing to use the power, we lose it!

Some of us will go home to shut-in communities. Oh, the pity of it if we draw away from these less favored ones in a spirit of unworthy pride! No, if our training has been worth while, we shall gladly and instantly begin to share our advantages with the needy, remembering that in no quicker more effective way can we increase our treasures or enrich our own lives than through unselfish joyous service! Then the inspira-

tion of our beautiful Commencement of 1913 will abide with us forever.

✓ The "old girls!" How they come trooping back to Lasell at Commencement time! Graduates of ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago, and more, just as enthusiastic and interested as an alumna of a year" standing. How the teachers, whom (spasmodically) they "could not stand," are the very ones for whom they make a bee-line and of whom they say the kindest things. Keen-eyed, they note every change and rejoice in every improvement. How quick they are to appreciate any little courtesy or sisterly kindness which we "new girls" try to show them. We watch and listen and then ask, "Was there ever in all this world such a loyal Alma-mater-loving alumnae as Lasell's?"



PEDSONAL



And still they come—these dear little Lasell grandchildren—receiving from us always a cordial and loving welcome! On May 2 came Robert Philip Noble, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Noble (Meta Buehner '06). May 7, little Carl Henry arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Levy (Clara Huttenbauer), and May 15, dates the coming of Constance Roper Conant, daughter of Hamilton S. and Bessie Roper Conant.

Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing '73 (our new alumnae treasurer) sends a report of money received from former pupils of Dr. C. W. Cushing for the purchase of his portrait which adorns our chapel wall. In each case the name and amount given is recorded but a note from Mrs. Cushing, added as a postscript, states that the girls do not wish this list published. The donors include members of the classes from 1866 to

1874. Lasell acknowledges with gratitude this gift to the school-home.

From Central Fortuna, Fortuna, P. R., came a delightful message from Elizabeth Edson '12. She expressed a very earnest desire to be at Lasell for the Commencement time and we are sorry she did not make it". She is enjoying the climate and beautiful scenery of the tropics and is teaching two little girls who are on her father's plantation.

Ruth Vollrath '12, in writing from Lucerne, Switzerland, begins her message with "Far away in a real fairyland" and those of us who have been in this part of Switzerland know how true is her description. She is with her father and mother and is "doing" Europe leisurely. She hopes to be with us another Commencement.

Dorothy Dean was graduated this June from the Scoville School for Girls, New York

City. Our congratulations to this girl-graduate.

In a note received from Mr. J. H. Gray of Lubec, Me., we learn that Marion last year has been giving all her time to music and intends to continue her work throughout the summer months. We were glad to get this good word of our school mate.

Katharine Payne '13 doesn't forget Lasell and her friends here. We have received a number of charming messages from her, describing her journey back to Mexico. From New Orleans she writes, "I saw Mildred Snyder '10 for a few moments yesterday afternoon." Our best wishes go with this dear senior whose presence we missed very much at the Commencement time.

From the Austine Institute, Brattleboro, Vt., Grace Alexander '12 sends word to Mrs. Winslow; first, acknowledging a picture of the "dear Winslow babies," she adds, "my work here is very interesting and I shall never regret not only the teaching but the unusual opportunity to study all sorts of human nature. Some of my deaf girls are very dear and companionable to me. They understand me by lip-reading and we have had some jolly times, especially out of doors." She closes with loyal good wishes for our Principal and her Alma Mater.

It was a real disappointment to all of her friends at Lasell that Callie Le Seure '03 could not carry out her plans of spending Commencement in the old school home but the illness of her mother prevented her coming. We shall hold her to her promise for next year.

Mildred Snyder '10 in a note to Doctor Winslow writes, "We are making efforts toward establishing a Lasell Club in this vicinity and hope to have some definite report later." Of the "childrens' pictures" she writes "The lovely picture has been judged by all the Lasell girls of New Orleans and receives the heartiest approval. With the addition of the boy in our house-

hold, of course, we have decided that these are the finest children ever."

One of the latest and best additions to the "Worth While Library" is a charming story "Pollyanna" the gift of Mrs. George Trowbridge, mother of our Clara '12 and Ruth '13. We acknowledge with gratitude this courtesy and take courage to express the hope that others will follow this generous example.

In a note to Miss Potter, Margaret Clark tells of her engagement to Mr. Leslie E. Marden of Chicago, and sends best wishes to all of her friends at Lasell.

During these rare June days, the following Lasell girls have celebrated their weddings:

On Saturday, June 14, Ruth Mary Coulter '12, became Mrs. John M. Bierer at Bridgeport, Conn.

On Tuesday, the 24th of June, occurred the marriage of Mary Margaretta Eaton to Ralph Wilbur Nichols, M. D., at North Haven, Conn. Dr. and Mrs. Nichols will be at home after October 1, at Montowese, Conn.

June 25, at Boone, Ia., Katharine Lavinia Richmond became Mrs. Steele Blake. Mr. and Mrs. Blake will be at home after September 1 at Perry, Ia.

Lasell rejoices with these fair brides and grooms and hopes the school home will be included in their wedding-journey itineraries.

From Elizabeth Louise Thielens we receive the following report of the recent annual meeting of the Chicago Lasell Club:

"The Lasell Club of Chicago held their spring meeting and luncheon in Field's Tea Room on June 11. There were nineteen members present and all enjoyed the reunion. The following officers were elected: Charlotte Thearle Seelcer, president, May Florine Thielens Peeples, vice-president, Edna Matthews Condit, treasurer, and Elizabeth Louis Thielens, secretary. Hazel Cary Adam expects to entertain the Club soon at her home in Joliet, Ill."

Through an oversight, Lasell failed to notice the passing away of the wife of Lasell's honored friend, Col. Homer B. Sprague, which occurred early in the year. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to the bereaved husband and members of the family.

The Provincetown, Mass., daily "Beacon" contained a beautiful tribute to the late Mr. Joseph A. West, father of Josephine H. West who was at Lasell in 1893. Mr. West was closely identified with the business and social development of the town and seldom has a community acknowledged so great a bereavement as the people of Provincetown in the loss of this leading citizen. Our tender sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Another faithful and beloved Lasell girl of the class of '59 has passed away. Mrs. Titus Benjamin Meigs (Lucia Jacobs) died on Wednesday, the 13th of April, at her home in New York City. Through the courtesy of friends, a formal announcement of her death and interment in Woodlawn Cemetery, Delhi, N.Y., was received. Lasell extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved friends and family.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Lasell Alumnae Association was called to order by the President, Mrs. Etta Stafford Vaughan, at 2.30 o'clock in the chapel.

Mrs. Vaughan's cordial greeting to everyone, and especially the welcome to the Class of 1913 made us feel that the Alumnae meeting was by no means the least important event of Commencement Day.

To the end of encouraging the return of "old girls" and arousing greater enthusiasm for the reunion of classes as a whole, the subject was discussed, and a committee to make more definite plans was appointed by the chair. Committee:—Mrs. Lena Josselyn Lamson, Mrs. Mildred Pierce Fuller, Josephine Woodward.

Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg '79, reported the death of Mrs. Myrtle May Davis Stephens, '97, in Topeka, last January. That tribute may be paid to those Lasell girls who have passed away, Mrs. Kellogg requested anyone who hears such tidings to send word to some officer of the Association.

The Secretary's report was read and accepted, and after accepting the report of the treasurer, showing an increase from \$41 to \$648 in the treasury, a rising vote of thanks was given to Mabelle Whitney, '03, for her most valuable services during the last eight years. A surplus of \$15 from the Mid-winter Reunion was supplemented by Dr. Winslow and used for "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," a much needed addition to the library.

Miss Packard suggested using the alumnae fund for loans to be paid back without interest, instead of keeping a large sum until it should be sufficient to yield interest enough for a scholarship. The motion carried that \$400 should be used for four \$100 loans, a time limit to be made, and only a certain committee to know to whom it is given. The committee chosen was Miss Packard, Miss Potter, and the Treasurer of the Association.

From the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund, Mrs. Merriam's statement showed \$1308.10 now in the bank, and Mrs. Draper reported that one Senior had received \$47 and that another Senior enjoyed the same amount duplicated by Dr. Winslow.

The nominating committee, consisting of Josephine Woodward, Jessie MacMillan, and Mrs. Mildred Pierce Fuller, brought in the following list of officers for the coming year for which the Secretary was authorized to cast a ballot: President, Mrs. Etta Stafford Vaughan, '86; first Vice-President, Lela Helen Goodall, '08; second Vice-President, Mrs. Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05; Secretary, Mrs. Maude Simes Harding, '06; Treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73. Mid-winter Reunion:—Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85; Mrs. Elizabeth Pierce

Bittenbender, '05-6; Elizabeth Linn, '13. June Committee:—Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, '84; Marion Louise Hale, '10; Miriam Flynn, '12. Executive Committee: Jessie MacMillan, '82; Lillie R. Potter, '80; Katharine Jenckes, '04.

Business disposed of, Miss Miriam Flynn sang for us most delightfully, and Dr. Bragdon caused no little excitement and applause by announcing his intention to again make his home in Auburndale. Our feelings later grew sad rather than joyous when we learned that he was simply referring to his desire to make the Lasell campus his "last resting place."

Dr. Winslow greeted the Alumnae cordially and his generous invitation to consider our old school home permanently open for our reunions met with sincere appreciation.

Mrs. Mary Murdock Billings, '56, sent a message of interest to the Association as is her yearly custom.

Miss Josephine Clapp, '13, at the piano rendered two charming selection from MacDowell, and Mrs. Martin told us in the most inspiring manner what she is doing at Lasell to evolve better women today than yesterday.

The adjourned to the porch for light refreshments and intimate reminiscences in one of Lasell's happiest moods, which expressed in words, sounds something like this—

We're well and happy!
We're well and happy!
We're well and happy!
Hooray!!

Maude Simes Harding, '06.

Secretary.

FORMER PUPILS AT COMMENCEMENT

Mrs. Fanny Gray Merrick '56, Mrs. Emma Sears May '57, Carrie Spear '57, Mrs. Caroline Hills Leeds '61, Mrs. Sarah Boynton Townsend '67, Angeline C. Blaisdell '67, Mrs. Fanny Barker Coffin '68, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing '73, Mrs. Grace Perkins Patillo '77, Ida M. Phillips '77, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg '79, Lillie R. Potter '80, Jessie J. Macmillan '82, Lillie M. Packard '83, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper '84, Mrs. Marietta Rose Green '86, Mrs. Etta Stafford Vaughan '86, Mary P. Witherbee '92, Nellie M. Richards '93, Mrs. Belle Bragdon Barlow '95, Mrs. Joseph-

ine Chandler Pierce '96, Mrs. Lena Josselyn Lamson '97, Mrs. Gertrude Clark Rayner '97, Mrs. Carrie Kendall Putnam '98, Mrs. Gertrude Watson Linscott '99, Helen M. Ramsdell '00, Mrs. Carrie George Sumner '03, Mabelle H. Whitney '03, A. Katharine Jenckes '04, Mrs. Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, Mrs. Ada Wells Burnham '05, Ruth E. Butterfield '06, Mrs. Mildred Pierce Fuller '06, Mrs. Maie Straight Grebenstein '06, Mrs. Maude Simes Harding '06, Mrs. Helen Carter Marcy '06, Ruth E. Marston '06, Mrs. Katharine Washburn Peyser '06, Florence Lane '07, Agnes Bullard '08, Grace Griswold '08, Madeleine E. Lovitt '08, Sophia B. Mayer '08, Charlotte P. Ryder '08, Myra A. Steward '08, Maria L. Riker '09, Mary B. Wythe '09, Olive F. Bates '10, Julia Crafts '10, Marion L. Hale '10, Cornelia Stone '10, Josephine L. Woodward '10, Vera I. Bradley '11, Ruth Butterworth '11, Mrs. Barbara Dennen Carpenter '11, Kathleen M. Knight '11, Helen L. Sayre '11, Helen R. Thirkield '11, Dorothea C. Africa '12, Ruth E. Bachelder '12, Emily E. Butterworth '12, Maude L. Dunlap '12, Miriam K. Flynn '12, Mary C. Goodwillie '12, Mildred J. Hall '12, Florence K. Jones '12, Marion L. Joslin '12, Charlotte B. Lesh '12, Annie F. Merrill '12, Ethel L. Moore '12, Esther D. Morey '12, Clara L. Parker '12, Jane Parsons '12, Marjorie Risser '12, Clara F. Trowbridge '12, Mary Starr Utter '12, Rosalthe C. Williams '12, Emma Barker, Elizabeth Bailey, May Beardsley, Imo Blakestad, Lillian Buehner, Mrs. Grace Wells Coleman, Mrs. Blanche Goll Cushing, Jeanne Dennett, Mrs. Minnie Jones Eddy, Emma Ferris, Mrs. Yolance Morrison Gooderham, Helen Gibert, Mrs. Annie Judson Hannigan, Mrs. Alice Mayo Hicks, Mrs. Blanche Busell Hofmann, Mrs. Mabel Morse Freeman, Elizabeth Farnham, Gertrude Farnham, Vivien Fowler, Minetta Gildner, Helen Mayer, Mrs. Carrie Fisher Mellen, Helen Marshall, Adelle McDonald, Mrs. Marjorie Simes Nickerson, Mrs. Catherine Cann Porter, Polly Porter, Dorothy Prentice, Clara Prince, Lillie Reincke, Mrs. Dorothy Caldwell Schipper, Mrs. Harriet Bacheller Spooner, Gertrude Tingley, Mrs. Emma Pinkham Wall, Florence Wallace, Edessa Warner, Violet Irene Wellington, Elizabeth S. Whipple, Edna Woolson.



BACCALAURATE

(continued from page 252)

soul, knowledge, and self-mastery,—a faith not static but dynamic.

In our spiritual evolution that we know a great deal is not so important as that we think even a little and that we think profoundly is not so important in the result we seek as that we obey wholly, for knowledge puffeth up, knowledge vaunts itself often reproves itself unseemly. Indeed, when unaccompanied with the graces that grow out of an obedient heart it becomes an ugly thing. If we would set free the power to become we must make truth as well as knowledge grow. Love and wit side by side. Over against every thought of God and man there grows a duty. Out of every new attainment arises a new privilege of service, yea and out of all hindrance and self denial and pain and struggle with moral evil the soul must learn to draw strength.

Let me recall that oft-quoted poem of Sidney Lainer. It can hardly be quoted too often to aspiring people:

"O hunger, hunger I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirits glebe
Of old the blind bard Herve sang so sweet
He made a wolf to plow his field."

We are not started on our way to the goal of life until we have harnessed the wolf of our passions, our wants and made him harrow all our nature's soil for the growth of the noble virtues.

Obedience harnesses the wolf. The obedience of faith—obeying one's heavenly visions—this is the supreme activity of the soul. Obedience lifts the mind above the fog banks of intellectual pride to a plane of clean vision. Obedience "Orbs our knowledge into that perfect star" of which the poet speaks.

Come, O Infinite Breath, from the four winds! Breathe upon all the dry bones in our human nature that we may live with thy life. Live out in joy and truth and love,

howbeit with grief and pain, thine own great purpose of creation.

Amen.

A LIVING MEMORY

To Annis Ford Eastman

The Heavenly light that round her played
Almost a sacred halo made.
And ever from her radiant face
Shone such a shaft of inward grace
It glorified the darkest place.

So great her mind, so big her heart,
All things in her full life had part:
She loved the trees; she loved the flowers;
She loved life in its passing hours—
Its moods of sunshine or of showers.

She loved mankind—and to them brought
Unstintedly, her care and thought;
And lavished on them, full and free,
The treasures most guard zealously.

She walked among us day by day—
A laughing comrade, in our play;
In grief our loving staff and stay;
In doubt, our guide to point the way.

Now she has passed beyond our sight.
Yet on our path there falls a light:
The afterglow of setting sun;
The voice of God who says, "Well done.
Enter thy rest, beloved one."

And for the dear remembered days,
We lift a hymn of grateful praise.

Mrs. Rufus Stanley.

A CONNOISSEUR

'Twas eventide. The small lad stood on the bridge slapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky.

"Ah, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was a little nearsighted; "it does my heart good to see you appreciate yon cloud effect."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "I've been watching it for ten minutes."

Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of perfect bliss.

"A real poet, without a doubt! And do you watch the sunsets often, little boy?"

"Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset, gov'nor. That's the village schoolhouse burning down."—*Ex.*

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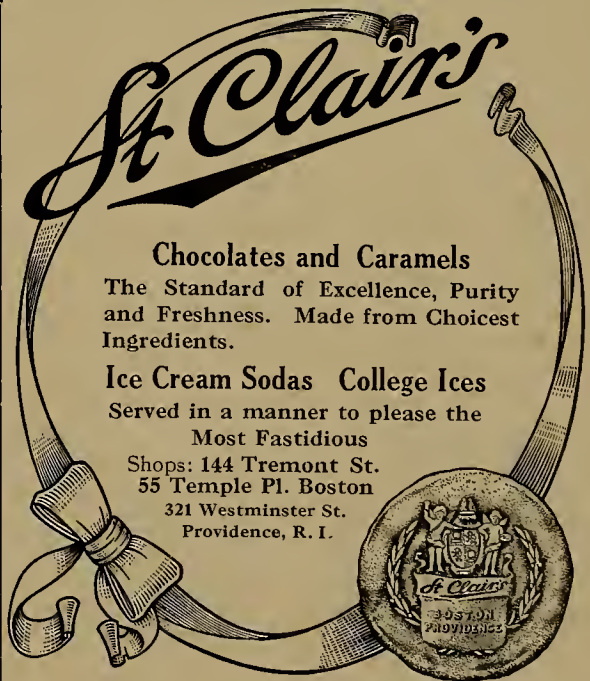
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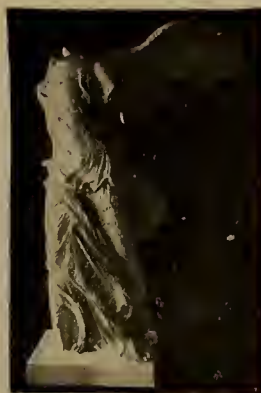


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LITERARY.



A MEXICAN BATTLE

During the past summer my home in Tuxpam, Mexico, has been the scene of much activity owing to the Mexican Revolution. My sister, Inez, who graduated last year from Lasell was present and had to go on a tug, together with all of the women and children and stay there for two days and nights.

The following is an extract from a letter which I received, telling me of the battle which took place at my home between the Rebel and Federal forces.

"You can easily imagine, Dorotea, the excitement there was in Camp when, on the evening of July second, General Vegas of the Rebel forces, telegraphed to your father who was at the river terminal, Cobos, and told him to send out at once, sufficient train service to transport his band to Cobos, to make an attack on Tuxpam. He also added that if he heard that the authorities at Tuxpam received word of his coming, he (your father) would be shot at once, on the General's arrival. On the other hand, the Tuxpam authorities had an inkling that the Rebels were coming, and telephoned to Cobos that if Mr. Payne knew of their coming and did not advise them, the first thing they would do, would be to place him against a wall and shoot him. Altogether it was a most

critical state of affairs, and your father was in far from an enviable position. Of course, Mr. Payne has friends and also employees in the town; so he communicated with General Vegas, and finally prevailed on him to consent to his advising the people at Tuxpam one hour before the Rebels were due to arrive at Cobos, that they might get



General Manager Payne's Residence

their women and children out. So, on the morning of the third, all of the women, including Miss Payne and myself, were placed on board a Tug and sent out to an Oil Steamer which was anchored in the Gulf. There we stayed for two days and two nights; and Dorotea, had it not been for the Senorita Inez, goodness only knows what would have become of us! I declare! she had grit and

courage for all of us; and thanks to her coolness and cheerfulness, we were all made to 'face toward the bright side.' She was a general in the best sense, forgetting herself in caring for us.

"To return to the scene of action: the rebels arrived at Cobos about eight o'clock on the morning of the third, and assured Mr. Payne that there would be no fight there. However, a shot from the Federal force, stationed across the river, started things, and instantly bullets were flying thick and fast. The Rebels were deployed about the company's houses, all of which were badly riddled, your home getting the brunt—it was literally peppered. It is estimated that not

northward, leaving many wounded to be cared for.

"All of these facts, I of course, learned after our return from the Oil Steamer, from one of those who had spent the night in the open."

Dorothy Payne, '14.

HIDDEN GENIUS

"No, son, your allowance stops at once, and you're out of my will. You have wasted all your time and a lot of your money in college, and now it is high time you got out and worked for yourself awhile. I work for what I get, and perhaps if you did the same, you would learn to appreciate the value of money. You have never worked a day in your life, and now, here you are, at twenty two, thrust out into the world with nothing to do. Remember, I shall not help you one bit to find work till you show me you can amount to something. Then I'll only be too glad to help you. I'll then give you your \$500 monthly and again put you back in my will, but no sooner. It's up to you. I have an engagement now, so good-bye and good luck."

With these words Mr. Gorham took his hat and left his office.

Chester sat in deep thought, nor were his thoughts pleasant. With money always within his reach, and with no burdens to bear, his life had been one grand dream. But now he knew he had awakened, and that his future from now on depended on himself. Well, he would show Dad!

So he hurried home, packed his suit-case, and told his mother he was going on a business trip for his father. But, truly, he had no idea as to where he was going.

A sudden thought struck him. Ned Jordan, a classmate who was graduated the year previous, was working for a Boston newspaper. He would go there, and perhaps Ned could help him out.

Surely there was never a better chance for a young man to win a name as a press



Freight Yard where Gen. Vegas was killed

less than 25,000 shots were fired, and at the first volley General Vegas was killed.

"By this time it was dark, and many native employees with their families who had attempted to reach safety, were caught in the swamp; rain, too, came on, which with the numerous and various insects and crawling things, added to their keen discomfort. All were obliged to remain where they were, as attempting any move in the blackness and over the marshy ground, was suicidal. When morning dawned, they were a sorry, but nevertheless joyous band, as anything seemed better than the horrors of the night. The Rebels were defeated, and marched

agent than when "Chet" arrived in Boston. As it happened there was great excitement among the reporters about a man who had stolen \$40,000 and had disappeared. For days the press had been trying to locate the thief. And now the police had asked their aid in tracking him. As Chester was a lover of adventure, he immediately asked for a position on the *Boston News*, and he thought he could at least earn a livelihood by that, till he found a better position.

Chester entered his work with a great deal of enthusiasm, and excitement. He had only a few facts upon which to work, but that made the case more interesting. The man he was hunting had a girl in Brookline. So he hastened to her home. For a whole day he hid, and watched her house. But no one was seen entering or leaving. About ten o'clock as he was ready to give up and come back the next day, he heard the door open and a heavily-veiled figure in black, appeared on the porch. She stealthily descended the steps, cautiously looking in every direction. She hurried down the street which was as dark as pitch, till she came to a lighted corner. Here she stopped and nervously looked all about her. Her pursuer slunk quickly behind a tree to escape her notice. On she went down several back streets till she reached the depot. As there were several people in line for tickets, young Gorham stepped behind the girl in black.

"One ticket for Providence, please." Ah, another clue!

Chester also bought a ticket for Providence, but paid no attention to the girl, so that she would not mistrust that he was following her.

As soon as the train stopped at their destination, they both took carriages and rode away. Chester tipped his driver and told him to follow the other carriage, but if the first carriage stopped, to go straight on.

After a drive of about ten minutes the first carriage stopped and the girl hurried into the C— Hotel.

"Now for the proof that the *man* is there. How could I find out without being caught," mused "Chet" as his carriage moved aimlessly on. "I know, I'll go to the telephone exchange. Perhaps I can bribe the operator to look over the calls of one or two days, and see if Miss — ever had a call from a man in Providence."

Soon he was at the Exchange, and with only a *very* small amount of coaxing, and a very limited bribe, the records were looked over. And sure enough, here was a call from Room 67, C— Hotel, Providence, only the preceding day.

It need not be said that it took but a very few minutes for the reporter to reach the hotel, where the mouse was caught fast in his trap.

Taken so by surprise both the man and girl confessed, for they thought they had completely covered their tracks, and as they were about to leave the country, no one would ever be the wiser as to the disappearance of the \$40,000.

Both were turned over to the police, and one happy, exuberant boy raced back to Boston in a taxi, as the train could not get him there fast enough. From there he sent a message to his father, and to his joy this telegram was wired back: "Congratulations. Have wired money, and have re-instated you in my will. Knew you could be something, if you chose. Come home, and I'll give you a good start here in the biggest newspaper in the state."
Lena Vee Kelley, '14.

A TRIP TO ROSEBUD CANYON

We left here Tuesday morning early, equipped with only the bare necessities of life. We drove about eighteen miles and then camped for lunch, then drove about sixteen miles further. The place where we stopped belongs to an old friend of my father's, and is one of the last of the really old time ranches. They keep about fifty head of horses, most of them saddle horses, and punch cows in the old time way. The

L (lazy EL) ranch it is named and you can find the brand painted or burned on everything. That night we ate supper with the "bunch" at a long oil cloth covered table. The table ware was not Haviland china or sterling silver, but more substantial—the food would have been a credit to a New York



Jean McKay in Camp

caterer. And we were *so* hungry! That evening we assembled in the "office" as they call it, and were entertained by a much used but good phonograph, and hair raising tales of hair breadth escapes and experiences of the early days. However I think we were both glad when the suggestion was made that we retire. It seemed that we had been asleep about ten minutes when we were aroused by a noise that would rival the Lasell rising gong. This proved to be the *L* rising gong and was simply some one pounding an iron triangle that hung just outside our window. I looked at the watch and found its accusing fingers pointing to five-thirty, so up we hopped. Breakfast was much like supper, but we had some of the finest mountain trout I ever expect to eat, and Mrs. Kelly can make delicious rolls. Breakfast over, we found that everything had been planned for our comfort. Our own horses turned loose and a fresh team on our rig and saddle horses for Miss Warner and me. Off we started in the gayest of moods for the day was simply perfect. It was about four miles to the Canyon itself, and then six miles up to our intended camp. I assure

you that road was not a Commonwealth Avenue, either. Huge rocks, boulders and bumps of the worst kind made our progress very slow. Miss Warner and I were surely glad to be on horseback and if ever there was a martyr, it was the poor man driving that team. To get into the Canyon it was necessary to go over a high ridge and then you simply drop down the other side into the Canyon. Barbara, I wish I had the English language sufficiently under command to describe the view from the top of that ridge. When you look up that wild steep, rugged gash in the earth you forget that Mrs. Brown does not like your new hat or that there is a hole in your best party dress; those petty things for once slip your mind and you can only stand and look and feel *very* humble. You feel yourself to be such a *little* dot on the face of earth compared to those wonderful mountains and yet isn't it wonderful that, because we have life, and a soul, we are greater than they are. We rode slowly and carefully down the mountain side drinking in all that we could. At the foot we met three forest rangers just starting to climb out and into the world again. The further we went up the Canyon, the rougher the road. Part of it led through lovely cedar groves that smelled so fresh and "woodsey." We reached our camp about noon, hobbled or picketed our horses and had lunch. Hungry? Maybe you think that fresh trout, hot coffee and bread didn't disappear. After we were through with our domestic duties (washing the frying pan and tin plates) Miss Warner and I set out for the afternoon; she with a fishing rod and I with a book. There are three lakes in the Canyon, so we walked down to the mouth of the second and I found a shady spot while Miss Warner diligently plied her efforts to fishing. Great was the excitement when she landed a poor little mite about three inches long. It took both of us to take him off the line and it was some time before we were quite calm again. I was just

nicely settled when an excited scream told me that another had tasted of her bait and this time it was a real respectable fish which she had for supper that night. However that was the last and we spent the rest of the afternoon in quiet enjoyment of the beauties around us. The stream itself is a wild one and plunges recklessly over boulders and fallen timber at a tremendous rate. The Canyon is narrow and on either side the ragged granite peaks seem almost perpen-



Mystic Lake

dicular. Banks of snow in shaded spots make it more picturesque and from each bank a tiny mountain stream plunges down to join the main stream. We wandered back to camp about five o'clock and helped set up our "wikings," prepared supper and how we did eat. Dishes washed and the camp in order, and then came the finest camp fire you can imagine. Miss Warner and I curled up against our tightly rolled

beds and sat before it for a long, long time. No sound to disturb us but the gentle snap of the cedars and the roar of the river beneath us. When only the red coals remained we crawled into our "wikings" and tried to find a soft spot in our bed. Two quilts beneath you on the hard ground does not make a downy couch and I declare I slept on a rock as large as my hand most of the night, and every time I moved I found a new one. Miss Warner very sensibly laid quietly and kept her troubles to herself. Morning arrived with its usual haste but we were eager to arise and be off. (Kindly do not mention eagerness on my part, to Miss Warner, for I think she had to shove me, pull me and threaten extreme violence before I moved). We had a nice hot breakfast and then gathered our belongings for the day. Mr. Wright had our horses all ready for us so off we started. The sun had not yet made its appearance in all parts of the Canyon. It only shines directly into it about five hours. About half a mile from camp we met three men on horseback and five pack horses. It was a New York lawyer, his guide and cook just leaving the mountains, they had been roughing it about five weeks I believe. The lower falls were not especially exciting although very picturesque. From there on our progress was very slow for we had to climb over huge logs and boulders that were enough to daunt the courage of even a mountain bred horse. Those horses were wonders. Miss Warner was riding a little bay named Texas and I had an inexperienced colt named Kialets who went slam bang over anything that came her way. One place we had to crawl down was *awful* and my heart refused to stay in its proper place. The horses slid, stumbled and plunged along in the most hair-raising manner and there was certainly no soft spot to light upon if necessary. At the foot of this hill we crossed the river and I would like to know just how those horses stood up crossing those slippery rocks in the swift water. We

went through a cedar grove then, and when we came to a nice sandy spot my noble steed decided to roll. I am not in the habit of moving quickly and I assure you the length of time it took me to get out of that saddle would have done credit to a fly when he saw an approaching swatter. A good stiff club soon changed her mind about rolling and we found that she was cinched too tight, hence her desire to roll. A little



Mystic Falls

further and we had to leave our horses and proceed on foot. It was heaps of fun jumping from rock to rock along the mountain side but not half so much fun crawling along on slippery grass. The spray from the falls could be seen long before we arrived there, so we had that to travel toward as our goal. These falls were falls in the true sense of the word. They tumbled two hundred and forty-three feet and there was

certainly no reason why they should not fall, there was nothing to stop them. The mist blew to the west and through it two distinct rainbows, one above the other were visible, hence the name "Rainbow Falls." On either side of them, walls of rock rose for about five hundred feet, the tops, rough granite peaks. A breeze that made you wish for your sweater swept down the gash, so as soon as we were partly satisfied we turned back, ready to explore new spots. Our next goal was "Mystic Lake" and to reach it, it was necessary to go over the mountain. Going over the mountain is a much more difficult operation than you might suppose. In the first place, we did not know the way and if you did know it, it was no snap. Our boots were hobnailed to prevent slipping but even then we had to crawl on all fours much of the time. One place in particular we will not forget. We had to help each other up a wall of rock. Miss Warner went up beautifully, Mr. Wright pulled and I pushed so it was not so bad, but when it came to hoisting this heavy-weight up it was no joke. It took the combined efforts of a stout tree, Miss Warner and Mr. Wright to do it. I happened to glance back and saw that steep mountain-side below me and, my dear, I was so scared I could feel each bone in my body rattle. However after much pulling they landed me. It took quite a while to reach the top even then but at last we did—and below us lay Mystic Lake. Blue, the deep dark blue of the purest water, it lay between the mountains completely filling the Canyon. The sides of the mountains were green about half way up and then bare granite peaks. The "draws" that were shaded were still full of snow and you could feel the fresh breeze that blew directly from them. Ducks on the lake never moved at our appearance and did not seem at all alarmed. Tracks of elk, deer and mountain sheep could be seen in the dust or mud. Such water as it was to drink—oh, so cold, directly from the

snow, and, oh, so pure! It is so sheltered up there and you feel so guarded from all outside troubles. Of all the places I have ever seen, this was the most beautiful. There may be lovelier spots on earth but none that will ever impress me more. They told Miss Warner and me that we were the first women they ever knew of, to make the trip and only about a hundred men, mostly trappers or forest rangers. In front of us there were about two hundred miles of almost impassable mountains. We ate our lunch on the shore and then climbed slowly back up the mountains with many a backward glance and sigh of regret. Sliding down was a much simpler affair than climbing up, and took about half the time, so about three thirty found us ready to mount and ride back to camp. We "pulled up" camp in a hurry, I can tell you, and in an hour we were ready to leave. Pulling over the divide, out of the canyon, was no joke either. The last few "pitches" are positively straight up so for fear of breaking the double-trees, Mr. Wright fastened a rope to the wagon and then tied it to the horn of Miss Warner's saddle so she rode ahead and helped pull over the ridge. Oh, but she was a royal sport from start to finish, and was mighty brave. Darkness arrived about this time and so we rode ahead of the team to trace the trail. Need I tell you that it was two very tired girls that crept between the blankets at the L Ranch. Mrs. Kelly had some lovely chicken for us but even chicken failed to arouse our interest. Next day we made the long drive home and thus ended a trip I know will be one of the happiest memories of my life.

Tonight is a beautiful moonlight night, no sound save the rush of the creek and the occasional yapping of hungry coyotes disturbs the peace.

Jean Mc Kay.

HIS MEMORIAL

Hiram Hazleton drove slowly along the country road, gazing around delighted, at the wealth of gay color which everywhere greeted his sight, for despite his prosaic name, Hiram had a poetic soul and an eye keen to note all beauteous forms of Nature, and surely nowhere had she used such a lavish hand as in this very part of the world where the admirer drove. The reds and yellows of the maples blazed in front of the more soberly arrayed oaks and the green of the pines. Late golden-rod and gay purple asters lined the road and the voices of the reapers were heard in the fields.

Hiram thus addressed his bony horse.

"It's a great old world, ain't it, Nick, old boy? Just look at them posies agrowing so cheerful and bright, and ain't the maples elegant in those colors? Land, Nick, folks needn't talk to us about being poor. You and me has more than even the old Squire up on the hill. *He* don't see nothing but money wherever he is and the things we have can't be bought with money, can they?"

Poor Nick looked as if a little of the old Squire's money might be expended with good results for a little grain, and old Hiram in his shiny coat didn't exactly resemble a prosperous man. The good people of Haden, who for the most part *were* prosperous, assumed an air of benign toleration toward him, always assuring strangers that he was perfectly harmless, but a little queer, you know and they shook their heads pityingly at his vagaries.

Hiram's reveries were rudely broken by the shrill, frightened scream of a child, and turning with a start he saw a small figure flying along the stone-wall which separated the field and road. His heart stood still with terror, for behind her came plunging a huge bull, his head tossing savagely.

Throwing the reins over old Nick's back, Hiram leaped from the carriage. As the child came nearer, he recognized little Alice, the Squire's sunny-haired baby daugh-

ter. With a bound he cleared the wall and swept her over the other side. But the animal was close upon him in an instant, and with a bellow of rage lifted him high into the air, just as four panting men, armed with pitchforks and ropes came rushing through the field. The bull was captured and driven away, but his victim lay still and white on the mown field. Once he moaned and opened his eyes, their vagueness lighted by a look of exaltation.

The Squire in broken words tried to tell his "gratitude, but Hiram stopped him with a feeble gesture.

"I had a little girl once myself, Squire. She and her mother have been gone a good while now, and some way, it don't seem hard to go.—Oh, now, don't you mind, Squire, because I don't, you know; it's an awful nice place to live in here, but there—"

His voice grew weaker and with a smile on his lips Hiram Hazleton went from the world he loved into a far brighter and dear Home, leaving the testimony of that deed as his memorial.

Helen E. Stockwell.

THE BURGLAR

The students of Burnet Academy were in a state of suppressed excitement. An epidemic of fear had been easily spread in this school of emotional girls. At all times of the day groups of them were discussing the rumor that a burglar had been seen in one of the dormitories, each drawing on her imagination to make the report thrilling.

"Well, you know Sarah *saw* him running down her corridor the night she stayed away from dinner," breathlessly exclaimed Betty.

"Yes," broke in nervous little Jennie, "and last night I am sure somebody with a lantern was prowling around on the fire-escape. The light flooded our room and when I called to Mary it disappeared so he must have heard us."

"Last night I was waked up by the worst

rattling noise, just like two metals hitting together and I am sure a burglar was picking my lock."

"Oh, Linda, and you rooming alone. What did you do?" exclaimed the girls.

"Well, I got up and pushed my table in front of the door and prepared for the worst. I was too scared to go for help because I would have bumped into him. You know if I had yelled he might have gotten in and gagged me or something terrible, like you read about in the papers. But he must have given up because the noise stopped."

"I just bet it is Tim Perit who escaped from the insane asylum last week," said Lettia.

"Girls tonight after study hour let's be real brave and have some fun," interrupted mischief-loving Kate. "We can arm ourselves like militant suffragettes and have a parade around the campus. If you all will do it I'll be willing to lead the procession and we can stay near the buildings. Now you know if one lonesome burglar saw a whole brigade of girls on the war path he'd run a mile."

"But if Tim Perit saw us he wouldn't have sense enough to run," interposed Lettia.

"Well, Letty don't be afraid of an idiot! He'd probably think we were the police coming to take him back."

So it was agreed that they and as many others as wanted to should have some fun as had been suggested.

That same night, Winifred Merrill called a meeting of the Student Council. It was the first year Burnet had organized this body of enthusiastic workers.

"Well, girls," began Winifred, "what do you think of this excitement in the school? To me it seems like the work of imaginative minds."

"For my part," exclaimed Nan, "I wish it would quiet down."

"That is just the reason I called this meeting tonight," replied Winifred. "When

the faculty decided to let us girls have a share in our government they expected us to be rational and try to keep order in some degree. Now we don't want to be prudish or butt in, but since the school has chosen us we'll have to act according to our best judgment. Has anyone a suggestion to make?"

"Win, I am sure the girls would listen to you," spoke up Carrie, "If you'd talk to them it might do a lot toward pacifying the elements. Of course we might get Mrs. Parker to speak to them but since the faculty seems oblivious to any disturbance, we might as well keep them so."

This plan was heartily agreed upon. When the chattering girls rushed in from their escapade fifteen minutes before lights-out bell they were surprised to be informed by their student council sentinel that all were expected in the study hall for a few minutes.

"Girls, you won't have to stay long," said Winifred when they assembled, "I think I have solved the reports concerning this mysterious man."

Everyone seemed greatly interested on hearing this and Winifred felt that a point had been gained.

"To begin with, the so-called burglar Sarah saw 'running' down her corridor was no doubt the night watchman making his rounds. It is very probable her imagination and nervousness did the rest. The light that shone in Jennie's window was most likely from an auto lamp and as for the rattling noise Linda heard, I feel sure that was the radiator as Lula and I have been awakened by ours. Now these may seem very simple solutions for such vivid burglar tales but let's give the watchman a chance to do the worrying. Do let's forget the rumors and get back to our old peaceful times," appealed Win.

"Hurray!" shouted Janet. "I feel already as if I could get to sleep without seeing things."

"Some class to our Student Council," said one of the girls on dispersing. "And girls, won't it be a relief not to continually hear stories of our mysterious burglar."

THE FEATHER ON HER HAT

T
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feather on her hat,

And high in air it waves;
At night within our little flat
The flaming gas it braves.
It tickles every chandelier;
At home or church or store
It forces her to stop, for fear
It will not pass the door.

T
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feather that she wears,

And sturdy it appears;
Of course it's none of our affairs
That oft it interferes
With overhanging limbs of trees
And arches here and there,
To difficulties such as these
She never gives a care.

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feather, straight today,

That decorates her hat
And causes all who see it to say:
"How very swell is that!"
And now, until the fashions change,
She'll dream of no regret,
But I foresee a bonnet strange
If e'er she gets it wet.



Wednesday evening, September the twenty-fourth, was the opening night of school. About two hundred girls met in the dining room that evening for the first time. Mr. Fletcher, the best patronized florist in Auburn-dale, furnished the flowers for the occasion. The orchestra, so familiar to Lasell girls, played several selections during dinner and furnished the music for the dancing in the evening.

When dinner was over, we were called to the chapel to hear a few words of welcome from our principal. From there we were invited to the gymnasium to dance and to become better acquainted. It was altogether a very pleasant evening and a most delightful way in which to begin our new school year.

During the week of September the twenty-eighth the new girls received invitations from the old girls to a dancing party which was to come the following Saturday. Of course they all accepted and the most important question in school was, "Who is going to

take you to the dance?" When Saturday evening came, the new girls, escorted by the old girls gathered in the gymnasium at the appointed hour, seven-thirty.

Just before the dancing began, the Seniors formed a circle and announced their class officers as follows: President, Ruby Newcomb; Vice-president, Lena Vee Kelly; Secretary, Ruth Thresher, Treasurer, Dorothy Payne, and Yell master, Lucile Scott.

After this excitement was over, all formed for the grand march, which was led by the newly-chosen President and her partner. The dancing continued until ten o'clock and it was with reluctant hearts that we went to our rooms.

The following course of lectures by Dr. Leon H. Vincent will be given.

Oct. 30 7.45 P.M. Dr. Johnson and the Literary Club.

Nov. 1 1.40 P.M. Oliver Goldsmith and Laurence Stern.

Nov. 13 7.45 P. M. Sir Walter Scott.

These lectures will be given in the Seminary Chapel.

On the twenty-seventh of September the Christian Endeavor and Missionary Societies united to give a frolic in the Gym for the new girls. Four different colleges were represented, each girl wearing the letter of "her" college. Urged by their leaders, the girls cheered loud and long for their colleges and their representatives. The musical numbers were well received, especially "Az" as Tettrazini. The obstacle race afforded as much fun to the on-lookers as to those who entered it. Of course, the girls were ready for the eating "stunts" and Miss Potter, Miss Packard and Miss Rand proved to be as good eaters as the girls when it came to apples and crackers. After refreshments had been served, the evening was brought to a close with the singing of some of the school songs. In all, the girls had a very happy time their first Saturday night at Lasell.



On Thursday and Friday of the opening week of school, all the girls were given boat rides on the Charles. To the new girls, especially, was this a treat but the old girls are always ready for a ride on the river. There were several parties each day. Among other places of interest along the river is the watch factory at Waltham, where, one day, the girls were fortunate enough to witness a fire-drill.

On October 7, the Lasell Glee Club or-

ganized with the following girls as officers. President, Charlotte Swartwout; Vice President, Lois Brader; Secretary and Treasurer, Dora Goodwillie; Business Manager, Barbara Jones.



On Thursday evening, October 2, Dr. Leon H. Vincent gave the first of a series of lectures, his subject was "Thoreau and His Wooden Inkstand." We were very glad to again welcome Dr. Vincent, and are looking forward to his coming lectures.

SCHOOL ROSTER

Alden, Esther	Hyde Park.
Anderson, Ruth	Holyoke.
Andrews, I. Maude	Waterloo, Ia.
Apfelbaum, Irene R.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ash, G. Mildred	Binghamton, N. Y.
Baer, Rose L.	Lehighton, Pa.
Bailey, Elzada M.	East Poland, Me.
Bailey, Emma Jane	East Poland, Me.
Baird, Helen C.	Austin, Minn.
Ball, Irene C.	Massena, N. Y.
Barrett, Sophie R.	New York, N. Y.
Bauman, Margrethe M.	Grayling, Mich.
Beach, Elizabeth S.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Beach, Marian	New Milford, Conn.
Beaver, Edna M.	Norwood.
Benson, Helen L.	Tower, Minn.
Bettcher, Genevieve M.	Short Beach, Conn.
Bevans, Dorothy M.	Portland, Me.
Bevin, Alice C.	East Hampton, Conn.
Bickford, Jacquelyn T.	Newport News, Va.
Bingaman, Katherine G.	Plainfield, N. J.
Bingaman, M. Hannah	Plainfield, N. J.
Bollman, Irene L.	Tuscola, Ill.
Bowman, Katherine M.	Woburn.
Brader, Lois M.	Lehighton, Pa.
Bradley, Isabel E.	Bolivar, N. Y.
Brien, Doris A.	Boston.
Brix, Myrtle A.	Portland, Ore.
Brooks, Helen E.	South Berwick, Me.

- Burnett, H. Alleda
 Bushnell, Dorothy M.
 Caldwell, Rena R.
 Cammack, Ruth
 Campbell, Mary F.
 Canfield, Dorothy
 Carpenter, Annie E.
 Carter, Catherine G.
 Carter, Elizabeth T.
 Christensen, Edna C.
 Clark, Florence A.
 Close, Lovina H.
 Cohen, Aimee J.
 Cone, Gladys
 Cutting, Marion
 Cutting, Mildred
 Darrow, Dorothy C.
 Davis, Constance H.
 Davis, Ruth P.
 Dealey, Maidie
 deZouche, Gratia
 Doleman, Elsie L.
 Dollings, Judith E.
 Downs, L. Griselda
 Downs, Ruth I.
 Drane, Dorothy A.
 Dunham, Evelyn H.
 Eby, Myra C.
 Ellis, Julia G.
 Emerine, Bess E.
 Emery, Angeline E.
 Evans, Florence M.
 Ferguson, Veda
 Flagler, Mabel C.
 Fogg, Marcia J.
 Frankel, Amelia K.
 Frauenthal, Gladys T.
 Fuller, Florence M.
 Gates, Florence
 Gerard, Madeline E.
 Griffin, Cora A.
 Goddard, Mildred J.
 Goodman, Gladys S.
 Goodwillie, Dora E.
 Gratz, Mervelle M.
 Griffin, Marion M.
 Griggs, Jane
 Hall, Ruth A.
 Hallock, Florence L.
 Hallock, Phoebe P.
 Harris, Frances M.
 Harris, Hazel E.
 Harris, Josephine
 Hartshorn, Dorothy F.
 Harvey, Nellie L.
 Hastings, Jean
 Hasty, Cora M.
 Hayden, Maude J.
 Hazelet, Elizabeth J.
 Hennessy, Dorothy E.
 Hildreth, Elizabeth F.
 Hill, Dorothy E.
 Hoag, Katherine A.
 Hodges, Edith F.
 Hoeftlin, E. Rose
 Hoffman, Hortense
 Hotchkiss, Anita D.
 Hotchkiss, Mildred E.
 Jones, Barbara A.
 Jones, Mabel C.
 Joscelyn, F. Lucile
- Minneapolis, Minn.
 Mansfield, O.
 New Carlisle, Que.
 Huntington, W. Va.
 Canaan, N. H.
 Los Angeles, Cal.
 Patten, Me.
 Lynchburg, Va.
 Reading
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 Groton, N. Y.
 Toledo, O.
 New York, N. Y.
 East Hampton, Conn.
 Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Fort Wayne, Ind.
 La Porte, Ind.
 Portland, Ore.
 Galveston, Tex.
 Dallas, Tex.
 Troy, N. Y.
 Greenwood
 Wyoming, O.
 Orange, N. J.
 Bridgeport, Conn.
 Corsicana, Tex.
 Brattleboro, Vt.
 Harrisburg, Pa.
 Torrington, Conn.
 Fostoria, O.
 Albany, N. Y.
 Cincinnati, O.
 Bozeman, Mont.
 Mechanicville, N. Y.
 Biddeford, Me.
 Hopkinsville, Ky.
 Little Rock, Ark.
 E. Cleveland, O.
 Memphis, Tenn.
 Patchogue, L. I.
 Lockport, Ill.
 Lynn
 Hartford, Conn.
 Oak Park, Ill.
 New York, N. Y.
 North Bloomfield, Conn.
 Buffalo, N. Y.
 Concord, N. H.
 Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Speonk, L. I.
 Rumford, Me.
 Orleans, Vt.
 New York, N. Y.
 Gardner
 Jamaica Plain
 Bridgewater, Nova Scotia
 Auburn, Me.
 Dorchester
 Williamsport, Pa.
 Butte, Mont.
 Brattleboro, Vt.
 Taunton.
 Ogden, Utah
 Oneida, N. Y.
 Dubuque, Ia.
 Kansas City, Mo.
 Seymour, Conn.
 Ansonia, Conn.
 Paris, Ill.
 Brookline.
 Newport, Vt.
- Joseph, Charlotte G.
 Keith, Martha W.
 Kelley, Lena Vee
 Kenower, Josephine E.
 Kerrissey, Genevieve A.
 King, Margaret V.
 Klenze, Marie H.
 Lane, Sara F.
 Latimer, Helen M.
 Laubenstein, Ida R.
 Lipschuetz, Birdie M.
 Lorber, Irma B.
 Loverin, Mabel H.
 Lucas, Louise E.
 Ludeke, Helen E.
 MacDonald, Clara P.
 MacGregor, Ruth A.
 Maddocks, Lelia P.
 Marx, Bernice L.
 Mayer, Sophie B.
 McCallum, M. Marie
 McCormick, Aline E.
 Merchant, Geraldine B.
 Merrill, Helen M.
 Moebs, Helen E.
 Miller, Adelaide M.
 Moore, Carolyn B.
 Moore, Genevieve M.
 Morgan, Mabel A.
 Morrison, Lucy E.
 Morrison, Marjorie
 Morse, Ruth C.
 Murray, Ethel E.
 Newcomb, Ruby H.
 Newland, Marion H.
 O'Kelly, Monica M.
 Owen, Marguerite E.
 Paton, Clara Lake
 Patterson, Ada F.
 Patterson, Helen M.
 Payne, Dorothy P.
 Peck, Vilette M.
 Pitblado, Alison C.
 Porter, F. Adaline
 Post, Mildred M.
 Quick, Mary L.
 Rice, Carol M.
 Robinson, Clara D.
 Robley, Clover L.
 Rogers, Lenette M.
 Rollins, Helen S.
 Rowe, Ina M.
 Schmidt, Evelyn C.
 Schooley, Helen D.
 Schumann, Martha C.
 Schwartz, Lillian M.
 Scott, Lucile
 Shepherd, Jessie C.
 Shields, Florence M.
 Skinner, Florence G.
 Slade, Marguerite A.
 Smith, Dorothy B.
 Smith, Gladys L.
 Smith, Hilda B.
 Smith, Mildred R.
 Solovich, Celia
 Soule, Helen
 Spicer, Martha L.
 Spiro, Rita H.
 Springall, Sarah E.
 Stickney, Dorothy H.
- Stonington, Conn.
 North Middleboro.
 Lansing, Mich.
 Huntington, Ind.
 Portsmouth, N. H.
 La Porte, Ind.
 Davenport, Ia.
 Salem.
 Cleveland, O.
 Ashland, Pa.
 Toms River, N. J.
 Kansas City, Mo.
 West Stewartstown, N. H.
 Johnstown, N. Y.
 Hoboken, N. J.
 Guanajuato, Mex.
 Rumford, Me.
 Gloucester
 Cincinnati, O.
 Hamilton, O.
 Midland, Mich.
 Dallas, Tex.
 El Paso, Tex.
 Enosburg Falls, Vt.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Duluth, Minn.
 Duluth, Minn.
 Newport, Vt.
 Litchfield, Ill.
 Frederickton, N. B.
 Melrose.
 Torrington, Conn.
 San Saba, Tex.
 South Hadley Falls.
 Newport, Vt.
 Winnipeg, Man.
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 Leominster.
 Ashland, O.
 Western Springs, Ill.
 Vera Cruz, Mex.
 Norwich, Conn.
 Winnipeg, Man.
 Higganum, Conn.
 New York, N. Y.
 Muncie, Ind.
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 Portsmouth, N. H.
 Carrollton, Ill.
 South Carver.
 Lakewood, O.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Lynn.
 Wyoming, Pa.
 Hartford, Conn.
 Cincinnati, O.
 Temple, Tex.
 Middletown, Dela.
 Bombay, N. Y.
 South Manchester, Conn.
 Providence, R. I.
 Brockton.
 Brookline.
 Brookline.
 West Barrington, R. I.
 Bath, Me.
 Freeport, Me.
 Williamsport, Pa.
 Danbury, Conn.
 Malden.
 Dickinson, N. D.

Stiles, Elizabeth	Gardner.
Swartwout, Charlotte	Port Jervis, N. Y.
Taylor, Mary A.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Tenison, Lena C.	Dallas, Tex.
Thomas, Alva L.	Lansford, Pa.
Thorp, Katherine	West Roxbury.
Thresher, Ruth	Pawtucket, R. I.
Tiffany, Susan E.	Blandford.
Tuthill, Ruth C.	Moravia, N. Y.
Underwood, Esther L.	Summit, N. J.
Vance, Ethel G.	Crookston, Minn.
Viener, Abbie L.	Natchez, Miss.
Vinton, Katherine M.	Stoneham.
Voltz, Velma M.	Winnetka, Ill.
Votaw, M. Eunice	Boston.
Walker, Jean E.	Summit, N. J.
Wallace, Anne C.	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Waller, Doris R.	St. Joseph, Mo.
Wetherbee, Maude T.	Lyndonville, Vt.
Whitehead, Elizabeth G.	South Williamsport, Pa.
Wilcox, Mary G.	New Bedford.
Wilkes, Gladys	Dallas, Tex.
Williams, Eunice	Summit, N. J.
Wilson, Avalon	Auburn, R. I.
York, Marguerite R.	Kansas City, Mo.
York, Natalie L.	Kansas City, Mo.
Youngers, Nellie M.	Geneva, Nebr.

"What horse power is your brother's automobile?"

"He says it's forty, but I guess thirty-nine of the horses are sick."—*Ex.*

"Have you ever had appendicitis?"

"Well, I was operated on, but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."—*Ex.*

"Algernon was awfully absent-minded in church last Sunday."

"How did he show it?"

"He put his eye-glass in the plate and a half-crown in his eye."—*Ex.*

"Woman," growled the Villain, "the crime is on your own head."

"Is it on straight?" anxiously demanded the Villianess.—*Ex.*

"I passed your house this morning."

"Thanks."

"Thanks for what?"

"For passing."—*Ex.*

"And what did you do at the kindergarten today, Emerson?"

"We discussed transcendentalism." answered the Boston urchin.—*Ex.*

Poet—"Perhaps there are no good points whatever about my verse?"

Editor—"Oh, yes there are! I never saw better exclamation points than you make!"—*Ex.*

Recognized.—"I saw my boyhood chum today, the one that has become a mill'onaire."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I guess so. He turned a corner when he saw me coming."—*Ex.*

Eternal.—Fond Father—I think the baby is going to be just like her mother.

Friend—In what way especially?

Fond Father—When she sees a dollar in my hand she goes and gurgles until she gets it.—*Ex.*

Force of Habit.—"No matter what trouble he gets into, our neighbor seems to put a good face on the matter."

"That's his business. He's a beauty doctor."—*Ex.*

Is Careful.—A man will let you marry his daughter when he doesn't know your middle name. But if you give his dog a bone he'll examine it carefully to make sure there's no poison on it.—*Ex.*

Explained.—"Why did you give up your bachelor quarters?"

"Because I'm going to marry dollars."—*Ex.*

President Woodrow Wilson has a very quick wit. A man in the course of an animated conversation, noticing that Mr. Wilson's eyeglasses were perched near the tip of his nose, remarked:

"Your glasses, Governor, are almost in your mouth."

"That's all right," was the quick response. "I want to see what I am talking about."—*Ex.*

In Merrie England.—"Be a good boy," said auntie, the militant.

"And what then?" demanded the youngster.

"Auntie will take you down town and let you see her throw a brick through a window."—*Ex.*

EDITORIAL



To the Students of 1913-14:

Greeting:

Lasell welcomes the students of 1913-14, both old and new, to her school home with a feeling of real friendship.

You are all coming to us to help or to be helped or both. We are anticipating your coming and appreciate your consideration in choosing our school from among so many good ones and in return we pledge you our best endeavor to make it one of the happiest and most profitable years of your school life. We can not do this alone, but must depend upon you. You must make the final decision as to your program, your companions, your spirit. You must think now for yourself, manage your own time as well as your own money. You can waste your opportunity, which many young people covet, by doing the minimum amount of study and being only as good as you have to be, or you can grow in culture and womanliness by developing in yourself a stronger physical, intellectual and spiritual life.

NOTES FROM 1913

Bess Linn, vice-president, is taking organ and piano at the Conservatory; we also see her occasionally at Lasell.

Joe Clapp, secretary, is teaching piano in Toledo, Ohio.

Mary Fenno, treasurer, is staying at home this winter and visits Lasell occasionally.

Edna Mathias, cheer leader, is at present nursing a broken arm at home.

Alma Bunch is visiting in Peoria, after which she hopes to go to Texas.

Ruth Ketcham is at home and is taking up some missionary work in her church.

Charlotte Joseph is a "P. G." this year studying music and sewing and chaperoning Florence Evans.

Wilhelmina Joscelyn is teaching in the primary department at Orleans, Vermont.

Inez K. Payne is in Mexico with her father.

Mary Louise Cummings is studying music at the Conservatory.

Ruth Trowbridge is studying advanced sewing at the Berkeley School in Boston.

The following are spending the winter at home: Ted Gordon, Mid Koch, Peggy Livermore, Judy Beach, Ada Swanger, Mid Westervelt, Isabella Collins, Dot Fink.

Viola Kafka, we have not heard from.

PEDSONAL



A MID-SUMMER REUNION

There is no city in our land which excels Minneapolis in natural beauty, and only one (to our thinking) which equals it. "And where is this other exceptional city?" exclaim a host of *Old Girls*. For my own safety, I refrain from answering save to throw out a hint, and declare in the words of a facetious friend, "There is something peculiar about me, and that is, 'I am always satisfied with the best.' " Now girls, "go to guessing."

Minneapolis is not yet wholly a city of flats and suites, but homes. Three lovely lakes lie right in the heart of the residential section. The fine roads which border this unique waterway furnish no end of beautiful drives. An habitue told us that Minneapolis and its friendly rival, St. Paul are largely in the hands of Scandinavians. All praise then, to these flower and tree-loving citizens who have taken plenty of time as well as room to make their city beautiful. But first of all, it was the people that made the twin cities so attractive. Not *all* the people, but a choice band of loyal Lasell girls whom it was our delight to meet again

and again. We were the guests of Lillie N. Potter and her parents a part of the time, and also Mary Potter McGoun. We would like to say some very nice things about these two dear old Lasell girls, but because we are all in the same family, we don't quite dare. Right around the corner from Mr. Potter's home lives Minnie Trimble—still full of fun and good works. She has promised to "write up" a letter for the *Leaves* describing her social settlement work. She proved a gracious hostess, and at her luncheon we met two new this year's girls. We only hope their impression of Lasell will be as pleasant as our impression of them.

One evening, while enjoying an open air concert at Lake Harriet, we heard a gentle voice asking, "Is this Miss P—?" and turning around, stood face to face with Florence Stark Hoyt and her husband, Mr. Harry O. Hoyt. Flo, like the rest of us, declared "her liking for place and people." Dear Bess MacMillan was one of our first and last callers. The same generous Bess, now to womanhood and motherhood grown. Our advanced age makes it quite possible for us to declare our liking for Elizabeth's stalwart

Scotch husband and three little children. Her wee Myron, Jr., aged two, talks as fast as an up-to-date Lasell girl. We were tempted to steal away with this blessed baby he was so dear and edible.

One afternoon, Mary Potter McConn assisted *very* informally by her two little daughters, aged five and three, entertained a few Lasell girls and their friends. We were the guests another day of Mrs. Grant Wagner of St. Paul, sister-in-law of our Mrs. Wagner. A real surprise party it proved to be, when one evening Bess and her husband brought over from St. Paul, (as he expressed it) "a whole car load of Lasell girls;" Katherine Wheeler, '09; Marion Joscelyn, '12; Annie Merrill, '12; Edith Waller. In the midst of our impromptu reunion, Eleanor Warner Salisbury, '11, her husband, and *wee* Billy arrived. Immediately all attention was centered on the baby with an occasional side glance at his mother, (who never looked better or seemed happier.) Billy is just six and one half months old, and his father declared he could say "Daddy." We still believe that statement notwithstanding a certain doubtful ejaculation from his mother. Anyway, he has two teeth, and if we did not misunderstand him, he tried to send this message to Lasell and Mrs. Martin: "I am well and happy, I am well and happy, hurrah!"

We intended to see every "old girl" but did not quite "get round" to it. With Aleda Burnett, we had a friendly word over the telephone. Katherine Wheeler gave us a beautiful drive in her electric, calling by the way on Marion Joscelyn who was entertaining Edith Waller. Both girls were practicing a lesson in applied domestic science,—for further information ask Marion. The hour spent with Katherine and her mother in their beautiful home made us long to settle right down in St. Paul for good.

Mildred Johnson, '06, was visiting nearby at Lake Minnetonka and was kind enough to come in one day and dine with us. Nellie

Fuller and her mother we met at church the Sabbath before leaving Minneapolis. She had just returned from a visit to Mary Starr Utter whom she reported as convalescing from a long and serious illness. Nell is a loyal Lasell girl and hopes, as we do, to some day come back and receive her diploma.

"Joe Fdgerton was entertaining Dorothy Beacon"—so the girls said. We tried to greet them over the telephone but failed. The Minneapolis and St. Paul girls had a most enthusiastic reunion last year. We scolded them roundly for failing to report the same to the *Leaves*. We believe there were eighteen in the gathering. They spoke earnestly of forming a Mississippi Valley Lasell Club. We would not let these tardy reporters disband, until they had promised to organize.

Among the girls whom we missed and wanted to see was Myra Scoville Magnuson, whose attractive home we passed one day; and also Mrs. Washington Yale whom we did not meet but of whose loyal Lasell spirit we were constantly hearing. Were most interested to hear that Mrs. Gove who was in Lasell in '60 was thoughtful enough to take to that meeting daguerreotypes of her school mates of long ago.

We shall not soon forget the many loving kindnesses of these our Mississippi Valley Lasell girls!
L. R. P.

Miss Edna A. Woolson, of Watertown, Conn., sends the following letter:

"We are going to stay in Watertown this winter and enjoy our new home. I am teaching Sewing to a class of young girls, using practically the same course that I had at Lasell. I shall never cease being grateful to Miss Dolly and Miss Tuttle for making me take great pains with my work. It seemed hard then, but I am thankful now that they made me do everything well. I am looking forward to the news of the girls in my first copy of the *Leaves*."

Nell Carneal, '10, is attending school in Paris this winter.

Ruth Martincourt entertained a large house-party of Lasell girls just before school commenced.

Agnes Adelsdorf, of '12, paid us a short but sweet visit the other afternoon and will be in Boston all winter.

Muriel Fuller, a Special of '13, is attending the Quincy Mansion School.

Ernestine Lederer of '13, is a "Freshie" at Wellesley.

Ruth Decker and Evelyn Hauser have become dignified teachers of art.

Alice Wardman, '15, is taking a musical course at Gunston Hall.

Miss Mullikin spent the summer in France. After visiting the yearly Salon Exhibitions in Paris, she painted in the Dauphinee Alps and in August her pictures were exhibited at Fenoglio's in Grenoble. Two large paintings were sold, and by request, two have been left on exhibition. A Grenoble journal printed the following criticism:

"Mlle. Mullikin, paysagiste de l'ecole americaine, expose en ce moment une serie d'etudes de montagnes chez M. Fenoglio's, rue Felix-Poulat. Cette artiste fait montre de beaucoup de gout au service d'une habilete peu commune, car elle me parait tres sensible. Les recherches de tous sont precieuses et rare; et il se degage de ces ambiances des valeurs atteneues, floues et mouillees, un charme tres grand qui accuse une personnalite tres fine."

"Les Tendances Nouvelles," an art magazine published in Paris, is soon to print a biographical sketch of Miss Mulliken, and reproductions of some of her paintings.

The following "old girls" called at the Seminary this summer:

Mildred Faxon, with her husband and daughter.

Sally Ellwood, who has completed a nurse's course in Los Angeles, and is talking of a trip around the world.

Elizabeth Ewing from Atchison, Kansas, who has been with Effie Symns at York Beach through the summer,—both ever loyal.

Kate Norman Tucker, her little boy, Norman Paton, and her daughter, Frances Bland, came with Rosa Best. Mrs. Tucker has moved from her Washington, D. C., home to Kansas City, where she enjoys being near her own people. We were interested in the name of her daughter, Frances Bland, who in true Virginia fashion, was named for her great, great, great grandmother, the mother of John Randolph of Virginia, of whom we have read in our United States history. From her we heard the news, some glad, some sad, from our Western girls in her neighborhood. Edith Hax Hartwig, Annette Macdonald, and her sister, Marie, she sees frequently; Anna Staley lives not far away. Lillie Tukey's husband is the Vice-president of the C. B. & Q. R. R. Martha Deardoff Shields has one of the beautiful homes of the city.

Catharine Carter's aunt called.

Letter from Lucile Guertin: "Everybody and every incident stand out as clearly as if it were but yesterday. That Lasell year was certainly a glorious one for me." She spent last year studying illustration at the Art Institute,—next year may find her at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Armstrong, in writing of Veda Ferguson, says, "My daughter Lena has two interesting children, a boy and a girl. She often speaks of her happy school days."

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner have just returned from Lebanon, Pa., where they had been called on account of the death of Mr. Wagner's mother. To these sorrowing friends we express our sincere sympathy.

One of our first messages from the class of 1913 came from Bertine Libby, '13, who has been doing splendid work at Chautauqua during the past summer, having taken first

prize in the Junior class, and following this letter,—what might be expected,—an announcement of her appointment to a responsible position as teacher of physical training in the Cleveland schools. Ho-i-la for Bertine!

To the "old girls" the Lasell office corps seems incomplete this year for out of the ranks are missing Miss Maude Smithers and Miss Orpha Smith. "Miss Maude" is now Mrs. George S. Mitchell and her new home is at 91 Belmont Street, Everett, Mass. Mrs. Carl O. Colcord (Miss Smith) we hear is planning to locate in the West. We are sure that heartiest congratulations will be extended to both these recent brides.

Frances Allen's letter is so good that we would like to quote every word of it. One of the worth while passages in her message is this, "What am I really intending to do this winter? I am to assist at our Y. W. C. A. by playing the piano for the Gym classes and to help a little with some of the sewing classes. Outside of that I am to study vocal. I am studying German and English Grammar with a Swiss girl who is one of our helpers. In aiding her with her school work I shall be able to renew Geography and a number of studies I am rather rusty in. Rosie is about twenty-eight but has been in this country a comparatively short time and is doing amazingly well with her English. She works at it every spare moment.

If more of our American girls (take me for instance) would use Rosie as an example there would not be one uneducated girl in this country. Just think what we women could do! Then we would have woman suffrage in every state of the Union and the men folk would be compelled to take a back seat!"

Isn't it just like Lelia Hodson to remember a number of us at the opening of school, wishing she were back and Lasell a happy new school year!

Our dear "St. Elizabeth" (Beth Bailey) sends a word of good cheer from "Trustworth," Scituate, Mass. It was written on Sunday

and she begins with this reminiscence, "As I have been playing over some hymns, my thoughts have turned many times to Lasell and the Vesper Services that were so dear to me. My year at Lasell grows dearer to me every day and I am more than thankful for all that experience has meant to me." She promises to be neighborly and we hope she will keep her promise.

Madam President of the Class of 1913 (Georgina Fankboner) starts her message to Doctor Winslow with this significant sentence, "This is not to be another conference over the rights and requests of the Seniors of 1913, so you may feel reassured! I just wanted to send my greetings to you, and to Lasell, and how glad I should be if I were only there to deliver them in person. From all reports I have had, the year seems to have started splendidly and I sincerely hope it will continue every bit as well. I just returned home a few days ago from a visit with Bertine Libby '13, and Emily Butterworth '12, and I leave this morning for a house party at Esther Morey's '12. Annie Merrill '12, Elizabeth Edson, '12, Charlotte Lesh, '12 and Betty Farnham are to be there. We are to spend the next week with Charlotte and Betty Farnham is coming home for a visit with me, so I expect to have good Lasell companions for several weeks. I have not really settled down to the winter's work yet, and although I have several plans in mind, the only definite one, so far, is keeping up my music."

(Isn't this a delightful closing sentence?) "If there is ever anything I can do for you during the year, please feel more than sure that I shall be glad to do it, for my interests are still with Lasell."

In a message received recently from Hannah Proctor, '10, she writes: "I am busy keeping house for my parents," and adds the pleasant assurance that "when I come down to Boston I will surely stop off and see Lasell."

On Thursday, June 26 occurred the marriage of Mr. Earl Harold Ordway to

Miss Frances Whitney at Burlington, Vt. Lasell welcomes Mrs. Ordway most cordially into the school community and extends to Mr. and Mrs. Ordway hearty congratulations.

The new members of the faculty are Miss Abby Willis Howes of the English department and Miss Anna A. Raymond, instructor in Latin and Greek. Miss Howes comes to us from Wilkes Barre, Pa. She received her training at Wellesley College and is the author of two valuable books, "A Primer of English Literature" and "A Primer of American Literature." Miss Raymond was graduated from Mt. Holyoke and has taken her master's degree in Boston University. Lasell's faculty and student body extend a most cordial welcome to these new teachers.

A host of "old girls" will also be interested to know that two important additions to the faculty are our own girls, Maria Riker, '09, who assumes the position as assistant to Miss Williams in the Household Economics department, and Cornelia Stone '10, who is with Miss Dolley in the Sewing department.

We are all missing "Veronica" Harrington but are glad to know that she is happily settled in her own home at 67 Bourne Street, Auburndale, Mass., and is now Mrs. Thomas J. Murphy. The wedding occurred June 25, and, although a little late, Lasell sends none the less hearty good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

Wedding bells were swinging all the summer long. Evidently Cupid does not take a vacation, as the following notices will show.

On Sunday, August 10, Julia Hamilton, '10, became Mrs. Julius C. Peters at Great Falls, Mont.

Etta E. MacMillan was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Clarke Rowe on Saturday, August 16, at Providence, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe will be at home after October 15 at "Stone Acres," Groton, Conn.

On Thursday, September 4, occurred the marriage of Bessie Trieber to Mr. Charles Homer Newton in New York City. Mr.

and Mrs. Newton are at home at 716 W. 25th Street, Little Rock, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin E. Lincoln announce the marriage of their daughter, Flora Berenice ('12) to Mr. Louis Gilbert Beers on Monday, September 8, at Taunton, Mass.

Grace Evans Douglass became Mrs. James Alexander Murray on Tuesday, September 9, City Road Chapel, London, England. Mr. and Mrs. Murray's new home will be Riegos-y-Fuerza del Ebro, Terida, Spain.

On Saturday, September 20, occurred the marriage of Delia Frances Tripp to Mr. Edward Howland Gifford at New Bedford, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Gifford will be at home after October 15 at 11 Ocean Street, New Bedford, Mass.

On Wednesday, September 24, Irene Vedder became Mrs. James Gamble Reighard. Mr. and Mrs. Reighard will be at home after the first of January at 272 W. Bellevue Drive, Pasadena, California.

Katherine Wadsworth became Mrs. Roland Benjamin Ahlswede, on Saturday, September 27, at Pasadena, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Ahlswede will be at home after December 15, at 1715 Diamond Avenue, South Pasadena, California.

On September 27, too, occurred the marriage of Margaret Clark to Mr. Lester Earle Marden at the First Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Marden will be at home after the first of November at 5338 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Lasell's heartiest congratulations and best wishes to these new home-makers!

Lasell has placed on her waiting list, without permission, little Gretchen Sebring, born on Saturday, September 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Willard Irvin Garvis (Helen Sebring) of Sebring, Ohio. We say welcome now to the home nest and we hope later on little Gretchen, to welcome you to your mother's Alma Mater!

In a personal note to Doctor Winslow, Adelle Wilson, '13, writes: "I want to tell you how much I am enjoying ranch life in the far West. It is all so new and interesting, but I know that even after the novelty has worn off I shall still enjoy it. The climate is delightful. Although the sun is hot there is always a cool breeze and the nights are cool. Snow-capped mountains are only twenty-five or thirty miles away. There is just one thing lacking, and that is shade, no trees except near the mountains, altho I find I do not miss them nearly as much as I thought I would, for I enjoy the wonderful expanse of sky, the most beautiful clouds, and sunsets, yes, and sunrises too, for ranchers must be up with the sun. I know my thoughts will turn to Lasell this fall. I did enjoy the time I spent there so much, especially my Senior year."

Doctor Bragdon sent a friendly word to us concerning the mother of one of our new girls, (Desdemona Millikin Bevans, '92) who now is living at Fort McKinley Portland, Me.; also a word of appreciation concerning her husband, Major Bevans, of the United States Army, whom he reports as having done fine scientific work and whose report on Cuba was well received and praised by the Government authorities. We are glad to report that daughter Dorothy is making good as one of Lasell's new girls.

Jessie Joy Macmillan, '82, reports a delightful houseparty at Evelyn Wire's. Mary Anna Moger Young, Ida Cogswell Bailey and Annette Young completing the group of "old girls". Their original plan was to auto to Boston by way of Auburndale and Lasell had counted on the privilege of entertaining them. Circumstances prevented their coming, however. We hope it is only a postponement and not an abandoning of their "home coming."

Millie A. Smith, '08, spent a portion of her summer in Pennsylvania with the parents of dear Clara Baker who died last year. She intended later to return to her home in

Florida and sends a cordial invitation for Doctor and Mrs. Winslow to be her guests later on.

Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '09, in a letter to the Preceptress speaks of a delightful summer at Egypt, Mass., and of her return to Brookline, also of her many interests in church and D. A. R. circles. She reports her sister, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, and family well and happy, and also speaks of the delightful visit from Mary Haven Thirkield and her daughter Pearl. Of our Mrs. Martin's reading before the Scituate D. A. R. circle, Carrie writes, "It was a great success. Mrs. Martin was great! Everybody was more than pleased."

In the "Country Life in America" for July is an article entitled "The Beginnings of a House and Garden," charmingly illustrated, by Martha Stone Adams. The *Leaves* obtain this fascinating sketch of Martha Stone's home from Harriett Scott, '94, who by the way spent a part of her summer with Martha.

Through Doctor Bragdon we learn of the sudden death of Mr. Robert D. Wade, of Los Angeles, Cal., father of our Anita Wade Ambrose. Mr. Wade was one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of California, occupying many public offices.

Word has just been received of the passing away, February 23, of Miss Mary H. Denny of the class of '58, and also a recent word of the sudden death of Mrs. Mae Sundh Larson at Yonkers, N. Y.

The Christian world of two continents are mourning the passing of Mrs. William Butler, mother of Clementine Butler, in her ninety-fourth year. Mrs. Butler was one of Lasell's staunchest and most valued friends. She was acknowledged to be the greatest woman in Methodism, herself and husband having been the founders of the Methodist Missions in India and Mexico. Lasell wishes to express her tenderest sympathy for this family in their hour of bereavement.

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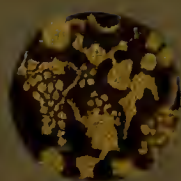
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LITERARY.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

"The season is at hand in which it has been our long respected custom as a people to turn in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his manifold mercies and blessings to us as a nation. Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America do hereby designate Thursday, the 27th of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease from their wanted occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God." Thus does the president proclaim the last Thursday of the month as the day of thanksgiving for this year.

For the last generation and more, Thanksgiving Day has recurred so regularly on the last Thursday in November, that it has become to be expected as much as Easter, or any other movable feast. Few realize how the day came to be observed each year. Although there is no provision in any law of Congress or any state legislature for the appearance of the day, it is based upon the strongest law, that of custom and tradition. It is a National holiday only in the sense that it is proclaimed by the President of the United States.

That Thanksgiving Day is now a regular institution and falls each year on the same day of the month, is due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, formerly editress of a Philadelphia magazine.

Sarah Josepha Buell, who was a native of Newport, R. I., married, in 1813, David Hale, a lawyer and a brother of Selma Hale, an eminent historian. Nine years after her marriage, Mrs. Hale was left a widow with five children. She then resorted to authorship to provide for her large family.

Just when she began her agitation for the national observance annually of Thanksgiving Day cannot be stated with certainty, but it is said she first urged it through the editorial columns of *Godey's Lady's Book* soon after she became its editor in 1837.

Godey's Lady's Book, which was originally the *Ladies' Magazine* published in Boston, was owned and published by Louis A. Godey in Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale, however, edited the periodical from her home in Boston.

Being a woman of progressive and benevolent disposition Mrs. Hale was instrumental in the establishment of many societies, especially those intended for the advancement of woman. Through her efforts the funds necessary for the completion of Bunker Hill monument were raised. While raising these funds she directed her attention to the

need of a Thanksgiving Day to be observed each year, "on the last Thursday in November."

She wrote about her project in her magazine, and corresponded with the governors of the various states. For twenty years she carried on this campaign, and by degrees saw her agitation bearing fruit. One governor after another proclaimed the day of thanksgiving and by 1858 practically every state and territory in the Union observed the day according to her idea.

Delaware and Maryland, however, were not yet in line, and during the Civil War, the southern states, involved in a struggle for existence, lost interest in the proposition. In New England, however, the day was regularly observed.

Mrs. Hale, felt however, that her plan was still short of materialization, if the day was not a National institution. She wrote to President Lincoln, as she had to his predecessors, and continued, even during the stress of war, her campaign.

Success at last crowned her efforts. President Lincoln in 1863, proclaimed the last Thursday in November as a Day of Thanksgiving. This day was November 26. On the following day the newspapers contained not only accounts of the first National Thanksgiving, but also news of the utter defeat of Bragg's Army at Chattanooga, by which the Confederates lost 6000 prisoners and fifty-two guns. In all the North, there was felt to be most excellent cause for thanksgiving.

In *Godey's Lady's Book* for November, 1864, Mrs. Hale rejoiced over the establishment of the day. "It is in its very nature," she wrote, "a religious and domestic holiday. It belongs to the altar and the hearth, at which women should ever be present, and the women of our country should take this day under their particular charge, and sanctify it to acts of piety, charity, and domestic love."

Before the day was established as a National

holiday, however, it had been observed throughout New England by the Puritans as early as 1621. When the Pilgrims had been in the country almost a year, and although the original 100 had dwindled to fifty-five souls, they were thankful for their religious freedom and for their well being.

Governor William Bradford, after the harvest had been taken in, according to Edward Winslow's recital of the affair "sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreation we exercised our arms, many Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest, King Massasoyt, with ninety men, whom for three days, we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the captain (Myles Standish) and others."

In these early days in New England, Thanksgiving was held after a harvest had been gathered. But when the harvest was plentiful, the Pilgrims neglected their Thanksgiving. For a long series of years, when it is known that harvests were abundant, it is notable that there were no days assigned to thanksgiving.

Not until 1633 did the New Englanders make any attempt to make the day an annual celebration. In that year there had been an abundant harvest. So bountiful was it, that the general court of the colony in Massachusetts Bay named October 16 as a day for thanksgiving. This was followed regularly until 1646, when, it is assumed, the harvests were so plentiful as to cause the people to forget to give thanks. In 1654 and for sixteen years after, there were no Thanksgiving Days. In 1680, however it was recommended that it be an annual feast, and since then

it has not been forgotten a single year in New England.

But at that time there was no Thanksgiving in any other part of the sparsely settled country. On November 18, 1777, however, a national Thanksgiving Day was instituted by an act of the congress expressing gratitude that God had been pleased to "smile on us in the Prosecution of a just and necessary War, for the defence and establishment of our unalienable Rights and Liberties."

After the adoption of the Constitution a day was set apart by resolution of Congress and by Proclamation of President Washington though there was some discussion in Congress about the propriety of the President asking people to give thanks for a constitution for which some of them were not thankful. This Thanksgiving Day, however, ordered by the Congress for the adoption of the constitution, was more of a political than a harvest festival.

Although primarily the day of Thanksgiving is a religious institution, no harsh criticism can be directed at those who make it a day of athletic celebration. It is a day of good cheer, as well as one of home coming and gratitude. The sermon has its place in the day, but also has the turkey and the football game. The spirit of the day has been set down intelligently by that rigid Puritan and radical reformer, but sane and benevolent governor, Nehemiah, who wrote, "Go your own way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

And what could give you a better appetite for "eating the fat and drinking the sweet" than spending a few hours out in the cold cheering madly for "our" team to plough through "their" team. Taking part in the game, itself, would of course, tend to create even a greater appetite.

Benjamin Franklin in his paper on the "Internal State of America," published in

the European Magazine in 1786 gives a pleasing version of the origin of Thanksgiving in New England. As with many other little matters of this kind, the good philosopher and printer probably drew a more interesting than true statement of the case.

"There is a tradition," he wrote, "that in the planting of New England the first settlers met with many difficulties, and hardships, as is generally the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied heaven with their complaints, were not so great as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labors, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthful, and above all that they were in full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He, therefore, thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the Divine Being, if instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving.

"His advice was taken, and from that day to this, they have, in every year, observed circumstances of public felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a Thanksgiving Day, which is therefore, constantly ordered, and religiously observed."

FRANCESCA AND TONY A LITTLE VAGUE ABOUT TURKEY

When Francesca and Tony learned that there was to be no school on the last Thursday of November their glee was mingled with a good deal of bewilderment. In their native country, from which they had come only eight months ago, the last Thursday in November wasn't of any particular importance.

"It's Thenksgevin," said Francesca vaguely to her small brother.

"Thenksgevin," Tony echoed, "and I don' know what it means."

"Something about da turk," said Francesca replied, "so my teacher said."

Tony bristled. "Da Turk?" he inquired in belligerent accents.

"My teacher hates da Turk," continued Francesca; "she tells us we mus' all eat one of heem next Thursday. She says everyone in America mus' roast a Turk and suwwallow heem—queeck! Ain't it a gr-ran, a suwell country we comes to—thees America—when they love Italia so much that they cook her enemies?" Francesca lost herself for a moment in dreamy contemplation of that wonderful section of this wonderful America where she happened to be. She considered the muddy gutter, the narrow, cobbled street, the odorous tenement hall, the tiny slice of sky visible from the front doorstep. And then he exploded Francesca's rapturous patriotism for her new-found land by remembering that last year, so his teacher said, there had been a Thanksgiving in which the Americans had eaten Turks. "And last year, as you know, we did not yet make war-r," he reminded her, "so I theenk we dunno what Thenksgevin' ees whatever."

"Let's see them," she suddenly cried, and seizing Tony by the hand she started down the street. "My teacher says the Turks are all ready een da market place, all ready to cook and eat. Therefore let us skin-na through da alley into da plaza."

They reached the "plaza" known as Quincy

Market, entering it with eagerness. They paused hungrily before the high-heaped hot-house grapes and huge red western apples. They sniffed delightedly at the oranges. They examined with grave, brown eyes the big pumpkins, the rosy pyramids of cranberries, the crisp celery bunches and fresh lettuce heads. Every one else seemed to be looking at big birds that hung by the feet all round the walks. The marketmen were weighing and explaining. The customers, some in ragged shawls, others in soft, warm furs, were exclaiming, expostulating and buying.

"Eagles—they are eagles," Tony announced "da gr-ran Americana bird. What lovely taste they mus' be!"

But Francesca was timidly interviewing a white-aproned marketman who had found a moment's leisure in which to munch an apple. "Mus' every one eat a Turk to make Thenksgevin?" she inquired.

The marketman laughed. "Sure thing!" he answered, "you can't have Thanksgiving without the turkey."

"No Thenksgevin' weethout a Turk to eat up?" asked Francesca and Tony in one breath; "then—then where can we get a Turk?"

"Right here," said the marketman, "here's a nice one." He pulled a plump bird toward them.

"That ees not a Turk," said Tony.

"Ain't it?" the man grinned, "well that's what Americans always eat on Thanksgiving. But of course you have to buy it—we don't exactly give 'em away."

"Was eet ever in the army?" asked Tony hopefully—though both he and Francesca knew that if the Turk must be paid for it would never be eaten by them.

The marketman looked puzzled. "Say, don't you kids know what Thanksgiving is?" he began, "it hasn't anything to do with the army. What do they teach in schools nowadays, anyhow? Didjer ever hear of Plymouth Rock?" The children nodded. "And the Mayflower—"

"What Colombo came een," Tony interrupted.

"Columbus had nothing to do with it," the marketman said; "the Pilgrins"—both children nodded again—"well, they decided they'd ought to have a feast—a festa, y'understand?—and as turkeys was plentiful around the Cape, they ate 'em. So we do. See? The turkeys never was in any army at all, except the Salvation. They're birds. Like hens—only bigger. Didn't jever eat any?" The youngsters shook their heads with a duet of lugubrious sighs. At that moment a pleasant young woman in a scarlet cloak and a blue bonnet came up to the marketman. "Say," the man explained to her "here's a couple of Eyetalian kids that ain't got anything to be thankful for. Couldn't you give 'em a feed?"

"Guess we could," the young woman answered; "we're going to feed two or three thousand other youngsters," She asked Tony and Francesca a lot of questions, went home with them through the alley, left two tickets at the tenement for them to use on Thanksgiving day. The young woman beamed as she said goodby to them on the tenement house steps. "Now let me tell you how to have a real Thanksgiving. Turkey isn't necessary at all." The children nodded, though the remark went over their heads. "Did you ever feel glad about anything?"

"Sure," Tony answered, "all da time."

"Well, in America, every one is supposed to find something to be glad about on Thanksgiving day—to remember something to—well, to laugh or at least to smile about."

As the scarlet cloak and blue bonnet disappeared around the corner, this strange American idea—combined with the fact that two tickets reposed behind the clock on the kitchen mantel upstairs—struck them as being such a good one that both the youngsters laughed out loud, then and there.

"Is that all?" Francesca chuckled, "just to be glad!" And somewhere the ghost of a Pilgrim grinned a little bit, too.—*Ex.*

POWER OF FORGIVENESS

It was Thanksgiving eve at the Stanton Club, the most elite club of Dawson. Merri-ment reigned supreme and the living room was crowded with jovial guests, intent on passing the time away, until the theatres and places of amusement should open. In a secluded corner deeply engaged in conversation sat Jack Anderson and Harcourt Davis, noted as being the handsome twins, for the reason that they resembled one another much in appearance.

"I'm afraid, old man, you're in very wrong," said Jack to his companion. "It was a severe breach of club constitutions and you know the men here can't stand for that sort of thing."

"But," protested Harcourt, "I tell you, Jack, I wasn't responsible for the unfortunate affair, at all. You know the whole story, I'll repeat it over again. At the Club Banquet the other night Victor Rutledge, Editor of the *Dawson Gazette* raised a toast to the unknown architect of the new Stanton Club building. He ended by wagering \$500 that no one would dare divulge the name of the man before the allotted time. You see a stipulation had been made in which any eligible young man might endeavor to plan the forth coming edifice, that the name of the winner would not be revealed until December second. I was one of the judges and consequently knew the full details. Now Rutledge realized the advantage to his paper, should he procure the interesting piece of news before the other papers—but Jack I'm sure his wager was only a jest. However, here I stand accused of being seen entering his apartment last night, and the announcement of the successful candidate is made this morning. Do you see where I am—in the devil of a fix. I am branded as being practically a thief, a blackguard in the eyes of the other members of the Club. I say, Jack, can't you help me straighten out this affair, say, give you word that I wasn't near Rutledge's apartment last night? Why man, I

wasn't even in Dawson last night, I was—"Where?" interrupted Jack.

"Why,—well, I can't tell you," stammered Harcourt, "It was a matter of business."

"Sorry Harry, but the evidence is pretty strong against you. However, I'll do my best to clear you," replied Jack a trifle hastily. "So long for now. I have an engagement at 8 o'clock. See you tomorrow."

Upon his friend's departure Harcourt sat deep in thought. Yes, the evidence was strong against him. How could he extricate himself. To be sure, he was unable to account to his friends for his whereabouts the previous evening, for it concerned a meeting, very important, of the directors of the Consolidated Trust Company, which meeting on no account was to be mentioned. How was he to explain all this to his fiancée, the reigning debutante of the season?" Again, why had Jack been so terse, so abrupt? Altho he had been an ardent rival for Ruth's hand, yet, when he, Harcourt, had won, there had been no ill-feeling between them. Harcourt rose slowly and departed from the Club, his mind uneasy and distressed over the unpleasant state of affairs.

The following day at his office Harcourt Davis received a polite but formal note requesting his resignation from the Stanton Club. His punishment, however unjust, had to be borne, and he obeyed his instructions like a man. Upon the completion of the letter he called Ruth's number and asked to speak to her. The answer came that Miss Cheval had sent word that she was unable to see Mr. Davis, now, or at any future date. So Ruth, too, believed the evil report. Surely his punishment was severe enough without that.

II

It was Thanksgiving eve at the Stanton Club, a year from the time when Harcourt Davis, the popular young society man had been ostracised from the select circle. Jack Anderson, whose engagement to Ruth Cheval had been rumored, was the center of a num-

ber of admiring friends. Very much under the influence of liquor he was boasting gaily of a little coup, which he had planned just a year ago.

"They thought Harcourt Davis revealed the plans of the Stanton Club," he boasted hilariously. "No, it wasn't Harry at all, who was it. Well listen old pals—draw your chairs up closer, listen to me. Did you hear me say, listen to me? It was I, yes I; I had been nursing my bitterness against him ever since he stole my Ruth, the dear little girl, my Ruth, away right under my eyes. I paid him back—yes I did it well, too," he laughed, throwing back his head and hitting himself on the chest. "Why boys, what's the matter, why are you all leaving," he suddenly called out. One by one his former admirers had risen and left the presence of the man who had sold his honor so cheaply.

Thanksgiving morning, Harcourt was aroused by the ringing of the doorbell. A messenger boy handed him a note, which upon tearing open he found contained this message. "You are requested to attend a meeting of the Stanton Club members at 2.30 this afternoon." "What could it mean," Harcourt pondered.

The news had spread. Harcourt stood acquitted of the ugly charge against him and had furthermore been invited into the membership of the Stanton Club. At first his heart had been bitter against Jack for his faithlessness and deceit. As a sense of wounded pride and anger passed, over him, his eye caught the cover of a current magazine, lying on the table. "Thanksgiving number," he read. It was then that the power to forgive came over him and he turned to Jack and offered him his hand.

"Jack, old chap, I forgive you altho I never would have believed you capable of such cowardliness. Brace up and take your medicine like a man. Go to Europe, Jack, make a name for yourself by your art, live down this unfortunate scandal. Come let's be friends."

Jack stood unable to reply. Then, Harry I'm sorry, more sorry than you'll ever believe but—but I'll take your advice. Goodbye. Some day I'll make amends," burst from his lips as he hastened from the room.

That evening as Harcourt sat beside the grate fire, musing over the day's occurrences, a sharp ring of the phone startled him.

"Hello, Hello," he answered.

"Harry," cried a sweet voice from over the end "It's Ruth, I—I want you to come up to the house right away. And Harry, listen, I still love you," came in a soft whisper.

Alison C. Pitblado.

AN UNUSUAL THANKSGIVING

It was a busy Thanksgiving in the convalescent ward of St.—, Indianapolis. All of the nurses were occupied in sorting out the boxes sent to their patients and in arranging the tempting food for the eager little girls and boys.

By noon, most of the food and other gifts found in the wonderful boxes had been distributed; the children were cracking nuts, eating fruit and making merry over their new games.

There was one little patient, however, who was not participating in the fun. He sat in a chair near the beds watching the others play and listening to their talk. From the queer look in his eyes anybody might have seen that he was not "all there;" he acted simple.

Raymond Stone was a flood sufferer. No trace could be found of his relatives. The only information that could be gained was from the man who rescued him from a floating house during the flood, and he had only found the boy's name was Raymond Stone and that he was ten years old. Since March, he had not spoken to anybody or seemed to recognize anybody. Once when was very sick he kept calling, "George, George, Oh, where are you? I will be good and go with you."

The nurses guessed from this that he had a brother but they could not figure out the meaning of the last words.

This Thanksgiving he was as dull as usual.

Even the laughing and excitement about him didn't seem to arouse him.

Later in the afternoon, guests were allowed to come and many of the children's relatives visited them. About the middle of the afternoon, Mrs. Bush, one of the foremost workers for the hospital came in. Behind her came a boy apparently of about fourteen. As he stopped at each bedside to entertain the children, Raymond began to show signs of excitement. As the stranger reached his chair, he cried, "George, George, I knew you would come. I won't stay, I will go now and get away from the flood."

It took George some time to recover from the surprise and to become calm enough to tell the nurses and Mrs. Bush whether Raymond was his brother and if so how he got there.

Soon George could explain that before the flood he had lived with an old woman, who had been a friend of his mother. The afternoon before the flood finally broke, Mrs. Howard was told to leave her home because the dams were apt to break, and to go to the State House which was to be as a refuge for those sent from their homes. She had to leave before the boys returned from school. When the boys reached home, they found a note saying to come to the State House right away, as there was danger from the river.

George said that he tried to persuade Raymond to go at once but he said he had an important marble game and that he was sure that the river wouldn't overflow. He said, though, that he would take a car after the newspapers were out. George said he tried to make it seem settled that he must come now as there was so much danger but Ray refused to leave. On the way in, the cars stopped running so that he had to walk. At five that afternoon the dam gave away.

George finished his story by "We looked everywhere among the rescued but Raymond was not with them. Mrs. Bush took me home and has promised to let me live with her until I graduate from school next June."

During the talk, Raymond's mind cleared and at the end he was able to verify everything that George had said. He could never tell, however what had happened after that marble game.

Mrs. Bush offered to make a home for Raymond also so during the rest of that afternoon the brothers had a true Thanksgiving.

(Founded on fact gained during the floods.)

Carol Rice.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyoucke and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, its then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They' something kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn.
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome like but still,
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!
O, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock;
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and golden heaps

And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmen-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and sausage too!

I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be

As the Angels wantin' boarding, and they'd call around on me

I'd want to 'commodate 'em—All the whole indurin' flock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock! *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING SOLILOQUY

I'm just about tired of waiting
For my Thanksgiving treat;
I see them about the table,
And they eat, and eat, and eat.
They do not think of poor pussy,
Who has had so long to wait;
Why doesn't some one remember
That it's growing very late.

And haven't I smelt that turkey
Since into the oven it went?
If they'd give me just one drumstick.
Why, then I'd be content.
But no, they sit there talking
And laughing aloud with glee;
I wish that some one among them
Would throw down a bone to me.

There's that greedy little Teddy.
Three times he's passed his plate;
And that turkey's growing smaller
At a very rapid rate.
And see Jack's face! 'Tis shining
With gravy up to his eyes.
I wonder they take no notice
When they hear my hungry cries.

Oh, dear! There's dessert to follow,
The puddings and pumpkin pies
And the fruits and nuts and candy,
And oh, how fast time flies!
Ah, there's gentle little Ethel,
She's so loving and so kind,
She's bringing me some turkey bones
And a grateful cat she'll find.

—Ex.





THE TRIP TO LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

Immediately after breakfast on Monday morning, October 27, a crowd of about one hundred girls assembled in the chapel, to answer roll-call for the Lexington and Concord excursion. Five big barges were waiting outside to take us.

Some of the girls had a hard time in getting into the barges, on account of the narrowness of their skirts and the height of the steps, but—owing to the gallant assistance of Dr. Winslow, Mr. E. J. Winslow and Mr. Ordway—we were at last all ready, and started off in gay spirits. Our chaperons on this trip were Miss Howes, Dr. Morgan-Thaler, Mr. Ordway, Miss Stone, Miss Tuttle and Mr. E. J. Winslow.

The ride was a very pleasant one, and we sang most of the way. The girls in the front were quite amused to look back and see that the words, "Furniture Moving" were painted in large and beautiful letters on one of the barges behind. In Waltham, we passed the watch factory, which is the largest in the United States.

At about eleven A. M. the barges 'drove us through the main street of Lexington, and stopped at the common which lies in the center of the town. In a conspicuous spot



Sleepy Hollow Cemetery

at the corner stands a large statue of Paul Revere, whose midnight ride through Lexington and the adjoining towns has been immortalized by Longfellow.

We now "disembarked" and walked up the street to the house in which Hancock and Adams were sleeping on the night of April 18, 1775; when Revere came to wake the sleeping countryside to arms. The house is a small brown structure and contains,

downstairs, many relics of Revolutionary days (including all sorts of household furniture, utensils, etc.) Upstairs, there is some more old furniture, besides cases in which are displayed historical documents, quaint soldiers' uniforms; also slippers, bonnets, jewelry,



Bridge at Concord

and dresses of worn brocaded silks and satins.

From the Hancock-Adams house, our party went back to the Common, to see the place where the "minute men" were lined up at the time when the first blood of the Revolution was shed. On the stone marking this spot are chiseled Captain Parker's famous words:

"Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!"

At the west side of the Common is another monument erected in memory of the unknown heroes of the war.

The barges left Lexington in about fifteen minutes, and a crowd of us who went down the street to buy souvenirs, had a lively chase back to the Common, when we realized that the party was leaving. We now drove along the same road over which Revere went, passing the hill the British climbed in order to reach Lexington. At the Gravenstein farm the barges stopped and crates of apples were passed in. Each girl was given four beautiful ones. We certainly were a hungry crowd, and the apples were perfectly delicious. Some of the girls stood up and sang "Ho-i-la" for Dr. Winslow and the apples, after which the barges started off again. Just

beyond the Gravenstein farm we passed "The Wayside" where Hawthorne once lived; and the home of Mr. Bull, who grew the original Concord grapes.

By the time that we reached Louisa Alcott's old home, everybody was very hungry, so instead of going over the house immediately, we stopped to eat lunch. We had it on the lawn, in picnic style, and of course everything tasted awfully good. After lunch, we went into the house, where Louisa Alcott spent her happy girlhood with her sisters, "Meg," "Amy" and "Beth" in Miss Alcott's famous book, loved by girls all over the world.



Lunch Time

The house is small but very attractive, and contains many of the "Little Women's" belongings and treasures.

After we had left Louisa Alcott's home, and were going into Concord, we passed the house in which Emerson used to live. At about three o'clock, the barges drew up in front of the old Wright Tavern in Concord. We got out, and walked down to the business section of the town.

Our next stopping place was the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where Emerson, Thoreau, Louisa Alcott, Hawthorne, Senator Hoar and many others are buried. On the way, we went past the "Old Manse;" an interesting house in which Hawthorne wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

From Sleepy Hollow, the barges carried us to Concord Bridge, now marked by a statue of one of the "minute men," on a high pedestal bearing this quotation:

"By this rude bridge that spans the flood. . .
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

Our last stop was at the place where Thoreau's cabin in the woods (called his "Wooden Inkstand") used to be. Its site is now marked by a cairn, built up by the people who have come to pay homage to the memory of this brilliant if eccentric old philosopher.



Minutemen Statue

Each of us added a stone to the ever-increasing pile, and then walked down to look at the little lake nearby, which Thoreau used to love.

The ride home was a very jolly one. We sang all the popular songs we knew, besides many of the old favorites. It was getting dark, when at last the barges drew up before the gates of old Lasell, and we piled out, tired but happy, feeling that we had indeed "come to the end of a perfect day."

OUR TRIP TO SALEM

Ding! dong! ding! dong! rang the eighty-three bell on the morning of November the third. This called about seventy-six of the Lasell girls to the chapel for roll call for our annual trip to Salem.

Under the kind chaperonage of a number of our teachers we boarded the train for Boston, upon arriving there we changed cars for our special car for Salem. We arrived in Salem about eleven o'clock and were met at the station by Professor Robinson who very kindly relieved us of our lunch boxes and then acted as our guide around the city.

The first place that we visited was the Ropes Memorial, an old homestead which was occupied by Judge Ropes and his descendants for four generations and it is now kept up with the desire to beautify the city and to contribute to the pleasure and instruction of its citizens. It is without doubt, one of the rarest reproductions of the way our ancestors lived; and every thing about the house is kept in perfect condition. Not far from this home was a little old place, which by the way is now the drug store, where the famous "black jacks" are sold, and where the witches trials were held.

From here we went to the Essex Institute, whose museum contains the largest collections of antiquarian and historical objects illustrating the life of the early English settlers, to be found in the United States. There is a small house, which was built in 1684, in the rear of the Museum, and this shows the overhanging second story and other interesting architectural features. It is furnished after the manner of its time and one feature noted by us all was the little candy shop, where we found the famous "Jim Crowes" and the pink "pep'mint" drops. In this same house we saw also, a weaving room, an apothecary shop, a shoemaker's shop and an old kitchen. After seeing this part of the institution we went through the main building, seeing here, the picture gallery, large collections of old china, furniture, war relics, coins and many other valuables.

From here we went to "The Peabody Museum" and on going to it we sniffed wonderful odors from close by bakery shops, and every one of us were filled with that sort of a feeling that a little boy has when he sees a shelf filled with jars marked "jam." With this good feeling still with us, we went into the Institution, and through the kindness of the directors we ate our luncheon in their rooms, and during our luncheon Professor Morse gave us an interesting talk upon China and Japan, which made our trips through the galleries containing exhibits

from those countries, much more interesting. While in this building we visited "The Hall of Natural History," and here we found nearly a complete collection of the animals, minerals and rocks of Essex County, while in the galleries above were the woods and trees of the county.

The early part of the afternoon we spent in seeing the old haunts of Hawthorne, noticing especially his birthplace and the place where he wrote "The Scarlet Letter;" but however, the most interesting of all was the famous house upon which one of his greatest books is written "The House of Seven Gables." We went all through the lovely old house which is kept up with the idea of making money for the settlement. Much to the joy of us all we were allowed to go up the narrow secret stair case which we read about in the story.

And last but not least we went to "The Daniel Low Company" which really speaks for itself. Then with a jingle jingle which came not only from our merry voices, but from our many bracelets which we had just purchased, we boarded our homebound train, and arrived home at the end of a perfect day.

THE MUSIC MASTER

On Thursday evening, November sixth, Lasell had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ketchel give a reading on "The Music Master." His interpretation of this well known and well liked play was charming and he received much deserved applause from the girls. We thank the Dramatic Club under whose auspices the reading was given for a most enjoyable evening and we hope they will continue with the good work.



On Monday morn oft do we hear
The strain of sweet music quite near
'Tis just a reminder,
That our old organ-grinder
Wishes pennies to so charm our ear.



A song of renown caused us glee
'Twas sung by brave Tetrizzini,
The tone of her voice
Was of the "best" choice
Tho' her high notes were quite off the key.

JUST AS YOU LOOK AT IT

A New England mother had come upon her eight-year-old son, enjoying a feast whereof for components were jam, butter and bread.

"Son," said the mother, "don't you think it a bit extravagant to eat butter with that fine jam?"

"No, ma'am," was the response. "It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both."—*Ex.*



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The first Christian Endeavor meeting of the year was held September thirteenth. Miss Potter was in charge of the meeting. Marion Newland sang. It was a most helpful meeting and it is hoped the girls will attend all the meetings in as good numbers as they did this first one.

On October seventh Lucile Scott led Christian Endeavor. Her subject was "The Building of Character."

Helen Rollins led Christian Endeavor on October fourteenth.

Christian Endeavor was led October twenty-first by Gladys Wilkes. Her topic was "Is the Christian Life Worth While?" A chain of sentence prayers was given.

Miss Packard led Christian Endeavor on October twenty-eighth. It was "Missionary Night" and the service was one of song.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

President..... Barbara Jones
Vice President..... Gladys Wilkes
Secretary Hannah Bingaman
Treasurer Dora Goodwillie

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President Lucile Scott
Vice President Ruth Commack
Secretary Veda Ferguson
Treasurer Gratia DeZouche

On Sunday afternoon, October twenty-sixth, some of the girls in charge of Elizabeth Hazelet, chairman of the Hospital Committee of the Christian Endeavor, went to the Newton Hospital to sing in the various wards. For

several years the Lasell girls have had this opportunity, and it is with great enthusiasm that the Christian Endeavor Society have begun their active work in this line.

VESPERS

Dr. McClure was in charge of the first vesper service on September twenty-eighth. He took for his text the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians and applied it to our life together in school.

On October fifth Miss Packard had charge of the vesper service.

Mr. William Allen Knight, author of "The Song of the Syrian Guest," spoke to us at vespers on October twelfth on "Keep the Faith."

Vespers on October nineteenth were in charge of the Missionary Society. Our friend, Miss Lin, of Wellesley, spoke to us on "Christianity from another viewpoint."

On the evening of October twenty-sixth, Mr. Spear, the educational secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A., spoke to us at vespers. He took for his subject "Building a Career" or "The One Who Arrives." That his talk was just to the point was shown by the spontaneous applause which followed it.

On Sunday, November second, Dr. Peloubet, as well known in Sunday School work as in Auburndale, had charge of the vesper service. He took for his topic "The Land of Beginning Again." Lucile Scott sang.



What is school spirit? A good many of us I think, have an idea that it consists merely of loud cheering and yelling at a center-hall, or basket-ball game, or whatever the sport happens to be. If you heard one of your school mates talking to an outsider, and heard her say something that was decidedly detrimental would you think that she had the right kind of school spirit? If something happens at school, girls, that isn't as it should be, let's keep it to ourselves and not publish it to outsiders. Let us always be ready and eager to give our Alma Mater a loyal support and show her the right kind of a school spirit. So far this year the girls have shown a splendid spirit and we want to make it stronger as the year goes on. In connection with this, we want to call your attention to the Student Council. As you all know it is made up of representatives from each of the classes. They meet every week to discuss anything which you girls have suggested to them and to talk over any complaint that may have come from you. Every other week the council meets with three members of the Faculty, and between them many problems are solved, which helps us all. Now this council, made up of your own school and class mates, is working for you, and it is up to you girls to give them your loyal support, and to show

them that you appreciate what they are doing or trying to do. However they can accomplish nothing without you to help them, so:
 "Give to them the best you have
 And the best will come back to you."

The conditions for the annual Short Story Contest have been announced and already a large number of students have made known their intention of competing for the prizes. It is the wish of the editors that each student contribute one story or poem. All contributions must be handed in to the editor not later than Dec. 7. The prize winning stories will appear in the next number.

Our Christmas number will contain special features that will be of interest to every old girl. A number of articles have been prepared under the direction of Miss Packard. The Easter number and the Commencement number will also contain special features of interest to all old girls.

She:—George, dear, here's a scientist who says the earth is wobbling on its axis. What do you suppose they can do about it?"

George (*absently*)—Open up the muffler, reverse the lever, shut off the power, lubricate the bearings, and tighten the wheel cap.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES



We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers and hope that we shall continue to receive them:

The Advance, The Daedalian Monthly, The Echoes, The Goldenrod, The Hermonite, The Knick Knacks, The King Edwards School Chronicle, The Les Collines, The Lotus, The Mirror, The New Trier Echoes, The Newton Review, The News, The Orange and Blue, The Owl, The Quill, The Radiator, The Shamokin Review, The Vail-Deane Budget, The William Woods Record.

The Milton Orange and Blue—The magazine as a whole is very good, but we think it would be improved if it had more pictures.

The Prologue is especially good.

The Les Collines editorials are very good.

The Knick Knacks is a very interesting magazine. It contains some very good cuts.

The Hermonite is an interesting magazine but a "Table of Contents" would add a great deal.

The Somerville Radiator contains many good poems.

The New Trier Echoes as a whole is a very good paper. The page of "Verse" is a very clever. The story "The Scrub" holds the reader's interest to the end.

HER INTIMATE FRIEND

"That girl has pretty hair," remarked the young man.

"Yes," said the damsel he was with, "and she has some at home that is even prettier."
—*Ex.*

HER SARCASTIC SIRE

He—Did your father complain about my staying so late last night?

She—On the contrary, he asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast.—*Ex.*

SAVES WEAR

"Why do you keep such a careless servant?"

"She is the only one that my clothes wouldn't fit."—*Ex.*

At a fashionable dinner party, after the ladies returned to the drawing room, the hostess, in a very décolleté dress and wearing magnificent jewels, leaned back in her chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of the lady's maid.

"Parker," said the lady with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."—*Ex.*

He—I've been trying all the evening to say something to you.

She—It wasn't "good-night" was it?—*Ex.*

There was a big dance at Lasell,
Of which it behooves us to tell
That sad to relate,
Some girls met their fate,
For it doesn't do to be too "swell."



PERSONAL



The Chicago Lasell Club held its annual Fall Luncheon in the Presidential Suite of the Hotel La Salle, in Chicago on October 25, at one o'clock.

There were thirty seven present and all enjoyed meeting their friends, and exchanging news of old girls.

Between the courses, letters were read by various members of the Club, from Dr. Bragdon, Miss Potter, Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Maude Simes Harding, secretary of the Alumnae Association, Miss Bessie Comstock, president of the Connecticut Valley Club and Mrs. Edna Rogers Carlisle, president of the New York Lasell Club. These letters of greeting were much appreciated and greatly enjoyed. Dr. Bragdon's letter was very characteristic, and full of his interest and love for the girls.

Miss Potter's letter was "newsy" and was heartily clapped. From Dr. Winslow we were glad to hear of the present activities and prosperity of the school.

There was a goodly number of recent graduates present, and among the "old girls"

were Mrs. Ira B. Cook (Ida L. Capron) of the class of '63, and Mrs. Henry L. Ballou (Susie A. B. Cook) of '64, both of whom gave interesting talks on Lasell in the war times.

Miss Flora Gardner gave a toast on "Lasell in My Day," and Mrs. W. N. Carlton (Sara Hayden) responded to the toast, "Lasell Reminiscences."

After the toasts Miss Alma Bunch, '13, gave a piano solo, which was much enjoyed.

The dining hall was decorated with Lasell posters and banners, and the table with pink roses, ferns, and bows of blue tulle. The little favors were in the Lasell colors, calendars with blue prints of Lasell scenes, the buildings, the girls, Drill Day, the Faculty, etc. from films taken by May Florine Thielens Peeples in 1905.

The officers who were elected last Spring are:

Charlotte Theorle Sulcer, *President*,
May Florine Thielens Peeples, *Vice Pres.*
Edna Matthews Condit, *Treasurer*
Elizabeth Louise Thielens, *Secretary*.
Chairman of Executive Committee, May

Florine Thielens Peebles.

Our next meeting is to be in May, and you are all most cordially invited.

We are beginning to feel that custom is changing and that the Fall quite as much as the Spring is the popular time for weddings. This impression is strengthened as we read the following announcements:

On Wednesday, October 8th, Bessie Draper '02 became Mrs. George M. Ruffin at Troy, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Ruffin will be at home after December 15th at The Parkwood, Washington, D. C.

On October 16th occurred the marriage of Lucy Aldrich, '10 to Mr. Neil Jamieson Berston, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Berston will be at home at 820 Garland Street, Flint, Mich., after December first.

Helena B. Radcliffe became Mrs. Williams Thomas Stillman on Monday, the 20th of October, at Shelton, Conn.

On Thursday, the 23rd of October, occurred the marriage of Irma F. Levi, '10, to Dr. Arthur S. Levy at Birmingham, Ala.

Also on October 23rd, occurred the marriage of Isabella T. Blackstock, '03, to Mr. Alling P. Beardsley at Newport, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley will be at home after the first of December at 165 Minerva Street, Derby, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond L. Wilde announce the marriage of their daughter, Ethel Perry Wilde, '07, to Mr. Harold Macomber Hammett on Saturday, November 1st, at New Bedford, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Macomber will be at home after February 2nd at 71 Borden Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Lois Fischer became Mrs. Henry Turney Fletcher, Tuesday, November 4, at Dallas, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's new home will be at 02 Ranch, 'Alpine, Texas, after December 1.

On November 4 also occurred the marriage of Madeline G. Cobb to Mr. Leo James Hart at Auburndale, Mass.

Lasell extends her heartiest congratula-

tions to these happy young folk who have "remembered our homely precepts to keep them."

A newsy letter is received this Fall from Lotta Hewson Green, '02. She encloses a picture of her little son James Frederick, now a boy of three years. Of her sister, Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99, she writes, "Myrtle is well and her twin boy and girl are big enough to go to school. My sister's address now is 30 E. 53rd Street, Kansas City," and also sends the sad news of the death of Ethel Smith Aylesworth '99, who died very suddenly last July. Her beautiful home was just across the street from Lotta's. Along with so many "old girls" Mrs. Green assures our principal of her "undying love" for Lasell and delightful memories of beautiful Auburndale.

The first subscription to the *Leaves* this year came from Lucella Krentler, of Detroit, Mich. Along with it a good word concerning Helen Moebs, one of our new girls, and also this gratifying declaration, "I love Lasell as much as ever and hope that this year will be a most successful one in every way."

And the second subscription as far as we know came from Lucy F. Cox who paid her money in person.

We do want to express our sincere appreciation of the friendly service on the part of Mabelle Whitney, '03, who assists us each year in welcoming the new girls. We hardly feel that Lasell could start off properly without her generous service.

Mary Fenno, 13, and Ernestine Lederer, '13, were among our first and most welcome guests. Ernestine reports herself well under way at Wellesley College but still a bit homesick for Lasell.

One of the surprises of these fall days was the "coming back home" of Agnes Adelsdorf, '12, who is planning to spend the winter in Boston studying music, and we hope between times being very neighborly with her Lasell.

Mary Starr Utter, '12, has recovered from her recent illness and to our delight reappeared at Lasell bringing with her Josephine Siggins. Both girls were full of good spirits and plans for the winter. They reported being charmingly entertained at the beautiful home, "Stone Acres," of Etta MacMillan Rowe.

Some merry messages have come to the faculty from Miss Witherbee who is spending a Sabbatical year at her home in Laurel, Delaware.

We are glad to welcome back to our student body Dorothy Canfield and are feeling very tender sympathy for her in the sudden loss of her father, Mr. C. A. Canfield, on August 15. He was a valued friend of the school. Our sympathy is not only extended to our schoolmate but to all the members of her family.

Marion Jackson, in a recent message from Flint, Mich., speaks of Lucy Aldrich Berston's, '10, wedding, declaring "it was lovely." Sister and I fixed the bridal party's trains. They all looked beautiful! Among the guests were May Martincourt, '11 and Marguerite Vicary. We spent most of our time talking over Lasell." Marion is devoting her time to her father who is not well. She wishes herself at Lasell and we wish her here!

Unintentionally, the *Leaves* failed to make this interesting announcement in the Oct. issue: The marriage of Eva Louise Couch, '93, to Willis Lee Compton Abbott on Sunday, July 20, at Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Lillian Howe Weyatt, formerly a teacher of reading and elocution at Lasell, called at the school during the summer with her daughter, Lillian. She has been East for two years but she returns this fall with her husband, who is a clergyman, to her home in southern California. She knows our Mae Chisholm Brown well.

Ella Puchta Knight, '10, is engaging in an unusually good cause, in other words, is the promoter of the Detroit, or shall we call

(Continued on page 52)

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it, Michigan-Lasell-Club. In her note to Doctor Winslow she writes, "Lasell is well on its way into another school year and everyone is busy and happy, I know. My glimpse of familiar places and a few faces was all too short but I am glad for the smallest sort of a visit to Auburndale. We old Lasell girls here in Detroit want to see more of each other and someone suggested a Lasell Club and I was commissioned to write for a list of girls' names who live in Detroit or in the near vicinity in order that we might organize."

Lasell is always glad to welcome Constance Blackstock, '09. She dropped in recently on her way from Isabella's wedding at Newport, a notice of which is given above taken from the "Zion's Herald." Constance is enjoying her new work as a teacher at Whiting Hall, South Sudbury, Mass.

The ladies of the faculty were recently delightfully entertained by Mrs. Winslow. These "at homes" of our principal's wife are always anticipated and enjoyed thoroughly by the favored guests.

We were glad to "welcome home" Gladys Dudley Seaman and her little son. They accompanied Mrs. Roswell Douglass who told us some fascinating stories of Grace and her far away "castle in Spain." We are hoping that this dear little bride will some day send us a sketch of home life in Terida, Spain.

Miss Irwin rejoiced us with a short visit in October. We hope that she will continue to be neighborly throughout the year. She is always a most welcome guest at Lasell.

How strange and fine it seems to think of Edna Smith as one of the head nurses at the Presbyterian Hospital, 70th Street and Madison Ave., New York City. In a recent letter, she writes, "Many happy moments I have spent thinking of the good old Lasell days. After leaving Lasell, I remained at home less than one year. In March, 1910, entered the training school at the Presbyterian Hospital and here I remain. In the meanwhile, I have successfully (?) been

trained and now in my turn am 'trying' to train others. I expected and hoped to be at the 1913 Commencement at Lasell this year but instead of leaving when I graduated in May, I accepted a Head Nurse-ship and will remain at least thru this winter." Among her "news items" are these, "Florence Serviss Borst has a boy sixteen months old. Anita Wilson is married and lives in New Orleans. I visited Lila Carhart in Pontiac last year. Mildred Nelson was graduated from Doctor Sargent's in Cambridge and is teaching in Lynchburg, Virginia. Just now I am sitting at my desk in the center of old Ward VI. We have no very sick patients to-night and they are all happy and talking fast and furious, almost as bad as Lasell dining room at meal hour. Does Doctor Bragdon come East any more? I believe Doctor Winslow has several children now. Please remember me to everyone who has not forgotten me."

The "old girls" will be delighted to know that our Dr. William Gordon has resumed his weekly chapel talks, and it is not his fault if the Lasell girls do not grow "gooder and gooder."

APPLIED MATHEMATICS

I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the Hypotenuse,
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called Isosceles.
Of course I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make gray matter more elastic—
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and Trapezoid,
I wonder?—yet it seems to me
That all the Plane Geometry
One needs is just this simple feat—
Whate'er your line, make both ends meet.—*Ex.*



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Everyday Scenes from the Domestic Science Department

(Photos by Underwood & Underwood, New York)

LITERARY.



THE GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Winner of first prize in Leaves contest)

Gracefully reclining in his beautiful litter of sandal wood, hung with silken draperies and carried by agile black slaves, was Augustine, the young and noble patrician. As he passed through the Roman Forum, swung gently in his rich carriage, passersby looked at him in silent admiration, not unmixed with awe. It was a goodly sight—the nobility of it all—the shapely head, the intellectual forehead, the broad shoulders, and the expression proud and haughty but with a suggestion of kindness about the clear blue eyes.

The slaves glided on until they came to the palace of the Roman Emperor, Nero. Augustine, a favorite with the "Great One," was ushered into a beautiful reception hall where Nero was wont to receive his particular friends. After words of greeting to Nero and Claudius, another follower in Nero's train, Augustine seated himself, while Pedro, his own body slave, stationed himself at his master's side.

The three men were soon in conversation. They spoke of the coming games and gladiatorial contests which were at the height of interest. The success of a grand carnival,

which Nero had recently contrived, was discussed. Then they talked of the armies of the Empire, and how well they were succeeding in harassing their enemies.

"But, most gracious master," said Claudius, "methinks there is an enemy in our midst which is gaining power. Knowest thou not of the wondrous spread of this most detestable sect called Christians?"

"Aha! my loyal Claudius I do know of it and thou must know how black is my hatred for them who dares to defy our ancient and most holy Roman gods! Hast heard any late news of these vile people, my friend?"

"O great Nero, in sooth 'tis little indeed I know, but 'twas rumored in the Forum this morning that these Christians are preparing for some great feast. One man told me it was to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of this Christus, whom they call God."

"Bah!" exclaimed Nero, "knowest thou no more?"

"Your majesty," returned Claudius, "would that I knew more, but they are a secretive sect and very little may be learned about them."

During this conversation Augustine sat silent. He had no particular interest in religion of any sort, but he did not believe

in the Roman gods, though he hardly acknowledged the fact even to himself. He felt that there must have been an all powerful Creator—the one true God—further than that he had not thought. But he noticed Pedro seemed rather disturbed as he listened to the conversation. The muscles of his face contracted and his eyes had a piercing expression. Augustine was vaguely wondering what troubled the slave, when Nero turned to him. Now Augustine had often been entrusted with secret errands of the emperor so he was not surprised to hear him say:

"My fair Augustine, hearest thou what these Christians are doing? We must seek them out lest the wrath of the Gods fall upon us. By Hercules, Augustine, shouldst thou bring me some news of this coming festivity, I swear thou shall be rightfully rewarded for thy trouble. Thou dost remember, I take it, the villa and lands at Antium so lately come into my possession—they shall be thine, my friend, if thou canst bring news of this detested sect!"

That night as Pedro was arraying his master, he said,

"Most worthy Augustine, I heard the offer the mighty Nero made thee this morning, and out of love for thee I will tell thee where to find these Christians."

"Pedro," exclaimed Augustine, "how came'st thou by this knowledge?"

"Ah, my master, I loved a maid, but alas because she was a Christian, she would not return my love. Now I hate her and the whole sect. But I have often followed her to the catacombs where the Christians meet to worship Christus."

"Tell me where this meeting place is Pedro, and thou shalt be rewarded."

"Aha!" cried the slave, "I want revenge—they shall be discovered! Come with me this night and I will show thee, my Master."

At midnight Augustine found himself with Pedro outside the city walls in one of the seven hills of Rome. At an opening

in the rocks they entered the interior of the hillside through a hidden passage.

Augustine hastened along the dark tunnel but Pedro lingered behind—probably because he could not trust himself in the presence of the maid whom he had loved and was to destroy. A few candles blinked here and there from the walls of the passageway, guiding the intruder. Suddenly he heard the sound of a deep voice; he crept silently along through the tunnel which at length opened into an underground chamber. A group of people were kneeling here in penitent attitudes, while at the altar stood a venerable priest who was addressing them. The place was lighted by tiny candles burning on the altar, and the whole setting was both weird and fantastic. Augustine drew into the background, listening in utter astonishment.

What was it the priest was saying?

He was telling of Christmas eve two centuries before, when the wise men had come from afar to worship the Christ Child in the stable at Bethlehem, and that this Christ was God, who had come on earth to live, labor, suffer and die for His people in order that He might redeem them. All He asked in return was their love and service. And tomorrow was Christmas! Their hearts must be pure and at peace, that He might find a fitting dwelling place in them. And this great Christmas Spirit should radiate from them, to cheer in the world about them the hearts that knew Him not.

"Peace on earth to men of good will," sweetly sang the choir as the old priest finished speaking—and the echoes rang through the dingy cave.

"Peace on earth to men of good will." The words reached the heart of the haughty patrician who had thrown himself on his knees, and as they clamoured there for entrance he prayed with his whole soul to the God of the Christians, if He be truly God to give him *Faith*. And a peace settled over him such as he had never known before—the Christmas message had reached him

because he had opened his heart to it! He resolved to seek out this old priest and learn more of Christ—his God.

Thus had the seed of Faith been sown by that prayer on Christmas Eve. Could any Christmas gift be greater?

Alice Guthrie.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(Winner of second prize in Leaves story contest)

The night was cold, bleak and stormy. The wind howled around the corners of the deserted office-buildings so that the thin coating of snow was swept off of the ground. But men and women hurried to and fro, with smiling, happy faces and light hearts, their arms filled with tempting packages or perhaps cheery wreaths of holly or a spray of mistletoe, for it was Christmas eve, and the next day would be the day of "peace on earth, good-will to men." It was the time to lay aside the sorrows of this sordid world, to be filled with the joy of living, and to share in the bliss of giving and receiving.

But among this merry, happy-go-lucky throng, there walked one alone, with bent head and clenched fists, a stranger in a strange land. He was a Russian Jew who had escaped from the persecution of his native land and had arrived in this free country only the week before. He was friendless but not without money for food and drink, for his master had given him gold before he left.

He had been a serf, stupid, strong and oppressed. His master was a well educated, cultured Russian Christian, whose heart rebelled against the harshness and cowardly hatred of his government toward these weak unprotected subjects, and so he had aided this boy to escape from it all, to strike out for himself and gain a new start in life.

Michael had landed in Boston, and not knowing the language, had wandered aimlessly through its streets, his peasant garb contrasting strangely with the dress of those

about him, until a friendly policeman took him in charge and carried him to the police station. Here there was an interpreter who told Michael about the customs of our country, and persuaded him to give up his money for a suit of American clothes and to pay him a commission for finding him a job with a gang of laborers. Needless to say, that although Michael had landed the day before with the worth of one hundred United States dollars, he started to work with but one dollar left. But since he earned three dollars a day and spent barely fifty cents, he saved a great deal, hoarding the treasure carefully in his trunk.

Tonight, Christmas Eve, he walked alone, his heart full of bitterness toward the gaiety in which he had not a part. As he slouched along, cursing the fates that gave him only the sour of life and took away the sweet, he felt a hearty slap on the shoulder. He turned ready to strike, only to meet the smiling face of his first friend, the jolly police man.

"Well, how 'yez' gettin' along, Whiskers?" he was jovially asked.

"Rotten!" He had learned the word quickly, for there are many "r's" in the Russian language.

"Come along with me, Mike," and the big policeman linked his arm through Michael's as they walked down Dover Street. They came at length to the little mission and shouldering their way through the crowd that thronged the doorway, took seats in the front of the room.

Michael sat silent, tense, hating the men around him, and hating himself for not refusing to be led into this cozy, crowded room. The superintendent arose and announced the hymns. Michael sat dumb. He heard nothing of the kindly prayers, only the name of Jesus reached his ears to reproach him. For rejecting the teachings of Christ, had he oftentimes been sorely beaten by the Cossacks, and now he sat there, without moving, actually enjoying the com-

panionship of those poor and poorer than he, while his heart bade him run away.

He stayed. His eyes closed slowly, an intense drowsiness seized him. He knew not for how long he slept, but he was awakened by someone rudely brushing against him. He looked up and saw Pat, the policeman, groping his way to the front benches, his eyes blinded by tears. He watched Pat kneel and join the others in prayer, saw him arise, as though having received new life, and return to his seat armed with new resolution and courage.

Then without understanding, Michael accepted the china mug that was handed to him. He held it thoughtfully in his hand, and presently, someone poured hot coffee therein, and he drank. Someone handed him a package, which, on opening, as he observed other men doing, he found to contain sandwiches, and he ate, and was refreshed.

Slowly, it dawned on Michael that these who had fed him were Christians, but how different from the Christians in Russia, who, had they found a Jew in their midst, would have beaten and stoned him. Truly, this was a far different land from Russia! Suddenly he felt the hate and malice in his heart melt away before the warmth of human kindness. The bells pealed out the beginning of a new Christmas day. With a sudden impulse, his hand shot out to the friend who had helped him the most in this new, Christian land, where the Jew is treated kindly, and in a voice broken by deep feeling he growled forth a Russian "Merry Christmas."

Hortense Hoffman.

"PEACE I BRING THEE"

(Winner honorable mention in Leaves story contest)

Slowly the old cathedral bell tolled out the midnight hour. As its last stroke was borne away into the silent night, the white-robed Spirit of Christmas spread over all

the Christian earth, its far-reaching wings and breathed into the darkest and deepest recesses the essence of cheer, hope, and eternal faith. Long had it been heralded, and many were the hearts into which it would penetrate, imbuing them with peace and Good-will.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve, cold, dismal, and blustering. In a cheerless little room tucked away in the heart of a large city, a young girl sat at her window, gazing out into the night. Her appearance told little of her age, as the necessity of providing for herself, had long ago taken away youth, and bent with care and worry her frail young shoulders.

On this particular night she had worked late in helping prepare for the coming holiday, and her way home had led her through the brilliantly lighted stores displaying lavishly their Christmas finery. She had been jostled along in the crowds of belated shoppers, who were hurrying homeward, their arms laden with Christmas packages. Up the three flights of rickety stairs she had climbed, to her own cold, dreary, little room. Tired and discouraged, she had sunk into the nearest chair, and there she now sat staring out into the blackness of the night, thinking. She thought of the hundreds of pretty gifts she had sold during the day. She thought of the many people to whom they would go, to make Christmas merrier. She thought of the greeting "Merry Christmas" and to her it seemed a meaningless mockery. What pleasures could she derive from Christmas, enfolded as she was by poverty and toil! She must work even harder than ever, in order that others might gain a little more enjoyment! The poor were no partakers of Christmas, of its festivities, and gifts; these things only served to make them realize more than ever their wretched poverty! Yes, those who were gifted with money and friends, Christmas would make happy. But she, she, had no one dear, to whom she

could turn, to share either joy or sorrow Christmas meant nothing to her!

A near-by clock striking the hour of twelve, startled her from her broodings, and glancing up she looked straight across the narrow alley into a lighted room of the opposite tenement.

It was, like her own, a scantily furnished little room, and yet there was a certain atmosphere about it, which made it appear homelike. This was not due to the furnishings but rather to a motherly old German woman, sitting in front of the small stove, her hands in her lap, rocking contentedly back and forth. Across her knees lay an open Bible. If this young girl could have looked closer, she would have seen that it was opened at the story of the Christ. Little did the old German woman's expression convey the fact that she was alone and friendless, many miles from her native land and people. Reverently she was reading over the well-known tale, and finding comfort and hope in its promises.

A beautiful feeling of understanding swept into the shop girl's heart. "Christmas did mean something more than festivities and gifts. It meant the birthday of the Christ, the gift God gave to the world two thousand years ago, that all who truly sought, might find peace and happiness in the consciousness of His presence. Not only on Christmas day, but whenever the heart embraced the right spirit, then, and then only came the peace and joy of Christmas."

* * *

Low over the little shop girl bent the white robed Spirit, and lifted from her tired shoulders, life's cares. The *peace* that passeth all understanding entered her soul, and remained with her forever. She had found the true Spirit of Christmas.

Maude Freeman.

FINE FEATHERS

There was great excitement among the younger set of Los Angeles. Patricia Stevens was coming home from Paris, where she had been attending school for the past four years. Would she look the same? Would she know her old friends or would she consider herself above them? These questions, and many more, were being asked by all who had known her. Questions like these do sound foolish, but haven't you heard them asked again and again?

Patricia Stevens was an only child. Her mother died when she was a girl of nine, and so she was left to the care of her devoted father; to be brought up in the care of nurses, governesses, and money. When she was sixteen, she was sent to Paris, where, her fond parent had been told, she would be taught how to be a "perfect lady." Those four years had been crowded with work, lonesomeness, play and happiness. She had finished school in June but had traveled around Europe for three months before returning home. It was therefore, with great interest that her home-coming was looked forward to. No one knew whether Patricia's aunt bundled her niece off to their country home to give her a rest before entering the social whirl, or to prolong curiosity. No one, however, had had even a peep at her, except her chum, Betty Butler, who refused to talk.

* * * * *

"Dad, I can't tell you how glad I am to be home, again," exclaimed Patty, as she sat on the arm of her father's chair, two mornings after her return. "I tell you, there is nothing like home and father."

"Well, I am glad to hear that, Patsy. It is rather a surprise, you know, because I was thinking right along that you would forget your old dad while you were flying around Europe with those high-brow Dukes and Lords; that you would want to marry one of those—. Well, I won't say what I want to, but you know what I mean."

"Now, dad, you know that's not fair. Oh, you can't fool me, you are just 'fishing,'" said the young lady with a little pucker of her pretty lips. "Talk about *young* men wanting compliments, I'll give the prize to *old* men every time."

"Now, none of that—," Dad *started* to say.

"Daddy dear, don't talk now, because I want to talk—I have so much to say and I love to talk to you. Do you know—Oh my heavens, I forgot all about Pete! I promised I would help him in the garden this morning. Ta-ta, goose dear. I'll be back in a little while."

And so the days went by. No study, no society and no "nice" manners; just Dad, play and visits with Betty.

* * * * *

It was early in the morning, when only the birds, and other children of nature, see the beauty of the coming of day, that Patty got up and went to work over her vegetables. Like all useful things, lacking beauty, this vegetable garden could not be seen from the house, nor could the house be seen from the garden, large pepper trees obstructing the view. She had been there only a little while, when she heard a machine pass, on the main highway, at terrific speed. She watched it for a moment and was surprised to see it slow down and then, stop. There were three men in the car and the one at the wheel jumped out and seemed to pull up the front seat.

"Um! Out of gasoline," thought Patty.

She was right. However, she resumed her task of digging up the earth with her trowel and the incident passed from her mind.

"Say, you, with the pink apron," said a voice near her, "could you tell me where I could get some gasoline?"

Miss Stevens' chin went up with a jerk. Who was addressing *her* in that manner?

"I be—," but she stopped and glanced down at her dirty hands and her dirty checked apron. No wonder! Well, if that was the case, she would play the part.

"I b'lieve you's could git some in the town," she said calmly, and went on with her work.

"Oh, do you! That's nice! How far is the town?" asked the young gentleman.

" 'Bout half mile, I reckon."

"Is there a garage in the town?"

"Uh-uh. 'Tisn't open, though, s'early in the morning."

"Where could I get some then? Don't be such a dunce. Can't you answer my plain questions like a sane person and not like an idiot!" demanded the young man.

"Ask me a plain question, an' I'll see if I cin," this speech accompanied with a stony stare.

"Rather smart, eh!" he laughed. "Not so bad looking either, by gad! Hey fellows," he shouted, "come over here."

The other two young men sauntered over. Patty was in a panic. What should she do? She couldn't run away because they would follow her and find out who she was. She had gone too far in her little game, she must play it to the end.

"What do you think of my find, fellows?" Patty looked the "fellows" over. That tall one with the brown eyes was good-looking. She was rather glad she stayed, now. Oh, if she were only looking her best.

"Case, you are a good judge of pretty girls. What do you think of her?" This question was directed to the man with the brown eyes.

"She is pretty, Bill," replied Case, "but we want some gasoline and not pretty girls."

"Oh, bother gasoline!" exclaims the third young man. "I would rather talk to a pretty girl any day."

"Them's just my sentiments,' Jim," cried the first fellow, slapping his friend on the back.

"I say, little girl, what's your name?" asked Jim.

"Puddin' and tane, if ya ask me agin, I'll tell ya' the same," piped up the saucy "little girl," and with this half-angry remark,

she jumped to her feet, threw a trowel-full of dirt at the three young men and fled toward the pepper trees.

The two young men, Bill and Jim, were after her in a second. They were anxious not to lose this young spit-fire. They caught up with Patty in a few strides, but before they could speak, Case stepped between the fellows and the girl.

"Don't be darned fools, fellows! Can't you see the youngster is scared to death. Leave her alone and hunt up some gasoline. Besides, we have to meet Betty and your 'beautiful' Miss Stevens at twelve."

"By gad, I forgot all about that! Sorry little lassie, but we must leave you," sang Jim, making an elaborate bow and so the two left.

"I am very sorry this has happened, I am sure," said Case, turning to Patty, who was watching him with a great deal of interest (she did like his eyes so well and that adorable little wave in his hair.)

This apology was received with a blank stare. Thinking nothing more could be said, Case lifted his hat and turned to go.

"Say, 'sor, d'ya want t' know m' name," queried Patty, her eyes twinkling.

He turned quickly.

"It's Pat, 'sor," she said and made a curt little bow.

"That's rather a funny name for a girl, isn't it?" he questioned. Jim and Bill were right, she was pretty—prettier than most girls he knew.

"M' full name's Patricia, but Pa likes Pat bester," bobbing her head up and down.

"Patricia, that's a pretty name. Not, by any chance, a relation to Patricia Stevens," he jokingly remarked.

"Oh, she stay 'round here, d'ya know it?"

"What does she look like? I hear she is very pretty."

"Aw, kind'a. She isn't nearly as purty as her pa's money makes people think she is and she's awful stuck-up." Patty was rubbing her hands up and down her apron;

standing first on one foot and then on the other.

"Well s' long. I gotta go now. Come again!" And like a flash she was gone. Case called after her, but received no answer. What lovely eyes the girl had! Her face seemed to haunt him. He called again. No answer. He waited, then shook himself and laughed.

"Of all darn fools, I am the worst!" he exclaimed.

* * * * *

A few hours later, three young men were seen to enter the waiting-room of the Alexandria Hotel and seemed to be looking for some one. A very pretty young lady advanced to meet them.

"I am so sorry, but Patty hasn't come yet," she said, as she shook hands with them "so we will have to wait for a while."

She led the way to some chairs and while they waited, Jim recounted the little episode of the morning. When it was finished Betty laughed and cried,

"You certainly are not—Why, Case, who are you staring at so? Oh, here's Patty. My dear, I am so glad to see you!"

When the introductions were over, Case, immediately attached himself to Patty. Later, at the luncheon table, he said quietly,

"Miss Stevens, it seems to me I have seen you before."

"Really! That's not strange. I have seen many people before," she replied laughing.

"Seriously, I think I have met you," he persisted. "Patricia. That name certainly sounds familiar."

"M' full name's Patricia, but Dad likes Pat bester," she repeated roguishly, bobbing her head up and down as she did when she first said it.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I wanted to see how long you would keep this up."

The others interrupted their quiet little talk, and so Case did not have an opportunity to speak to Patty until they left the tea-rooms.

"May I see you sometime soon?" he begged as he said good-by to her.

"In the vegetable garden? Yes," she replied softly, giving him her hand. "Well, s'long. I gotta go, now. Come again." And she left.

On the way home, Case turned to Jim and asked, "Do fine feathers make fine birds, Jim?"

Edna Christensen.

The Christmas tree, so dear to the hearts of all children, originated with the Germans, it is said. It was probably a dim remembrance of the gigantic yew-tree of Norse mythology, which was fabled to bind together earth, hell and heaven. German tradition, however, persistently attributes the invention of the Christmas tree to Martin Luther. On Christmas eve, so the story runs, he was travelling alone over the snow covered country and was deeply impressed by the contrast it made with the star bespangled heavens. On arriving home he vainly strove to explain this impression to his wife and children. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He went into the garden, cut off a little fir tree, dragged it into the nursery, put some candles on its branches and lighted them. One of the most popular of German prints represents Martin Luther sitting in the bosom of his family, with a lighted Christmas tree in front of him. As an archaeological fact the Christmas tree can be traced back almost as far as Luther's time, and may consequently have existed then. A manuscript, dated 1608, preserved in a private collection in Friedburg, Hesse, describes an illuminated fir tree as being a recognized feature of the Christmas festivities in that part of Germany. For two hundred years the fashion maintained itself along the Rhine, when suddenly at the beginning of this century it spread over Germany, and fifty years later had conquered all Europe.

The Duchess Helena of Orleans introduced it into Tuilleries in 1840, and it subsequently

won the favor of the Empress Eugenie. To-day Paris uses some fifty thousand trees every Christmas. The French plant the entire tree in a tub, so as to be able to preserve it until New Year, when it is "plundered."

—*Ex.*

A MISTLETOE MISS

The mistletoe hung low, and Kate
Stood dangerously near it;
It seemed to me that adverse fate
Was causing much too long a wait;—
Forsooth, why should she fear it?

She moved a little nearer, and
I did the same and waited
Impatiently to take her hand
Also a firm, decided stand,
But still procrastinated.

The crowd about her moved apart,
Thought I, "'Tis now or never,
What is the matter with my heart
That thus I hesitate to start!
She'll not stand there forever."

At last she stood beneath the spray,
At that I ceased to falter—
But why recall the fateful day,
She got that kiss; (from me, you say?)
My handsome rival, Walter.

"Mother, may I go out to stroll?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Make your will and fit your soul
And watch out for the auter."

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And when she tried to cross the street
The lamb refused to go.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
A reckless chauffeur butted him
And knocked out one of his eyes.
And when he saw his eye was out
He crawled exceeding shy.
But another auto came along
And took the other eye.

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle;
The cow jumped over the moon,
And when she looked back
Where the motor cars track,
She hadn't jumped any too soon.

—*Ex.*



November twenty-first, the Juniors entertained the Freshmen at dinner. After the girls were all seated in the dining room, the officers and other representatives of the Junior Class escorted the Freshmen to their places; while the other members of the Junior Class sang a song in honor of their sister class. The table was in the shape of a large L and decorated with violets and yellow chrysanthemums. At the close of the dinner, each Freshman was presented with a boutonniere of violets.

TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE

Just after luncheon on November seventeenth, a group of Lasell girls left the school in a barge and the school automobiles. On their way to Cambridge, they stopped at the Mount Auburn Cemetery, where they saw, among others, the graves of Edwin Booth, Phillips Brooks, Caroline Carpenter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow and James Russell Lowell. While in the cemetery, they climbed a tower from which they had a fine view of the Capitol, Bunker Hill Monument and Tufts College.

The girls also noted with interest the homes of Longfellow and Lowell. After riding

around the Harvard Campus, they then visited the Germanic Museum. There many fine pieces of sculpture were seen. From there, they went to Memorial Hall and saw the famous stained-glass windows and the dining-room. The windows in the dining room were also very beautiful. ¶ ¶

In the Agassiz Museum, to which they next went, they saw the wonderful collection of glass flowers. Many remarked that they wished that they could stay a whole day to look at the flowers. In one case, there was an illustration of the way in which these fragile articles come from Germany. After reluctantly leaving the Museum, the girls went into the Gymnasium, where the boys were playing basket-ball. After just a "look" they got into the barge and started for home.

Although tired and hungry they were all pleased to have had the trip and especially glad to have seen the glass flowers.

On Saturday evening, November the twenty-ninth, the Seniors were most delightfully entertained by the Sophomores at the Riverside Boat House at a Forty Years Hence Party. The rooms of the club-house were attractively decorated in the colors of the two

classes, which, with the unique costumes, made a very pretty spectacle.

It was indeed a very novel party. First of all, there were several speeches from the gallery on Woman's Suffrage, which called forth loud applause. Then there were various other "stunts" in keeping with the nature of the party, all of which were very amusing. Refreshments were served as we sat around a big open fire, and after songs and cheers were given by both classes, we started for home.

On Tuesday evening, November 25, the Seniors surprised the other classes by taking their pins. The class was seated at four tables in the dining room, arranged in U shape, and decorated with red and white roses. After the dinner course all the lights in the dining room except the ones over the Senior table, were turned off, and the dignified maids sang to the school a song appropriate for the occasion. At the same time a huge gilt lamp of learning (lowered from the ceiling) was hung above the table.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Evelyn Schmidt led Christian Endeavor on November fourth. Genevieve Bettcher sang.

Christian Endeavor was led by Dorothy Bushnell on November eleventh. Her topic was "The Cheerful Giver." Lucile Scott sang.

On the eighteenth of November Genevieve Bettcher led Christian Endeavor. She took as her topic "Thanksgiving." Muriel Fairford sang.

November twenty-fifth was "Missionary Night" and Miss Packard led. She told us of the increase of Christianity during the last half-century. It was decided to send the usual Thanksgiving offering to the Frances E. Willard Settlement.

Ruby Newcomb led Christian Endeavor on December second. She spoke about various kinds of Christmas help we can give.

Ruth Davis led Christian Endeavor on December ninth. Her topic was "The progress of work among the immigrants."

VESPERS

Mr. Matheson, the rector of the Church of the Messiah, Auburndale, had charge of Vespers on November ninth. Muriel Fairford sang.

November sixteenth was Missionary Sunday. Miss Blair spoke to us about the important and interesting work carried on at Lincoln House, Boston.

On the twenty-third and thirtieth of November we went to the Congregational Church. On the twenty-third men from the Rescue Mission spoke, telling us of the wonderful changes in their lives brought about through the influence of the Mission in Dover Street. On the thirtieth Mr. Gilson of the Y. M. C. A. spoke. Members of the Apollo Club sang.

Mr. Butler, a Missionary Worker in Mexico, spoke to us at Vespers on December seventh. He explained very clearly the present situation in Mexico and told one or two incidents in his own life in Mexico. Lucile Scott sang.

After the quiet had settled upon the throng in the dining room on Hallowe'en night, in stalked a small colored boy bearing under his arm the "Yellow Sheet" of the Juniors. Here we found the names of President, Florence Evans; Vice President, Greselda Downs; Treasurer, Veda Ferguson; Secretary, Catherine Carter.





CHRISTMAS becomes more and more a glorious holiday as we get hold of the real meaning of the festival. The buying of ten or twenty or a hundred gifts and the real receiving of a like number doesn't make Christmas. It is the spirit behind the gift that counts. If ever there is a time to be happy it is during the Christmas holidays. It is not the time for us to think only of ourselves or even of our own friends. It is a time for everybody to be happy and the only way to bring that about is for each person to remember all the time that everyone else has a right to happiness. The shop girl as well as the school girl has a capacity for happiness. Gift giving merely as a matter of form does not help anyone. A five cent card may mean more than a \$100 necklace.

While we are thinking about making others happy at Christmas isn't it a pretty good idea to make a resolution to carry the Christmas spirit through the rest of the year, just so far as we can?

THE YULE LOG

By Louisa M. Alcott

When the Yule log burns on the hearth,
 With carol, chime and Christmas cheer,
 A fire should kindle in each soul
 To gladden all the coming year;
 A flame to brighten heart and home,
 And shine as well for other eyes,
 Fed by good deeds which still glow on
 When dim and cold the Yule log lies.

No life so poor but it may know
 A spark of this divinest fire.
 No life so beautiful and rich
 But still, flame-like, it may aspire.
 Then kindle Yule logs far and wide
 To burn on every happy hearth,
 Fit symbols of the faith and love
 That purify and bless the earth.

EXCHANGES



EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge the November issues of the following papers:

The Magpie, The Owl, The Goldenrod, The Commerce Caravel, Milton Orange and Blue, Les Collines, Scroll, Lawrence High School, The Mirror, E. O. H. S. News, Vail-Deane Budget, The Philomath, The Hermonite, The Artisan, Maroon and White, Salem Advance, Newton High School Review, The Iris, The Megaphone, The William Woods College Record, Boston University Beacon, New Trier Echoes.

The Advance Salem—Your Table of Contents with its illustrations is very good.

The Iris—Your literary department is fine. Your paper contains many bright stories and poems. "The Iris" and the "The Call of the Wild" are especially clever.

Megaphone—This paper is interesting and well arranged. It contains some interesting material. Don't you think a few illustrations would make it more attractive?

Newton High School Review—This contains many very entertaining stories but don't you think a "Table of Contents" would add greatly?

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

The Christmas dinner varies greatly in different countries. In France it includes the poulet, cooked and garnished as the French do such things, and liver pudding rich with truffles and seasoning. Spain be-

gins the dinner with a soup of sweet almonds and cream, followed by fish roasted before the fire and basted with lemon, chopped garlic and oil.

The German dinner consists of roast goose stuffed with chestnuts, pork boiled with sauerkraut, beef with sour sauce, black puddings, smoked goose, baked apples and beer.

Russia serves her national soup which is a mixture of beef bouillon, boiled cabbage, sour cream and the fermented juice of beetroots. This may be had at any time during the day.

In Switzerland goose is the principal dish. This is supplemented by Swiss confectionery, cake, fruit and nut puddings, Geneva fritters, a paste made of fruits, spices, marmalade, eggs and kirsch.

The Italian dinner is partaken of at any time in the evening between 8 and midnight, of which eels is the principal dish. These are served one to each guest, each rolled in a laurel leaf.

Portugal follows the lead of Russia in the choice of Christmas dinner, and feasts on young pig, while Alsace imitates Germany in its festival dishes.

WHERE HER DRESS CAME FROM

"Now, children," said the kindergarten teacher, reviewing yesterday's lesson, "you know that I told you about the various material from which your dresses are made—silk, wool and cotton. Let me see how well you remember, Margie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?"

Margie—"It once grew on the back of a sheep."

"Very good. And yours, Blanche?"

Blanche—"My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep, too, and a part of it was spun by the silkworm."

"Correct! And yours, Lucy?"

Lucy (with evident embarrassment)—"My dress was made out of an old one of mamma's."

PERSONAL



The *New Orleans Item* of November 11 contains a fine picture of Edyth Mildred Snyder, '10, and a most interesting account of the organization of a Student Council in Newcomb College, New Orleans, our Mildred being honored with the position of president. We congratulate our old Lasell girl and also the college where she is wielding such a good influence but somehow it is just what we have expected from Mildred. She is certainly going from "strength to strength."

Beth Baer, in a recent friendly message tells of entertaining some Lasell girls and also refers to her enjoyable visit to Auburndale when she placed her sister, Rose, in our school. One of the Lasell guests in her home was Emma Christensen, who, by the way, was also a visitor at Lasell this fall on a similar errand as Beth's, that of placing her sister, Edna, among this year's new girls.

Marjorie Read writes that she is teaching sewing one morning a week to girls in a settlement house and also taking charge of a Sunday School class of mischievous little boys. We are glad Marjorie says "boys" instead of girls. We would like to hear some more interesting news from our Oregon girls.

Among the welcome guests at Lasell recently were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gibert, the parents of Marie Gibert, '03, and these friends told of their extensive travels, and in answer to our question "I suppose Marie always accompanies you?" replied, "No, indeed, Marie is devoting herself to kindergarten work. She goes daily to the slum districts and teaches deficient children. She not only devotes her school hours to these unfortunate little ones but much of her leisure time at home is given up to planning

LASELL LEAVES

Charles Elliot Tilton, 3d

Charles Small



James Frederick Green

SOME MORE LASELL GRANDCHILDREN

for them." We certainly were delighted to hear of this beautiful life-work of Marie's and were not surprised that it indicated self-sacrifice on her part.

Rachael Edwards and Gladys Dudley Seaman ran in and out the other day. We saw little of them but enough to realize that they were both "well and happy." We understand that they are to be "at home" in Boston during a part of this winter and we hope they will return to Lasell and finish out their visit.

Mary Gallaher, '10, is at home after a two and one-half years' sojourn in Europe where she devoted her time to travel and study. She looks not a day older than when she graduated but we have reason to know that she has had rare opportunities for culture which she has improved to an unusual degree. Her mother was with her in Europe most of the time. We were sorry that she could be with us but a few hours and are hoping for a longer visit later on.

"Jo" Woodward, '10, accompanied Mary to Lasell. Their Alma Mater is increasingly proud of these girl graduates.

Mrs. Sarah Ransom Hazelet has returned to her home in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, after a several weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Minnie Ransom Wagner. We were disappointed in not being able to persuade her to make Auburndale a permanent home.

Edmonia Ellis accompanied her sister, Julia, to Lasell during the opening days. She has enjoyed her work in Domestic Science and from others we learn has made a marked success in her chosen profession. Just now she is at home and we hear rumors that she is preparing for another course in Domestic Science. More definite information concerning this interesting *special* work will be given later.

On November 22 occurred the marriage of Marion A. Bartlett to Mr. Philip Sidney Hanna at Detroit, Mich. Marion's future home will be Oak Park, Ill. Lasell sends

a hearty Godspeed to this November bride and groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wise Perin (Beatrice Cobb) announce the birth of Beatrice Cobb Perin on November 28. We welcome little Beatrice to our neighborhood and shall be glad when she is able to report at Lasell. Our loving congratulations to the parents.

Many old Lasell girls will be pained to learn of the death of Lucy Moore Martin at Peabody, Mass., November 24. Lucy has been an invalid for some time and yet we had all hoped that she would eventually recover. The local paper states she was prominent in religious work, having been a leader in the South Church up to the time of her marriage. Our tender sympathy is extended to her husband and the bereaved members of her family.

We are not surprised that Hannah Proctor '10, has been specializing in Domestic Science recently for we find now that she was preparing for definite work in a home of her own. She has recently announced her engagement to Richard Bonner.

Julia DeWitt, '10, has also sent the glad tidings of her engagement to Mr. J. Paulding, Read, of Newark, N. J. Lasell's hearty congratulations are extended to these young people.

During the Thanksgiving vacation Ruth Adt and Dorothy Gilbert "came home" to Lasell. We rejoiced to welcome these "old girls." They are spending this year at Yale Art School.

Grace Douglass Murray sent our preceptress an interesting message from her new home in Lerida, Spain. Mr. Murray is one of the civil engineers in the Aytona Camp. Grace writes, "The Construction Camp is sixteen miles from the nearest town and three miles across the river from Aytona, a small neglected village. There are seven American families here, and about twenty American men who live in one large building. The life is very quiet with practically no variety. It is almost impossible to go to Lerida as there

are no conveyances of any kind to be had except those which belong to the Company and those are generally in use. Sometimes a tartana can be had but it is very uncomfortable to ride in for any length of time. It is a wagon on two wheels, covered with canvas, seats lengthwise, poor springs and drawn by a mule. It reminds me of a prairie schooner, only smaller. My brother Arthur and his wife live almost next door to us which makes it very pleasant. Besides, the wives of four of the young men are about my age so we are always together and are like one big family. I wish it were possible for you to visit us and to meet Mr. Murray. I am going to bring him out to school some day after we arrive home. It is possible we may be back in the States before long. Please give my best regards to the faculty." During a chance meeting with Grace's mother, she tells of a recent word from Grace in which she said, "the beauty of these Pyrenees Mountains makes up for much that I am missing in the homeland." We happen to know that one of Grace's wedding presents was a year's subscription to the *Leaves*. Rather a unique idea, don't you think? Perhaps a suggestion to some other Lasell brides or their friends.

Alva Thomas writes to Miss Nutt that she is improving, and *we are hoping* that some day in the near future Alva will come back to Lasell.

Caroline Hill has not forgotten us and we certainly are not forgetting her. In her November letter, she declares, "I did have such a good time at Lasell and have not forgotten it. I am attending the Pontaic High School and am having a great many good times mixed in with hard work. I would not have missed my Lasell year for anything and I am looking forward to another before I settle down."

Through one of our Seniors, we learn of the engagement of Una Wise to Mr. Robert Haase, a graduate of Lafayette College.

Lasell was honored recently with a visit

from Dr. John Butler, of Mexico, and his sister, Miss Clementina Butler. Dr. Butler is the father of one of our former students, Evelyn Butler Arnold, Mexico City, Mexico, and had many interesting stories to tell us about Evelyn and her four dear children. Miss Clementina Butler is an old Lasell girl. Dr. Butler's message on Mexico at the Sabbath Vesper Service was especially timely and inspiring. Lasell wishes him Godspeed as he returns to his chosen mission field, his beloved Mexico!

HOUSE-HUNTING

The trials and the joys of house-hunting are amusingly told in the following extract from a former Lasell girl's letter:

"I have been looking for a house suitable to cage us four. Out of the house-hunting I got a tremendous lot of amusement, a new friend and the house. The fun and the friend I can tell you of, but the house we had to give up. The president of the company wrote that it was very possible he might sell out and the factory be moved to another city and so, of course we did not care to be house-tied.

"Just a little about the hunt: I went street car-riding with young real estate men to jumping-off places and drafty houses; I met old real estate men on transfer corners and in rendezvous drug-stores. One very cold day, I went to a real estate office to inquire about a house and was received by a fat pudgy man who exhaled an aroma of sen-sen and looked like a personification of the trusts.

"I was rather ahead of my appointment time and sat and listened to him talking to another possible buyer. As he described the house I found it had two or three things about it that I did not care for. In a few minutes he came over to me and said, "I want to introduce you to Mrs. W——. The machine will be here presently and I will take both you ladies out to see the house." I instantly began to disclaim any interest

in the house etc., but Mrs. W——looked at me so pleadingly and urgently that I said I'd go 'for the ride.'

"I was very glad, afterwards, that I had gone for Mrs. W——proved to be splendid company and we got a lot of fun out of the ride.

"The house he showed us was impossible. We floundered up snow-covered steps to a tipsy porch that grinned toothlessly through its missing spindles. Inside there was desolation: the outgoing tenants, with long arms, had snatched away all the chandeliers. Upstairs their vandalism met its match: the bath-tub had resisted their urgency and lay full on its side.

"The next house the agent showed us Mrs. W——finally bought and last Thursday she invited me to a party there. 'Our house,' as she calls it, was a real bargain and responded nicely to her renovating. We often talk over our 'joy ride' and the hilarious inspection of the houses. Through her I have met many interesting people and I feel at last as if I belonged in Pittsburgh."

(An old girl).

Or They'll Be Trown Out.—She—Do you love me for myself alone?

He—Yes, and when we are married I don't want any of the family thrown in.—*Ex.*

Economic Defense.—"Why don't women dress sensibly?"

"If they did, half the industries of the world would go to smash."—*Ex.*

Son—Dad, when you put a hen on eggs to hatch them, do you say she is "sitting" or "setting?" A hen can't really sit, can she?

Dad—Don't bother about little things like that. What concerns me most is to know when she cackles whether she has laid or lied!—*Ex.*

CHRISTMAS' LOCATION

She—Sometimes I wish that Christmas came a little later in the season.

He (testily)—So do I. I wish it came on the 30th of February.—*Ex.*

LET IT GO AT THAT

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor, but apparently respectable family named Curran living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

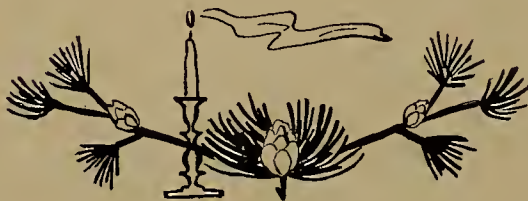
"Faith, thin, Oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell thim," was the calm reply, "that ye are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."—*Ex.*

Correct.—Teacher—Willie, can you name the chief product of Mexico?

Willie—Yes'm. Trouble.—*Ex.*



THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

GREETING

Dear Friends,

Your loyalty to the school is constantly stimulating us to better things. We want more of you to know better what the graduates and others are doing and what is happening at the school; hence this new effort to make the bonds between each of you and the others and between you and the Seminary closer and stronger. We hope you will like the idea and co-operate heartily for its success.

Cordially yours,

G. M. Winslow.



SIT AND CHAT AWHILE

The old time-worn seats at the side of the drive to Cushman Hall, the main building, are now numbered among the bygones and in their place is the more substantial stone seat, the gift of the class of nineteen-thirteen. Take your place upon one or the other of these while we chat about the new department of the *Lasell Leaves* which makes its first appearance in this number. The plan is to introduce it quarterly that you may realize you still have a share in our school

publication. No one knows better than those of us behind the scenes how much inspiration, help, and reputation we constantly receive from those who know us best, girls who have for a longer or shorter time made their school home in our midst. If these few pages bring to them pleasant memories of school days and express to them our appreciation of their kindness they will have served one of their chief purposes.

The idea is not simply to increase the number of "personals" but to interest you in each other and in us and incidentally to show the way in which many are "making good." In this number we present the first of a series of articles on Lasell Girls in Club Work. Others will follow on

Lasell Girls in Business

Lasell Girls in Church and Philanthropy

Lasell Girls in Educational Lines

Lasell Girls as Good Citizens

Lasell Girls in the Home.

We must depend upon you for the material for these symposiums. We shall consider it, therefore, a great favor if you will send a note to the editor of this section with a word about yourself or any of your Lasell friends who are taking an active interest in these lines. Will you do it? If so this Supplement will increase loyalty to our Seminary and create an active interest in its welfare.

In the last five years students from forty-one of the forty-eight states have been registered. In addition there have been one or more students from Canada, Mexico, Porto Rico, Brazil, Jamaica, India, England.

Graduate students win a seal for their diploma.

SECRET OF SUCCESS

One of the fundamental principles instilled into us at Lasell in "No time like the present" and "Do it now." I send you, as nearly as I

can, what you ask for in your letter just handed me by the postman.

Every Lasell girl to whom a note was written for information for the symposium on club interests answered the request and answered it *on time*. Query: Is this due to Lasell or club training?

The next number of THE SUPPLEMENT will be published in the March number.

The Lasell Clubs throughout the country are coming to be a feature of Lasell Life and every Lasell girl should put herself into touch with the nearest one. New ones are being worked up and will materialize we believe before many days. It may happen that you may be visiting or traveling in the neighborhood of a faraway "chapter," if so make yourself known if the time of meeting is at hand.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club
Last Saturday in October.

Chicago Lasell Club
Last Saturday in October.

New York Lasell Club
First Saturday in February.

Lasell Alumnae Association
Second Monday in February.

Missouri Valley Lasell Club
May, no fixed date.

Southern California Lasell Club
To be announced.

The Lasell Club of Cincinnati
To be announced.

If any group of girls wish to organize a Lasell Club in their section of country the names and addresses of students in that vicinity will be furnished willingly by the Lasell office.

We have asked the president of the Connecticut Valley Club to write a brief account of the beginnings of that group.

LASELL GIRLS IN CLUB WORK

To the American woman of comparative leisure whose circumstances do not compel her to a strenuous business life but whose noble ambitions call her to something worth

while the modern woman's club presents its appeal. Not the purely social clubs but those whose purpose is the inspiration of the members and the uplift of the community have accomplished much in the last decade. We are delighted to know that many of our girls have an active part in this neighborhood work and we have asked a few of them to tell us of the group in which they have served. We are confident there are a great many of you who belong in this list. Please send us your name and the names of your Lasell friends who are doing anything in this line.

*Etta Stafford Vaughan, '86. Watertown, Mass.
President Lasell Alumnae Association.
Ex-President Watertown Woman's Club
(Membership 300).*

"Lasell sends you forth to represent her."

"As the daughters of Lasell go out year after year bearing her dual lesson—self improvement, and self giving in proportion to that improvement—they do truly represent her in the readiness with which they seek the advantages offered by the Woman's Club, and the willingness with which they recognize the obligation to serve with their gifts."

"The Lasell girls who have lived in Watertown, Massachusetts, have borne an active part in the life of the community, club life included. The Woman's Club here is a large general organization with many departments and activities. There are earnest study classes, in art, literature, chorus singing, parliamentary law. This was the first club in the state to establish for its town a District Nursing Association and there is always some activity for community service.

"Of this club all the Lasell girls who have lived in this town have been prominent members. Emma Howard Hartford (1878-79) was a charter member and has served on the executive board, Edna Cooke Tarleton (1897-99) was at the head of the Art Department, Elizabeth Eddy Holden, '87

though naturally giving her beautiful life to her family and to her husband's parish, yet found time for interest in the club, especially in the unusually fine Art Class. Isabel Whitney, sadly brief as her young womanhood proved, had entered with enthusiasm into the social interests as chairman of its decorating committee.

"I cannot close this account without the acknowledgement that my own two years as president were made possible for me by the practice received years before in the good old Lasell Club."

Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85, South Framingham, Mass. Ex-President, Framingham Woman's Club. (Membership, 220.)

"The object of the club is the furtherance of culture and the uplift of the community, going as far afield as our means and opportunity will allow. Our work is divided among chairmen on Hospitality, Lectures, Press, Literature, Visiting, Civil Service Reform, Social Service, Education, Stamp Saving, Finance, Legislative Affairs, Conservation, Art, Music, and Home Economics. These committees give to the club and to the public excellent advantages in their separate lines."

Alice Clark Dodge is a member.

Sophie Mason Dumas, '83, Lowell, Mass. Ex-Secretary Middlesex Woman's Club, (Membership 600, waiting list 700.) Director, State Federation.

"Its objects are to form a recognized centre for social and mental culture, to further the education of women for the responsibilities of life, to encourage all movements for the betterment of society, and to foster a generous public spirit in the community." The club is a powerful factor for good in the city, having started the first summer playgrounds and the work of district nursing. As we should expect Sophie has had charge of the music department.

Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, Watertown, N. Y. President New York Lasell Club.

Leader, Mrs. Floyd L. Carlisle's "Twig."

This is a sewing club which meets weekly through the winter to make garments for the City Hospital. There are no other officers. These clubs are called "Twigs," the Hospital being the main tree or branch. Clara Nims, '07, is a member of Edna's group.

Elizabeth Merriam, Framingham, Mass.

Leader, Travel Groups. (Enrollment 500 in three years.)

"Our travel class work is hardly a club but groups of people working independently of each other. Our work begins with good interest this season, with a lecture, called 'A Journey to Khartoum,' which is the result of last winter's journeyings. Thus far we have had forty evenings each winter, given to forty groups who read for the lecture as they study up a trip and then come for one evening. We take all ages from twelve upwards, began with school children and now have mothers, fathers and grandmothers. We add to this a lecture course."

The literature giving the detail of this plan is interesting and will be sent on request.

Katharine White Wolfe, '00, Parkersburg, West Va. Woman's Club, Literary Department.

Organized 1901, federated 1904, enlarged and made departmental 1911. Marie Andrews is a member of the same department. Katharine speaks of writing a paper on Emerson last year and has one now in preparation on "Ruskin's message," and wishes she could remember more of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis's Commencement Address on that subject. From her letter—"My home and my three youngsters take most of my time and are the best and most 'worth while' efforts of my life. I do try to do something outside of my home too, and my chief recreation is my missionary work (another Lasell Missionary Society president.) I have just finished leading a mission study class. I never forgot the one on Japan under Miss Kendrick."

Mary Packard Cass, '89, Tilton, N. H.

Ex-President Northfield Woman's Club.

Glenna Webb Tilton is also a member of this club. Mary is also on the Executive Board of the New Hampshire State Federation, her special work being the chairmanship of the Public Health Committee. This committee is doing much towards the observance of State Health Day, a day set apart by proclamation of the Governor. It also takes an active interest in child labor, infant hygiene, the prevention of tuberculosis, medical inspection of schools and many lines of educational and scientific research.

Flora Drew Sampson, '57, Newton, Mass.

Parliamentary Law Club, Ex-Vice President

In an interesting note Mrs. Sampson unconsciously reveals the fact that she has had more experience in "club activities" than most of her younger sisters. I wish there were space for it all. The names of the clubs themselves imply the good work that has been accomplished. She says "tell them that I have been a member of several 'aged' clubs, including New England Woman's Club (Director, Press Correspondent), Woman's Educational Club of West Newton, (Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57, was at one time vice-president), Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston Political Club, (President), Daughters of the Revolution, Woman's City Club of Boston (President), Lasell Alumnae Association (Ex-President).

Edith Andrews Wright, Dorchester, Mass.

Thursday Morning Fortnightly Club. (Membership, 100.) Chairman House Committee.

This club does all its own work, rarely using outside talent. It does considerable charity work, such as furnishing a room at the Franklin Square House and a hospital room at the Mt. Pleasant Home.

Stella C. Wadhams, '83, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Thursday Club.

The main object of this club is the study of architecture, and the different schools

of painting. Stella is also interested in hospital and kindergarten work. She writes of some of the other girls in her city. Euarda Hance Davenport, until home duties demanded her time, was actively interested in a musical society and a literary club. She is the leader of a large Bible Class of women. Blanche Gardner is an active worker in the Young Woman's Christian Association. Lydia Wadhams has become much interested in gardening and is one of the first women to be admitted to the State Horticultural Association. Marion Harrower is busy in the Heights Settlement Association.

Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, Newton Highlands.

Mass. President, Deaconess Aid Circle.

(Membership 39.) Assistant Organizer, Deaconess Helpers.

This Circle, though smaller than some of the others is unusually interesting to us as twenty-five per cent of its membership have been or are connected with Lasell. Edith Brodbeck Kimball was a charter member and much interested in its organization. Other members many of whom have been officers are Miss Rand, Helen Rishell, '99, Elizabeth Pierce Bittenbender, Mildred Pierce Fuller, '06, Helen Andrus Hobbs, Helen Carter Marcy, '06, Maude Simes Harding, '06.

This society has not only been the forerunner of kindred associations but has itself done much good work. It has furnished a two-bed ward in the Hospital, the office and a student's sitting room in the new Deaconess Training School, and for a number of years has supported a scholarship in the same. It has helped in the Fresh Air Work and in Christmas festivities, and has also had a share in Student Aid. It is well worth noting that two members of this circle are ex-presidents of the Lasell Missionary Society.

Nellie Packard Draper, '84.

Secretary, Auburndale Review Club.

(Membership limited to 40.)

Organized 1890. This has been a study

club, most of the work being done by the members, through papers, readings, and simple presentations of plays. History, travel, literature, art, music, drama, and topics of the day have meant hard but profitable work. Some lectures by well-known speakers, musicales, receptions and annual luncheons have added to the pleasure. The Club belongs to the Newton and State Federation. Many Lasell names are found in the year books. Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, Mrs. W. T. Shepherd, Fraulein Roth, Mrs. Luquiens, Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82, Miss Nutt, Miss Ella Smith, Miss Mabel Eager, Miss Felix, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Jewett. Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Jessie MacMillan, '82 and the secretary are now members and Mrs. E. J. Winslow on the waiting list.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

The club was started by a few of the girls at the home of Mrs. Hayden and her daughters in East Hartford. It was quite a little distance to go either to New York or Boston for the annual reunion and we felt there were enough of us to get together once a year for a reunion of our own. That was in 1904 and at our first luncheon held at the Allyn House in Hartford thirty-six Lasell girls sat down at table. We have met every year since and at the last meeting held at the Hartford Golf Club fifty-two were present in spite of a hard storm. Dr. Winslow has been very kind. Often he comes himself with Mrs. Winslow, but he always sends some of the teachers and they keep us in touch with the school and the girls. This fall Miss Packard and Miss Rand came and both gave us very interesting talks. We many of us saw Miss Rand for the first time and, girls we highly approved of her. Then I just want to mention Mrs. Hayden, '58, our oldest member, our honorary president and one of our club of whom we are very proud. She spoke at our last reunion of Lasell as it was fifty years ago. Think of it, and when she

finished we all felt as if we should be proud of Lasell if its girls would merely keep up to the standard of those it graduated in 1858.

Emily Bissell Swindells '99.

*President Connecticut Valley Lasell Club.
Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96.*

*Hospitality Committee Old and New Malden
(Membership 300)*

"I could not say 'No' to dear Lasell. The motto of the Old and New of Malden, Massachusetts is 'High aims, pure ideals and unity of purpose.' We have weekly meetings, consisting mostly of lectures, also many classes of an educational nature. One of the delights of being hospitable has been the acquaintance of our Lasell Rosa Best who is also a member."

Lillian M. Packard, '83, Lasell

Director, M. S. U. E. W.

"I have been so proud of you all as I have made a study of your 'worth while' activities that I do not like to be left out. Lasell calls and a moderate amount of church and missionary work still fascinate me. I have however, for a number of years been interested in a student aid society which has a very long name but which does a very much needed work of helping college students in Massachusetts, who have more ambition than money (through their college course). Lasell girls as a whole, as I a member of the Beneficiary Committee discovered, know little of the tremendous struggles some girls encounter in their desire for an education."

Nelly Ferguson Conant, '81

*Vice-president, Providence Society of Arts
and Crafts.*

Founder, The Dudley Handycraft Society

From her letter—Briefly, as you request, I am a handycraft enthusiast and a worker at the potter's wheel. The Dudley Handycraft Society is my child. I spend six months each year in this little country town and am much interested in the women and their work, the object of which is not only to make salable articles but to find joy and inspiration as well.

ADVANTAGES AND OPPORTUNITIES AT LASELL



A STAR CURRICULUM

- a—The Regular Course is the centre to which all other things must be subordinated.
- b—Five Points. Certificate courses which may be attached to the Regular Course.
- c—Outside of Lasell studies and within the circle of its advantages are five kinds of profitable pleasure.
- d—Special and preparatory courses may be selected.

(Continued from page 82)

"CHOICE BITS"

/ Lasell has the largest registration in its history.

The Class of Nineteen-fourteen has a record number of forty-six members. /

Miss Blaisdell, Professor Hills, Mademoiselle LeRoy, Miss Nutt, Miss Hotchkiss, Mrs. Martin, Miss Call, Mr. Henry Dunham, Professor Goldstein, Miss Genn and Miss Packard are some of the friends whom many of you will find even if you return to Lasell after many years. Dr. Winslow will also claim a place on this list. Miss Witherbee is having a year's vacation.

The girls of today sing the school songs between courses at dinner.

The Household Economics courses are the most popular ones today if numbers are to be the criterion.

/ There were Lasell girls last year at Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Jackson, Ohio State, Columbia, Northwestern, New Orleans Colleges and Universities. /

LEGENDS ON SAINT NICHOLAS

Legends of the good Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of children, are popular in many places at the time of the New Year festival.

Away back in the fourth century, it is told, a child, who was afterward christened Nicholas, was born to a wealthy couple, who had long desired an heir in vain. The child came in answer to many prayers and as a reward for much almsgiving. It is said that on the day of his birth he rose up in his bath, and raised his clasped hands in grateful adoration to God who had suffered him to be born. The story goes that he refused to take food more than once on Wednesdays and Fridays, and that as soon as he was able to speak he uttered words of wisdom.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was early dedicated for the priesthood. His parents dying of the plague soon after

(continued on page 86)

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With Paris fashions as a guide and an intimate knowledge of what the well-dressed miss demands Chandler & Co. have bought in large quantities and with confidence.

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Misses Tailored Suits, more than 20 styles at \$20.00 to \$40.00

Misses Dress Suits, more than 25 styles at \$25.00 to \$65.00.

Misses Street and Afternoon Dresses, more than 25 styles at \$19.50 to \$58.00

Misses Evening and Party Dresses, more than 20 styles at \$16.50 to \$85.00

Misses Coats, more than 30 styles at \$16.50 to \$60.00

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Fibre Silk Sweaters—In two models	12.50 to 18.00
Angora and Cashmere Sweaters—In all colors	6.50 to 39.50
Shetland Wool Sweaters—In great variety	5.50 to 19.50

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his consecration, the young priest fell heir to his father's vast possessions, which he resolved to employ for the service of the church and for charity.

The story is told of his issuing forth from his monastery under cover of night to render aid unseen to those in distress. Among those who benefited by his charity were the dowerless daughters of a poor farmer. These daughters were very unhappy because, owing to their lack of money, they were unable to wed the lovers of their choice. Saint Nicholas came by night to the window of their chamber and dropped a bag of gold at the feet of the oldest daughter. He escaped undiscovered and returned the next night with another bag of gold for the second daughter. On the third night, as he was attempting to get away after leaving a bag of gold for the third, he was discovered by the grateful father, and was forced to listen to his outpouring of thanks.

Saint Nicholas, it is said, had the power to still the waves. On his way to the Holy Land a terrific storm arose, and the sailors entreated him to intercede in their behalf. At a word from the holy man, the storm subsided, and calm once more reigned upon the waters.

After the return of Saint Nicholas to his native land, the bishop of Myra suddenly died, and the elders, meeting to appoint a successor, were sorely perplexed as to whom they should choose. It was miraculously revealed to them that the first man to enter the church the next morning would be the one chosen, so they all repaired to the church long before the sun was up. Saint Nicholas, returning from his charitable labors of the night, entered the church to pray, as he thought, alone, and was at once hailed by the bishop.

Shortly after this, a heavy famine fell upon the land, and in order to prevent the people from starving to death, Saint Nicholas, unknown to anybody, performed a miracle upon a ship which lay in the harbor, whereby

he caused the cargo to remain undiminished notwithstanding that one hundred hogsheads of wheat were taken from it.

The famine nevertheless grew worse and worse until it was reported that some people were so wicked as to eat little children. Saint Nicholas went to visit one of the men who were so accused in order to find out if this thing were really true. When dinner was served, the main dish was the meat of a child. Saint Nicholas at once arose from the table, demanding of his host how he dared do such a thing. Going down cellar he found the bodies of many little children, which had been preserved in salt, and taking pity upon them, Saint Nicholas restored them to life and to their sorrowing parents.

Another story illustrative of Saint Nicholas' love for children is that of the only child of a Christian noble, who, cut off from his family and all his friends, was held in captivity by a strange King and forced to discharge the duties of cup-bearer.

On the day of the feast of Saint Nicholas, the child, as he stood beside the King's couch, suddenly remembered what day it was, and thinking of the joy and mirth at home, burst into tears. The monarch, enraged, felled him with a blow. At once the palace was shaken by an earthquake, the costly dishes were swept from the table by a mighty wind and Saint Nicholas, suddenly appearing, snatched up the child and restored him to his home and parents.

A nobleman, who was very anxious for an heir, entreated the aid of Saint Nicholas, promising him a golden cup for his shrine in return. After the birth of the heir the nobleman, observing how beautiful the cup was, decided that he could not bear to part with it, and so substituted for it a clever imitation of base metal. But Saint Nicholas was not to be deceived, and one day when the child was sent to fill the golden cup with water at the well he lost his balance and fell in.

The father, deeply repentant, came to the

(continued on page 88)

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shrine of Saint Nicholas with the golden cup, but every time that he placed it upon the shrine it toppled over and fell to the ground, thus indicating the displeasure of the saint. The nobleman renewed his entreaties until he was finally rewarded by the sight of his son alive and well, standing before him with the golden cup in his hand.

Saint Nicholas is the patron saint of Russia and also of those who have business in deep waters, of captives, of slaves and of those who are unjustly condemned to death. He especially loves little children and school-boys, as well as all travellers by land and sea.

JUST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

By Eugene Field

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls and things that's worn
by Fauntleroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—

Hate to take the castor ile they give for bellyache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there
ain't no flies on me,

But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes, when the grocery man is worried
an' cross,

He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his horse,
An' then, I laff an' holler, "O, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionarier like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up the cannibals that live in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospect pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a wild west show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess,
she'd know

That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good 'nough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as good as I kin
be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like
an' still,
His eyes they seem a'sayin': "What's the matter,
little Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders
what become

Of them two enemies of her'n that used to make things
hum!

But I am so polite an' tend so earnestly to bis,

That mother says to father, "How improved our
Willie is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes
an' toys,

Was made they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty
boys;

So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's
and q's.

And don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear
out yer shoes;

Say "Yessum" to the ladies an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when there's company, don't pass yer plate for
pie again;

But, thinkin' of the things you'd like to see upon that
tree,

Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

The elite were considerably mystified when
their washerwoman whirled by in a splendid
limousine, and not a little nettled besides.

"Since we do not, as a matter of social
usage, pay our laundry bills, how," they
demanded, with asperity, "do you command
such luxuries?"

"Why, by saving the soap wrappers, to be
sure!" the washerwoman explained, in the
best of temper.—*Puck*.

Mrs. Brown lately awoke to the solemn
fact that her young daughter Margaret
was gifted with an oversized imagination
which threatened to run into exaggeration,
and this might very easily oversoon develop
into decided prevarication. And so this
enthusiastic disciple of the new psychology
called Margaret to the stand for a hearing.

"Margaret," said she, "do you remember
what happened to those children in the
Bible who told stories—how the big bears
came out of the woods and ate them all
up?" She had gone a little astray in her
biblical history, but we will let that pass.

"O, yes, mama," said Margaret, with
gooseflesh shivers, "I remember. Wasn't it
dreadful! And I'm not going to tell another
story as long as I live, because, mama, would
you believe it?—only yesterday when I was
playing in the back yard a great, big black
bear came out from under the currant bushes
in the garden and bit me right on the knee!"

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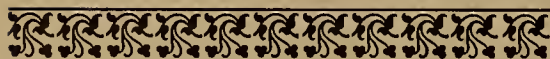
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No. 4

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Orrin Champlain, Prop.



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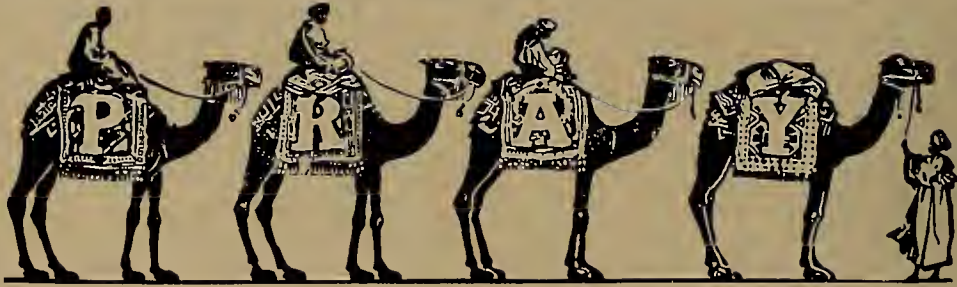
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SKATING ON THE CHARLES



FUN ON THE CAMPUS
WINTER SCENES AT LASELL

LITERARY.



THE REWARD OF KINDNESS

"Has your trunk gone? What time are you going? At ten o'clock? You lucky child!"

It was the last day before Christmas vacation in the *Misses Ward's Select School for Girls*. Of the two hundred and fifty "select" young ladies, over two hundred would leave within the next twelve hours to spend the three weeks' vacation at their own homes or at those of friends. The remaining few could easily be detected by their doleful faces and everyday apparel.

Among those ready to leave was Katherine Hall, who was standing in the center of a group of girls, her handsome face aglow with excitement. Yes, she had already had "bids" to four dances and one house-party and her brother was going to bring a college friend home with him to spend part of the holidays. Never in her life had she been so happy.

Suddenly another girl joined the group and said abruptly, "Kitty, the matron is looking everywhere for you. She has a telegram in her hand and I heard her say, 'What a shame! She will be so disappointed.'"

Just then Miss Ward appeared and taking Kitty aside spoke a few words to her. Kitty with a scream sat down on a bench and burst into tears. When the girls gathered about her, she jumped up, ran to her room and locked the door. Her bewildered friends hurried back to Miss Ward who showed them the telegram. It read: "Bobby has scarlet fever. Don't come home. Will write soon. Father."

The day passed and no Kitty appeared to say goodbye to her chums or wish them a merry Christmas. When the dinner bell rang, she decided to go down. It was quite late but she excused herself by saying that anyone having such a misfortune as she could be entitled to some privileges; and she took her time. The girls tried to talk to her at the table and to include her in their merry plans but she was cold and disdainful. All through the meal she brooded over her troubles and by the end of it was in a pretty bad humor.

"Please be a little more prompt at the rest of your meals, dear, for you know the maids like as much vacation as they can get," said Miss Ward, as they left the dining hall.

This was the last straw. She knew now

that no one cared for her and she spent the evening crying and the next day in bed.

The third day Miss Ward invited her to visit some poor children with her, but she politely refused and kept to her room. By the next day her room was unbearable and so she wandered downstairs with a book looking for a comfortable place to read. She found a chair in one of the sitting rooms and sat down to enjoy her book. In a few moments she heard voices in the next room.

"Oh," she thought, "that is Alice and Ruth and if they know I'm here they will come in and bore me to tears."

"Snippy thing," said Ruth, "if she knew how she looked with that expression on her face she'd take it off."

"Well, I just wish you'd ask her for some ideas for the poor children's Christmas tree. You know she is clever."

"Well, I refuse, Alice. The last time I spoke to her she said, 'Please don't talk Christmas to me.' Anyone would think she was the only one who couldn't go home and the rest of us stayed here because we wanted to."

Alice sighed and said as they left the room, "I'm so sorry, for Kitty could do so much to make the days happy if she only would."

Half an hour later, a shamefaced Kitty crept from the sitting room to her bedroom where she spent the afternoon in deep thought. Ruth's cutting remark had had little effect but the last kind remark of Alice had gone straight to her heart.

That night a different Kitty came to dinner. She wore one of her prettiest frocks and her face had resumed much of its former brightness. She laughed and talked and seemed quite her old self. After dinner she asked what the girls were going to do Christmas Eve and they told her of the tree they were planning for the poor children. Before she realized it, Kitty became enthusiastic in assisting and a short happy evening was spent.

With Kitty in the lead, Christmas plans of all sorts progressed rapidly and before

they knew it the time had come. The Christmas eve celebration was a grand success and Kitty told Miss Ward when it was over that, try as she might to please her small brother, Bobby, she had never brought the joy to his face that came when she handed one small boy a new jack-knife.

The next morning the girls warmly bundled up, went in a large sleigh to twelve different homes which Santa had skipped the night before and left big baskets filled with all the essentials for a Christmas celebration. At the last home, a small boy came to the door and told them as he took the basket that his mother was very ill. There was no one to help but a blind husband and a ten year old boy. Kitty took in the situation immediately. She bade her friends go on home and send the sleigh for her in two hours. Those two hours she spent in getting the poor woman comfortable and cleaning their home.

That night a very tired Kitty crept to her room. Just before retiring she went to Alice's room and slipped a note under her pillow.

Alice found it later in the evening and read "Thank you for the kind words which gave me the happiest Christmas of my life."

"Kitty."

Dorothy Hartshorn.

WILLIAM

The old 'bus drove up to the gate and stopped under the street light. Perched on the box by the driver sat a little boy whose figure was enveloped in a huge rain-coat.

Miss Sally, who was sitting on the front porch waiting for her guest, was surprised to see the child riding up in front and her first words of greeting were, "Child, why did you ride up there?"

"Jus' cause I wanted to ride by John," was the answer.

The old driver wanting to help the child out spoke up very quickly: "Why, Miss, he jus' couldn't ride inside all alone when

this big seat was empty so he jus' come'd up here to ride with me."

Miss Sally took William's valise and led the way into the house.

Poor Billy, the first few weeks were homesick ones for him and down in his little heart he longed to run away and go back to his home in the sunny South. Some way he couldn't seem to suit his new aunt. He had been used to a free life with no one to watch him or to reprove him when he said naughty words or did mischievous things.

Aunt Sally, who was a very proper and a very religious old maid, spent most of her time making plans for the rearing of this neglected child. She always felt relieved when Billy was in bed, sound asleep, and she could go down in the parlor and await the General who was silently and slowly courting her. Their chief topic of conversation was "William" and Aunt Sally always had a tale of woe to tell him of Billy's latest tricks. The General would sympathize with her, but down in his heart he felt sorry for Billy.

At last Aunt Sally decided to bring up her young nephew as if he were a girl, for she loved girls and always thought what a comfort one would be to her. She would teach him to sew, cook and play with dolls. He could be a great help to her, for she did her own work.

The morning after her decision she realized that then, was the time to begin her nephew's training. After threats of all kinds of punishment and many promises, Billy was persuaded to take his first stitches on a dress for his new doll.

Aunt Sally had many trials in carrying out her new plan for Billy was a real boy and was bound not to be treated like a girl, and made to do girlish duties. Nearly every day Billy was sent to bed for either running away with some youngsters whom his aunt had forbidden him to play with, or for destroying some of his aunt's most treasured belongings. When Aunt Sally would leave him for an afternoon she would, on her return,

find him dressed up to represent some one of his story-book friends, the cow-boy, the pirate, or the negro. Already the feathers which were on his aunt's best hat had been ruined in his game of Indian. Her pillow slips and sheets were torn and dirty as the result of his trying to make a house out of them. Billy enjoyed most to play he was a colored man and poor Aunt Sally's store of ink-bottles was found empty just at the time she wanted most to write letters.

Billy always looked forward to Sunday, for then he was allowed a short visit with the General, whom he called "His pal." He often asked Aunt Sally why she didn't let the General come and live at their house, but she would only blush and tell him he mustn't ask those things. He asked the General this question himself one day, and he too smiled and said, "Well, Sonny, I'd like to, but I guess Aunt Sally wouldn't approve."

His only conclusion concerning the matter was that Aunt Sally didn't like men. Accordingly, one afternoon he started out to find the General and see if things couldn't be arranged so that he could come and occupy the best bed room at Aunt Sally's house. On his way to the General's house he met John, who asked him if he wouldn't like to ride down to the next town with him. Of course, Billy accepted.

Aunt Sally spent the afternoon looking for Billy. When dinner time came and no hungry boy appeared upon the scene, she was distracted. The General, on horse back, scoured the village, but not a soul had seen the child. On his return he found Aunt Sally worn with anxiety and on verge of a collapse sitting in front of the fire-place. He sat down beside her and tried to console her, but it was of no use. Like a flash the realization of his chance came to him; at last he was the master of the situation. He edged his chair up to hers and in his dictatorial manner told her she didn't know

how to bring up a boy any more than any other old maid, but with his help he thought they might be able to make quite a man out of the healthy lad.

Just as he had succeeded in persuading Aunt Sally to see his point of view and to allow the minister to perform the ceremony the very next day, Billy and John drove up to the house. Billy jumped out and came running into the house. Aunt Sally ran forward to meet him, but the general called out, "Billy, come here quick. I have a secret to tell you."

The expression on Billy's face changed just as a dark cloud turns to light when the sun peeps through it and looking up to his aunt he said, "Aunt Sally, are you really going to let him come to our house and stay just as he is without changing him to a girl?"

Aunt Sally and the General looked at each other and laughed. The General suggested that Billy run away to the kitchen for something to eat, and then come back and tell of his afternoon escapade.

Constance Davis.

THE WINNING OF MISS MANDY

Away down South in the little village of S—lived Miss Mandy Washington. Many were Miss Mandy's suitors among the gentlemen of S—for Mandy was the belle of the darkey elite.

Among these admirers were Mr. 'Siah Johnson and Mr. Samuel Jones, who were sworn enemies. Now Mr. Johnson by reason of the fact that he owned a grocery store and attended the gospel meetings regularly, was regarded favorably by all darkey matrons of the town, while Mr. Jones, although very good, was frowned upon because he worked in a lumber mill and shot 'possums on Sunday.

One day in December the news went around that a fine dance was to be given at the Washington homestead on Christmas eve. Immediately all the society folks

started pressing and cleaning their "Sunday go-to-meeting-clothes." But alas for Mr. Jones' efforts in this direction, he was not destined to grace this festive scene, for after many tears on Mandy's part and many threats of rats and no new dresses on Mammy Washington's, it was decided that the presence of Mr. Jones was not requested.

Finally the night of the dance arrived and all the darkies assembled. The dancing was at its height when in walked Mr. Jones, laid down his hat and began talking to Miss Mandy. With a dark forbidding air, Mr. Washington walked up to the young gentleman and said: "And how come you in my house when you ain't been invited, you low-down nigger?"

Well," said Mr. Jones, "I was just passing by and I hears the music, so I just thinks as how I'll drop in and see what's going on."

The fiddler was just beginning to play the entrancing strains of "Old Black Joe," when without more ado Jones seizing Miss Mandy around the waist, led her out into the mazes of the "Virginia Reel." While the others continued their dancing, they quietly slipped out to the front porch.

When one of the other young gentlemen came to claim Miss Mandy for the next dance, she was gone and although they searched high and low, no trace of her could be found. Evidently she had decided that living on mill pay and eating 'possums on Sunday with Mr. Jones was far better than owning a grocery store and going to gospel meetings with the wealthy Mr. Johnson.

Gladys Frauenthal.



WHAT I THINK OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Mountain climbing is splendid. The ascent may be long and exceedingly tedious or short and temporarily fatiguing—but the effect is the same—the feeling of having accomplished a difficult feat. Is there any feeling more splendid than that of being up above everything and everybody in a place where you can see for miles around you and know that the tight cords of pettiness and narrowness which have bound you are broken at last, for the time being at least?

Miss Keen climbed Mt. Blackburn, a very high mountain in Alaska which is covered with treacherous ice and snow glaciers, taking a great amount of time, money and energy. But did she accomplish her aim? Indeed she did! She was seeking courage and inspiration, using mountain climbing as her method, and according to her account of her ascent she gained them both. They came through dire necessity in many instances; but they came nevertheless. The character of half the people in our universe is acquired best when necessity demands it. When Miss Keen's party was about to be engulfed by the snow or ice slides time after time, it took a bit of courageousness to keep from retreating to a safe refuge entirely away from the mountain and all of its dangers. Dangers abound upon more than ice covered mountains too. They are what we want to overcome and what make the climbing so splendid—for can not we look at it figuratively as well as literally.

Why do you suppose hills were created if man is only to gaze at them from afar or look up to their summits from the surrounding foothills? Was there not a more vital, personal purpose? It is absolutely essential in order to get a right perspective to look at things from a distance, to get the view as a whole and not in piecemeals. This men have done from the tops of mountains. But to get there they had to climb!

Who ever has not been so fortunate as to

have climbed a mountain has indeed missed a most wonderful, awe-inspiring sensation.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look Nature wears!"

In the Bible also we are assured that help is to be received from the hills. Hills were not created to be merely seen; they were given for the definite purpose of helping mankind. Who ever has seen a sunrise or a sunset from the top of a mountain, has a picture which can never be destroyed. No matter in what condition the climber might have been as he started the ascent, when it was finished, his mental condition had undergone a complete rejuvenation. It is a fact which is not to be denied, magical and weird though it may seem. What do I think of mountain climbing? It is the most satisfactory method that is given us of finding the self which has been lost in the mazes of city life.

We all need to climb mountains! The steeper, the higher, the rougher, the more covered with glaciers they are, the more courage and inspiration, animation and eagerness to do our own work will we have when we get down again. It is worth the effort!

Nell Woodward, '15.

WHY I AM TAKING COOKING AT LASELL

Women in our generation are striving to make improvements in their environments, at home and abroad, with a fervor that pretty fairly surpasses any precedent, and I am going to do my share by learning the wonderful art of good cookery. Consequently I am taking that course here at Lasell. I want to have the science of good cooking and all that pertains to do it right at my finger's tip, so to speak, in order that my neighbor and her home may be benefited as much as I and my home will be.

The first thing I want to be able to do, is to keep those people who are in, or come to, my home in good health and spirits. I realize that this is best accomplished by serving them

proper food—food which is made of the right ingredients, combined in scientific order, and carefully cooked or baked. To have my wishes become realities, I first have to learn a great deal; for whether I actually do it myself or not, I must know how before I can show any one else.

We all know the proverbial saying that when a person is tired and cross, to give him something good to eat, is the most effective way to smooth over his troubles, temporarily, at least. That has been tried many times, each being as successful as the last. But, whoever heard of a cross person becoming very amiable after a meal of burned steak, scorched potatoes, bitter tea, sour sauce and fallen cake? The person would deserve to be called "a nine-days' wonder!" There is nothing that most people enjoy more thoroughly than a good well-prepared meal. That is what I want to be able to do—provide that meal!

Why is it that so many women are neglecting this fundamental source of health and happiness in the home to acquire some other work which really does not belong to their sex? Is it because they have made a failure of the former, and turn in desperation to the latter? Why should there be failure? Because they have put time but no brains nor interest into their work in the kitchen. I am anxious to learn how to cook under the most approved methods, so that I can make a business proposition of it. Every manager of a factory spends a great deal of personal study for the betterment of his work. And so why can not we do the same? We all know of the increasing seriousness of the servant problem. What did the manager of a factory do when he could not get enough workers? He devised machinery and appliances which most satisfactorily took their places. Women have yet got to learn many things before they can devise any such improvements in housework both upon time and labor and finally expense.

In conclusion I am taking cooking at Lasell that I may be able to make more interesting a work which to many proves so irksome that

they are induced to neglect it for the sake of something else—though they know that that be not so beneficial, and further that through my scientific study I may perhaps be able invent labor saving devices.

Nell Woodward, '15.

SHE HAD HIS PERMISSION

'Twas a frigid day in Winter
And the car with men was filled,
When there came a glorious woman
Of the goddess Juno's build—
Tall and stately, lips like rosebuds.
Eyes that flashed beneath her veil
Like a pair of sword-blades gleaming,
Seeking whom they might impale.

To an impulse strong responding,
Up there rose a dozen men,
To the fair their places offering;
Then they all sat down again,
For, in manner almost scornful
And with queenly wave of hand,
She rebuked them: "Keep your seat, sir.
Keep it! I prefer to stand!"

All but one—he stood and waited,
Pointing to his vacant seat,
Glancing from the regal beauty
Modestly into the street.
"Keep your seat sir," she repeated
In her most imperious way,
All the gallantry despoiling,
"I prefer to stand, I say!"

Still, the rash man would not sit down.
And the others held their breath,
For it seemed that his defiance
Must result in instant death.
"You may stand up if you wish to,"
He responded with a cough,
But please move a little, won't you?
For I'm going to get off."

—Ex.





"Peg of my Heart"

The Juniors got stung
 Poor Juniors—did you get stung?
 Poor Juniors!
 You worried so, you want'd to know
 When our caps and gowns we'd take
 We wore white dresses—'twas a fake!
 We're sorry for you but let us tell
 To try, again some day very soon
 Try to catch us, Juniors dear.

The Seniors held a meeting
 In '70 one noon,
 So Juniors all predicted
 Caps and gowns were coming soon.
 The object of that gathering
 Was for all to dress in white
 To make them think we'd wear them
 Down to dinner that same night.
 Hints were dropped and Juniors took them
 And they vowed our fun to spoil.
 They erected two big dummies
 All our secret plans to foil.
 Dinner came and with it Seniors
 But no caps or gowns we wore
 And the Juniors when we entered
 Could have fallen through the floor.

Songs were sung to cheer those Juniors
 And when that meal was o'er
 Seniors, wanting dummies' pictures,
 Quickly rushed them through the door.
 Juniors followed, but belated
 Dummies safely out of sight
 Juniors hunted, worried, scouted
 Finally found them then a fight.
 In the end they had their prizes
 But the Seniors had theirs too
 For above this long epistle
 Dummies' pictures you can view.
 Cheer up, Juniors. Keep your dummies,
 In the future keep awake.
 For the time is surely coming
 When our caps and gowns we'll take.

THE GERMAN PLAY

A few days before we were to go home to spend a modern Christmas in a modern way Fraulein Heinrich had her department present an old German Christmas play which brought to our minds the customs of a simple and reverent people of long ago. The author of the play is unknown for it originated among the peasant folk of Germany centuries ago

as a means of retelling, on Christmas eve, the story of the first Christmas.

The play was presented in four tableaux with appropriate dialogue and charming melodies. The following was the cast:—

Josef der Zimmermann	<i>Martha Schumann</i>
Sein Weib Maria	<i>Lucile Scott</i>
Walthauser	<i>Elsie Doleman</i>
Melchior	<i>Isabel Bradley</i>
Caspar, der Mohr	<i>Bernice Marx</i>
Michel	<i>Rose Hoefflin</i>

with kingly grace. Although we soon identified Miss Doleman and Miss Bradley as Walthauser and Melchior respectively it was some time before we discovered Miss Marx who, with her layers of black grease paint, made a most effective Moor.

The little shepherds in their quaint costumes took their parts in a most realistic manner. They made us, also, shiver as they watched their flocks through that night which was so dark and lonely until the wondrous



SCENE FROM THE GERMAN PLAY

Stoffel	<i>Judith Dollings</i>
Cyriak	<i>Hortense Hoffman</i>
Guldinsack, der Wirt auf Bethlehem	<i>Marie Klenze</i>

Die bosc Wirtin, sein Weib	<i>Evelyn Dunham</i>
Es spielt am Orgel	<i>Mary Curtiss</i>

The duets of Miss Schumann and Miss Scott were a delight as was also their reverent presentation of the characters, Joseph and Mary.

Miss Dunham portrayed with great spirit the shrewish wife of the innkeeper. Miss Klenze took the part of the latter and showed very plainly the troubles of a hen-pecked husband.

The three kings in their gorgeous improvised robes with their stately bearing acted

star appeared and the angel voices were heard. They seemed to have caught the real spirit of the shepherds of old as they bowed in adoration before the new-born King.

One of the most satisfactory features of the presentation was the beautiful and appropriate organ music by Miss Curtiss. We are indebted to her as well as to Fraulein Heinrich and the German Department for a very artistic revival of this old Christmas play.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

On December sixteenth the Christmas Christian Endeavor meeting was led by Barbara Jones. Several of the girls spoke

about the Christmas spirit, after which Dr. Gordon gave us a splendid talk on "The Christmas Spirit and How It May Prevail." Lucille Scott sang. This was a very inspiring meeting. The girls contributed gifts which were later distributed to poor children.

Miss Rand led Christian Endeavor on January thirteenth. She referred to the supplement of the Christmas *Leaves* and to

and German Departments each sang a Christmas song. There were also several solos and a duet by members of the Glee Club.

D. Brewer Eddy, the honorary member of the Senior Class, gave the address and took for his subject these words of Christ "If he had not come." The message which he brought to us was a very beautiful one and one not to be forgotten.



WINTER—A VIEW OF THE CAMPUS

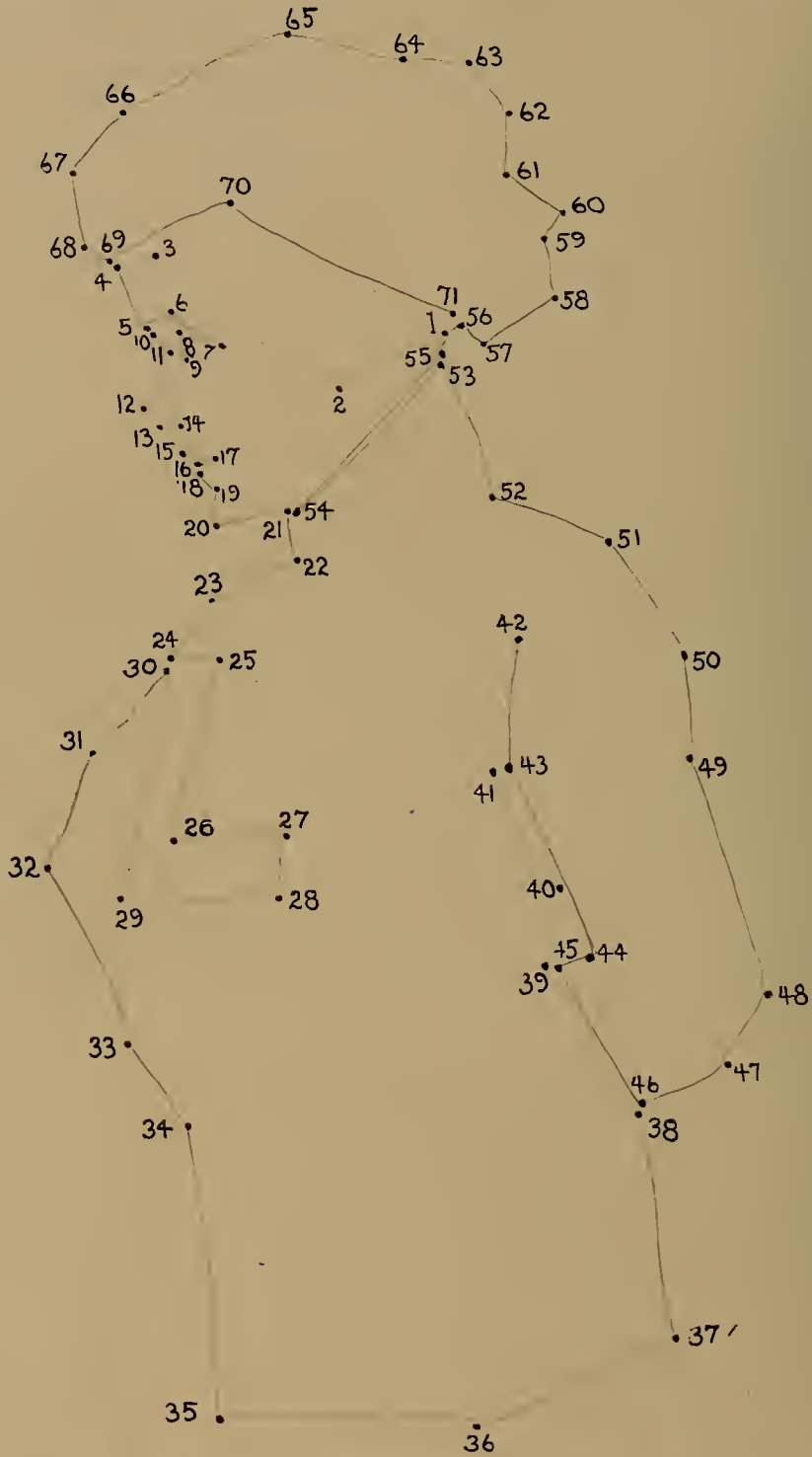
the good work Lasell women are doing in their home towns. She brought out many practical ways in which we, too, may be good citizens even in our school days. The meeting was a very helpful one.

The Christmas Vespers, which came on Sunday evening, December the fourteenth, were especially fine this year. It is one of the times during the year when the Glee Club so generously contributes some very beautiful music. A number of Christmas hymns and carols were sung and the French

CHRISTMAS DINNER

The usual Christmas dinner was given Monday evening before vacation. All the tables were beautifully decorated, each one being different from every other. A Santa from the Special class presented each Senior with a Christmas stocking containing many favors. Many Lasell songs were sung and everyone seemed to have a great deal of genuine Christmas spirit. The Juniors' Santa brought the mail. The packs were tied with yellow and black ribbons and bore cards wishing to all a Merry Christmas.

THE LASELL GIRL



Complete the picture by joining the dots with a pencil line. Begin with No. 1 and take them in numerical order.



At the beginning of every new year it is customary for us all to make what we call, "New Year Resolutions;" what are they, and what do they amount too? Why not do all the time, what we say are going to do at the beginning? I think it is safe to say that probably not more than three persons out of ten keep to the agreements which they make with themselves. I do not mean to imply that "resolutions," are not good things, for they are, if a person can keep them, but so few do. If we could only turn those good resolutions into habits, which we performed unconsciously, how much better and easier it would be! For many of us, this is our last year at school. Let us make it one that we shall never forget, but shall always remember as one of the happiest which we have ever spent. Many people say that our school years are the happiest ones in our lives, and while I do not agree with them entirely, I think that, if we are inclined to make them so, they can certainly be numbered among the happiest.

The head of our swimming department, Mrs. Alice H. Smith, has recently received from the Humane Society of Massachusetts a beautiful bronze medal. This inscription which it contains tells the story: "To Alice

H. Smith for bravery in saving life, Lakeport, New Hampshire, July 28th, 1913." We feel sure that this honor is well deserved and are proud of our Mrs. Smith.

JUST A LIGHT LUNCH

They were on the subject of girls.

"Look here!" exclaimed Mc Farland. "Did you ever take a girl out to lunch when she felt a little faint?"

"Er-no," admitted Smith reluctantly.

"Well, take my advice and don't. One day I took Miss Jennie Wescott into a restaurant. At first she declined to eat anything, but then she believed she did feel a little faint."

"Did she take anything? She seized the menu glanced over it, said she didn't feel very hungry and ordered—"

"Well, what did she order?"

"Oysters, bouillon, lobster, cutlets, sweet-breads and peas, chicken, shrimp salad, biscuit glace, macaroons, coffee and creme de menthe. It cost me three dollars,"

"Well, you ought to be glad," said Smith.

"Glad? What for?"

"Why, glad she wasn't hungry."

—Ex.

EXCHANGES



We gladly welcome the following December papers:—

Le Harcourte Mayde of Harcourte Place, Milton Orange and Blue, Dalhousie Gazette, Orange and Green, Aegis, Echoes, Megaphone, The Optimist, The Missile, The Pine Needle, St. Helen's Hall Quarterly, Owl, The Gale Pennant, Scroll, Magpie, The Quarterly Tatler, The Bon Bon, Daisy Chain, The Lotus, Boston University Beacon, The Messenger, The Mirror, Knick Knacks, Golden Rod, The Caldron, The Brady High School Journal, The Rail Splitter, The X-Ray, The Tattler (Mechanicsville High School), The Oracle, Abbott Observer, New Trier Echoes, Sharps and Flats, The Sagamore, King Edwards' Chronicle, The Imp, The Tatler (Kinston High School), The Commerce Caravel, Maroon and White, The Tattler (El Paso High School), High School Bulletin, Review, Lawrence High School Bulletin, Blue and White, William Woods College Record, The Academician, Vail-Deane Budget, The Peningian, The High School Bulletin, The Folio, The Centralian, H. S. A. (Quincy High School), The Trapeze, The Roman, High School News, The Archon, News (East Orange High School), The Herald, The Clarion, The Columbian, The Golden, The Artisan, Daedalian Monthly, Olympian, The B. H. S. Tattler, Shortridge Daily Echo, The Tabula.

The Rail Splitter—Your paper would be more attractive and interesting if you had a few cuts, and more stories in it.

The Tatler (Kinston High School)—A table of contents and some illustrations would greatly add to your paper.

Somerville High School Radiator—Your paper is well arranged, you have a good collection of stories, but a few illustrations would make it even more attractive.

Anderson High School X-Ray—This is a very good paper. It contains some interesting stories and many good jokes. The short poems add greatly to the paper.

Petersburg High School Missile—This contains a very good collection of stories. The paper as a whole is very attractive.

Echoes—You have a splendid collection of stories, but a few illustrations, snap-shots, and a joke column would certainly make your paper more interesting.

What Others Say of Us

Lasell Leaves is attractively gotten up and the subjects are well dealt with. We are glad to welcome you again. You are full of interest from cover to cover.—*The Cricket*.

A splendid paper, excellently arranged and with an abundance of material. The snapshots which you have inserted throughout several of your stories, add to the attractiveness of your paper.—*The Philomath*.

The *Lasell Leaves*, Lasell Seminary, Boston, is by far the most attractive publication we have yet received. The contents also are of a high standard. The girls, especially, ought to see this.—*The Optimist*.

Lasell Leaves is one of the most attractive papers we have seen. It is an example of how interesting a school paper can be made by having photographs and snapshots.—*St. Helen's Hall Quarterly*.





The midwinter reunion of the Lasell Alumnae Association will be held at the Seminary on Monday, Feb. 9, at 1 o'clock. All old girls, as well as graduates, are invited to "come home." Notice of acceptance should be sent to Mrs. S. T. Bittenbender, 11 Longwood Ave., Brookline.

Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, is now under appointment as a City Missionary of the Congregational Church, Boston.

She is deeply interested in the work.

Lasell wishes her all success in her new field of Christian service.

This will be without doubt the happiest of New Years to our Adelle Wilson, '13. The announcement has come of her marriage on January 1st to Mr. John Karl Moffett at Benchland, Mont. Mr. and Mrs. Moffett's address after February first will be Benchland, Mont.

And the Christmas-tide of 1913 will be a memorable date in the mind of Mabel Burwell for on the 30th of December occurred her marriage to Mr. David Robbins Woodhouse. Mabel's new home after the first of March will be at Wethersfield, Conn.

Among the December brides was Miss Elizabeth Richardson Cushing, of Framingham, Mass., who was united in marriage to Mr. William Reuben Taylor, of Westford,

Mass. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Dyer Cushing and granddaughter of the late Dr. Charles Wesley Cushing, D. D. L.L.D., a former principal of Lasell Seminary. The groom is a graduate of Westford Academy and for many years has held a responsible position with the Abbot Worsted Company of Graniteville. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will be at home in Westford.

Lasell's most hearty congratulations to these holiday brides.

And still they come! these dear little baby girls and boys,—Lasell's most welcome grandchildren! On November 23rd was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Johnson (Katherine Balch '07,) Robert Balch Johnson.

December 12th, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sumner (Carrie T. George '03,) welcomed their little son Louis Brainard.

On January 6th, little John Hazelet Crooks came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Crooks, Jr., (Martha R. Hazelet, '10) and on the same day Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rand (Eleanor Perry) welcomed their daughter, Elizabeth.

On January 10th, little Harry Kerhrite Trout was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Trout, (Anna Helena Wright).

To all of these little children Lasell extends a loving welcome.

One of the choicest bits of "latest news" is

the announcement of the engagement of Elizabeth H. Linn, '13, to Mr. Charles Hebard Manness, of Houghton, Mich.

This morning's mail brought to our office the formal announcement of the marriage of Helen Sophie Carothers, to Mr. Alvin Charles Glueke, on Friday, the nineteenth of December, at Pontiac, Ill.

To each of these Lasell girls and the "men of their choice" we extend heartiest congratulations.

Constance Blackstock '09, spent her Christmas vacation with her sister Mrs. Alling P. Beardsley (Isabel Blackstock, '03) at Derby, Conn.

Mrs. Olin Merrill, mother of our Helen and Annie, '12, favored us recently with a visit.

Miss C. Marie Francis, our former gymnastic teacher, made a friendly call at the opening of school after the Xmas vacation.

Our dear Miss Nutt is convalescing after her long illness and serious operation at the Newton Hospital. We rejoice at the good news and know that a host of old Lasell girls will join with us in our wish for her speedy recovery.

Each year, Lasell girls generously remember the poor, usually of some Boston mission. This Christmas they decided to give their gifts nearer home. A committee, consisting of the girls who were to remain at the school during the vacation was appointed and these girls loyally undertook the distribution of the toys and useful gifts. One evening in the library a merry group, headed by Santa Claus Emerine and Ferguson, Miss Genn, our good Christmas Directress, "divided up" the gifts and later the Seminary automobile, substituting Santa Claus sleigh carried the offerings to deserving families in Newton. This all proved a new and happy departure and we are sure made glad a grateful company of little children and older folk.

Word comes to us of the death of Mr. Phineas S. Balch, Marshalltown, Ia.,

(continued on page 112)

New Spring Styles

Misses and Young Ladies

Suits, Dresses, Coats,
Waists



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Nearly every day something new is shown.

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father of our Katherine Balch Johnson '07. Mr. Balch has been ill for a long time and his passing away was not unexpected. He was one of the best known business men of Marshalltown and also one of Iowa's prominent bankers. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Through Nell Jones Yeomans '05, the sad tidings comes to us of the death of Bell Clokey Wise, '02. True indeed are the words of her schoolmate. "Bell was such a splendid girl and had so many friends." Although this dear Lasell girl passed away in the fall the word has just been received by the *Leaves* Editor. Mrs. Wise was living in Nashville, Tenn., at the time of her death. A host of old girls will unite with Lasell in extending tender sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

Lasell is justly proud of her Maude Simes Harding, '06 who recently gave us a most interesting lecture on "The United States Life-Saving Service." Mrs. Harding spoke from personal experience, having made an extended trip along the coast line with her father-in-law who is Supt. Silas H. Harding of the First district of Life-Saving Service.

We still are remembering with enthusiasm Agnes Adelsdorf's, '12, delightful recital shortly before the Christmas vacation. The entire program was especially adapted to Agnes' clear soprano voice. We rejoice in her success. It is just what we expected.

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FUN IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

Literary

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN—"

"So you see that you and your roommate, Mark Wendall, were the only ones that knew where Professor Jackson put the papers. In that case suspicion must rest on both of you until one confesses."

Dr. Ellis, the President of Sampson College looked at the young man before him, "Either way—" he continued, "It will be a



"Do not think that I would accuse either of you"

serious matter. Wendall is the President of your class and you Robert Hyatt are the greatest football player we have ever had!"

The young fellow started to speak but the Doctor waved him aside and continued, "Please do not think that I accuse either of you, but you must admit the circumstances

are peculiar. You and Wendall were in Professor Jackson's room when he put the examination papers in his drawer. You two were the only ones in the college that knew that the papers were in his possession. To-day when the Professor looked for them they had completely disappeared. Can you account for it?"

"Chub" Hyatt shook his head. His brain was in a whirl, "Could Mark have done this?" Chub knew that this particular exam had been Mark's bugbear for weeks. Perhaps he had taken the papers expecting to put them back before being found out, but he put the thought away as being unworthy. Mark was too upright and square for that! Then the terrible thought struck him—While he was under suspicion he would be unable to play football and the great game with Dartmouth only three days off! Did the honor of his college depend upon his playing this game? Chub was not conceited but he realized that his game of football was unusually good. Was there any one that could take his place? But, on the contrary,—if Mark was accused the dishonor would fall on his class. Was it better to risk his own honor and the chance of winning the game, or the honor of his friend and his class? His mind worked rapidly. Finally he reached a decision, and looking up, he met the eyes of Doctor Ellis bent searchingly on him.

"Doctor Ellis," he said, "I see that it is better to tell the truth. For several days I have thought of nothing but that examination. Yesterday when I saw the 'Prof' put those papers into his desk drawer, I thought how easy it would be to take them, copy them and put them back before being discovered," his voice sank lower, "I took those papers, Doctor Ellis."

The Doctor gasped, he had not expected this. Robert Hyatt he had always considered one of the strongest, most honorable of his students and now—he could not but believe the confession from his own lips.

"I am sorry Hyatt!" he said, "I had not for one moment suspected this. What we may do about it, I cannot tell. It is a very grave offense. I fear I must bring it before the whole faculty, until then you are at liberty to go. And," he continued as the young man reached the door, "I must ask you to refrain from participating in football in the future. I shall call a meeting of the faculty tonight and our decision will be made known to you in a few days."

All the way across the campus to East Hall Chub tried to think. Had his decision been the right one? Was not the honor of his class greater than his own honor? If his team lost it would not mean dishonor to the college. Of what the others would think of him, he dared not think—personal honor was nothing in a case like this. But was it? He remembered his mother saying, "Honor is greater than life, my son!" but what kind of honor she did not specify—did she mean—but he could not think, his mind went around in circles, always coming back to the same point. And through it all he could not help feeling that he had done right, whatever the cost.

* * * * *

"Chub!"

No answer. Then again, "Chub Hyatt!" called a voice from the hall and the speaker emphasized his impatience, with a series of bangs on the locked door.

Inside of the room Chub hastily put down the book he had been pretending to read, and rising from the chair in which he had been sitting, he walked leisurely to the door and turned the key. Immediately the tattoo ceased and the door banged open, admitting a very much excited young man. Evidently he had expected an altogether different scene for a troubled expression overspread his face.

"They want you on the 'grid.' Chub!" he exclaimed, "Thought you might besick so—"

"No, I am not sick!" his host interrupted him, "But I am in a mess and am forbidden to play."

"Forbidden to play—!" the other repeated as though he did not quite understand, "You don't mean to say you can't play in the big game?"

Chub nodded, "That's just what I do mean," he replied.

His visitor stared as though he couldn't quite believe his ears, "Why we can't get along without you!" he burst out, "you've just got to play!"

Chub squared his chin. "God knows I would if it were possible, Jack!" he said, "I can't tell you the trouble but I may be expelled any minute."

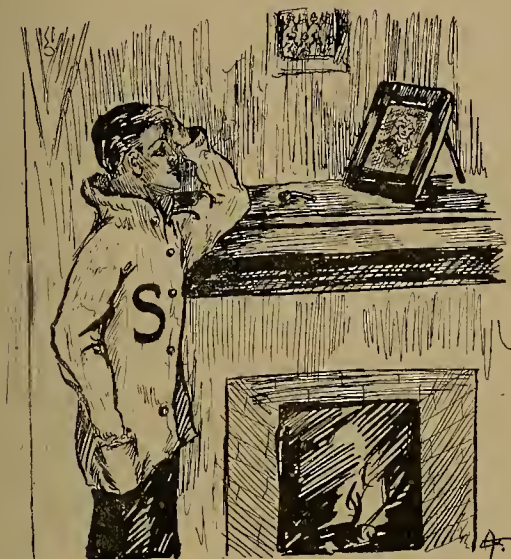
The other looked surprised, "Then what the—?" he started to expostulate, but was interrupted by Chub.

"I understand what you mean Jack," he said quietly; "you can't understand why I am so calm when I may get my walking papers any minute. When even now they may be deciding that my room is more desirable than my company," the last with a bitter smile.

His visitor slapped him in the back, "You're game, Old Man!" he said, "We all know you're square, Chub, you believe that don't you? And whatever the trouble is remember I am your friend!" and he held out his hand.

Chub gripped it, his voice was husky, "Thank you Jack," he said, "At a time like this true friends mean a lot to a fellow," and with a parting grip Jack departed.

Left alone Chub stood by the fire place looking into the embers. Why didn't Mark come? He wanted to talk to him. Of course he couldn't say anything much—but he did want to know the truth. He raised his head and met the eyes of the picture hanging above the mantle. It was of a sweet faced, grey haired woman, whose eyes seemed to look



"He raised his head and met the eyes of the picture hanging over the mantle"

into the depths of his heart. The grim lines on his face softened and a look of tenderness crept into his eyes.

"Little Mother!" he said, "you know your boy is straight; believe in me for just a little while and I will prove it."

The pictured face seemed to give him a look of quiet understanding. "O, Little Mother!" he whispered, "I need you now. You have said that, 'Honor means more to a man than life.' Tell me mother is the honor of my class or the honor of my self greater? Is friendship greater than my own honor? Send some message to your boy so he may know."

The door opened and Mark Wendall, Chub's

room mate entered. Chub turned and met his eyes. For a full minute the blue eyes looked searchingly into the brown ones, then both fell.

"You have been at football practice?" Mark asked.

Chub looked up suspiciously, but his chum met his eyes and held them, a something in their depths that made him long to ask about the papers, to know and put away suspicion. But he could say nothing without accusing Mark openly, and that he could not bring himself to do. So instead of answering Mark's question he muttered something about having "a lot of work to do," and picking up a book immediately began to study. After a seaching look at his room mate's back Mark disappeared into the bath room and Chub heard the water splash in the tub.

Two days passed with no word from Doctor Ellis. To Chub they were the longest days he had ever known. His conversations with Mark were strained; each avoided the other, at all times. Chub missed his chum but there was always that vague something between them that prevented an understanding. Newell, the captain of the team, had frantically tried to find out why he had not been out for practice.

"We haven't a ghost of a show without you!" he said, "I'll go to 'Doc' and tell him that we must have you!"

It was with difficulty that Chub made him realize that it would do no good. Some of the fellows knew that Chub was expecting to be "bounced" any minute, but none knew why."

The third day was the date of the great Dartmouth football game. It was typical New England football weather. The excitement around him made Chub realize what it all meant to him. His college no longer needed him! He was branded a man without honor! Why didn't Doctor Ellis let him know the worst at once? How could he stand by and watch his team battling for his college and know that he could not join them?

But perhaps then it would not be "his" college or "his" team. He clenched his teeth and tried to think what the sacrifice would mean to his class and to Mark, but even that helped very little.

At noon he found a note from Doctor Ellis in his box, requesting him kindly to come to the Doctor's office at two o'clock. "At last!" he thought, "I shall know."

Two o'clock sharp found him at the Doctor's office and, much to his surprise he found Mark there. "Why are you here?" he exclaimed.

Evidently his chum was as surprised as he. "I might ask you the same," he replied, then in answer to Chub's question, "I received a note from the 'Doc' saying to be here at two, so here I am."

At that moment the office girl entered saying that Doctor Ellis would see them. "Oh, boys!" he said as they were ushered in, "I am glad to see that you are together. I want a very serious conversation with you both."

Chub gave Mark a startled glance and found his room mate watching him as if to say, "What have you to do with this?"

"Hyatt!" continued the Doctor, "Both you and Wendall are familiar with the subject of which I am about to speak." He looked at them both in turn and to Chub it seemed that he was laughing at them. At that moment Professor Jackson entered the room. "Oh, I see you have the two criminals with you!" he chuckled.

Chub flushed; to him this was a serious matter and he could see no reason for treating it as a joke. "I came here to listen—" he began, but Doctor Ellis interrupted him.

"You came here to listen to our decision, and you shall hear it. But first—" he paused, "First you must listen to a little story and then perhaps you can guess the decision."

Chub could not guess the Doctor's meaning; he seemed to be treating the whole affair lightly. He looked at Mark. Strange he had not noticed how white he looked and the strained expression around his mouth. Good

old Mark! he was worth a sacrifice. Chub came out of his reverie with a start as the Doctor was addressing him.

"When I sent that first note to you Hyatt," he was saying, "I also sent a similar one to Wendall. You came first and confessed." Chub heard Mark exclaim but did not turn his head, "But strange to say," continued the Doctor, "not ten minutes later Wendall came and," he paused, "Wendall also confessed!"

Chub turned to Mark, their eyes met and at that moment a new and stronger link was forged in their friendship.

But the Doctor was continuing his story, "What was to I think? I really did not suspect either of you, but the papers were gone. I then went to Professor Jackson and questioned him; he was quite sure that the papers had been removed. I asked to be allowed to look at the drawer. In it I found an envelope. The Professor seemed very much surprised when I showed it to him. 'Why how did that get there?' he exclaimed.

"I saw a light? 'Was this in your pocket with the papers?' I asked. He nodded. 'I requested him to look within his pocket which he did, and pulled out'—the Doctor paused with a smile and the boys held their breath, "and pulled out—" the Doctor repeated, "the missing papers!"

He did not give the boys a chance to speak. "Evidently," he went on, "the Professor made a mistake and when he meant to put the papers in the drawer he put in the other envelope instead, and did not think to look in his coat when he did not find them there."

The Doctor rose and going to the boys grasped their hand saying, "I am proud of you, boys, and your college is proud of you. I can only say that which you have so often heard, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!' While you did not give you life, you were willing to give your honor, which is even greater to men like you." Then turning to Chub he added, "You will have just about

time to change your armor; the game is called at three, I believe."

As the boys left the Doctor's office, their hands met and the grip expressed all the feeling which their lips refused to tell.

That afternoon as Chub trotted on to the gridiron with his team, and heard the mighty grand stand, as one man calling, "Hyatt!" he whispered to himself, while his eyes filled, blotting out the entire field:

"You were right, Little Mother, honor is greater than Life, for what is life without Honor?"

Anne C. Wallace.

THE SHOE MENDER

For nearly forty-six years Fred Obert had worked in this little shoe shop. His life before the little shop was started seemed strange to him now as he thought back over it. He wondered how it was that he had not then missed the little shop for it had since grown to be almost a part of himself and gradually he had made it his only home. And now he had to leave it! He could not bear the thought of it. Putting his head in his hands he sat on his little stool and thought over all of his past life.

The years of his life to his sixteenth birthday he remembered to have been very happy ones. The old house was in an old part of the city, it is true but there was sufficient means for the family to live comfortably. The father had saved a little each month for a rainy day which came only too soon. He remembered how in his ninth year he had been made so happy by a new baby brother Dick, how as the little boy grew older he had always loved the little fellow, played with him and shared everything with him; how one day during his seventh summer Dick had fallen from a ladder leading to a haystack in a barn near by and had been brought home to them very badly hurt. They had done everything in their power for the little lad only to find that he would always be a cripple, for the little back could never again be strong.

He recalled how at seventeen he had had to stop his loved studies to work and help the family make ends meet, for sickness had quickly used up all their little savings. After various attempts to get work he had finally stayed in a store near the homestead.

Then Fred remembered the time when the little shop came into his life. It was a cold wintery, icy day. As he walked along the street he met an old man, distinctly German. The old man fell and he hastened to his aid. He helped the old man to his home which was the shoe shop. August Schneider was not badly hurt, only enough so that he would be unable to work for several days. This worried him very much, as in all the years he had been working in this little shop, he had never disappointed people with their shoes. He, therefore asked Fred to help him out for a while. Under the old man's direction he soon became very proficient in the humble art of mending shoes. Very shortly after this he lost his father and a little later his mother also died. This left the care of little Dick on his shoulders. He remembered how good old August had then been to him; how, when they had sold the old homestead, August had given up one of the two tiny rooms he lived in behind the shop. Then they carefully moved little Dick so that he could have care and company during the day. The three had led a simple but happy life here, but only for a very short time when little Dick too left them. August and he were very sad and missed the little sufferer more than they dared say.

Then gradually August had left more and more of the work for him. He was an old man and wished to go back to the Fatherland and so three years after little Dick's death he returned to Germany and left Fred alone and full owner of the shop. He soon became used to the lonesomeness and gradually the little shop came to mean more and more to him. His work in it being broken only by the preparing and eating of his meals and a walk which he took every evening after his supper. Thus he spent his days and he realized he was

getting old, for his troubles had aged him before his time. The little shop with its fond memories became dearer and dearer to him. He had never dreamed of leaving it, yet he knew now that he must. He could not bear the thought and he wondered how he could live in any other place. Thus he sat, heedless of anything but the thought of parting. The fire had burned out and even the little candle had long before left the room in darkness. The darkness soon changed as the day broke but still he sat silent and motionless.

Next morning at the appointed hour of ten o'clock the two men from the great real estate company of the city appeared at the little shop to learn the shoemaker's terms for the sale of his property, for as they had told him the day before, the little shop had to be sold since the ground was needed as a part of the site for a new factory. They knocked twice. Receiving no answer, they walked in, the door being unlocked. The room was freezing cold and no cheerful word greeted them from the shoemaker. They noticed him then sitting on his bench with his head in his hands. They spoke to him but received no answer. Then walking over to him they found that the lonely life of the shoemaker had ended and they guessed at the reason.

Rose Baer.

THE HISTORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Hundreds of thousands of valentines pass through the Postoffice on February 14. The postman of long ago was burdened with tokens similar to those borne by letter-carriers of our day.

The original Saint Valentine had nothing to do with our present celebration of the day which bears his name. According to history, he was a Roman priest who suffered martyrdom, being beaten with clubs and afterward beheaded by direction of the Emperor Claudius in the year 270 A. D. The fourteenth of February was appointed

by the Church to be observed in his honor.

Isaac Disraeli has pointed out that many of our children's games, the tumblers and street acrobats, the carnivals and speaking pantomines of Italy, were all once common in ancient Rome. And so the custom connected with Saint Valentine's name may also be traced to a rite that was practiced in the same city. During the month of February festivals were held in honor of Februata-Juno. These feasts were called the Lupercalia. One of the ceremonies taking place at this time consisted in placing a box, with great pomp and solemnity, slips of paper bearing the names of young girls. After the box had been shaken up the young men each drew out a slip, and thus obtained what we should call a valentine.

The leaders of the early Christian Church, wishing to do away with the heathen rites, changed this. The young men, instead of drawing the names of young girls, drew those of early saints, and each was supposed to imitate the example of the saint whose name he drew. As the heathen rite took place about the fourteenth of February, that day was fixed on for the new ceremony. So, that day being Saint Valentine's, his name has come down to us linked with the custom.

Valentine Day celebrations have been kept up in England and Scotland, for many years. Shakespeare and Chaucer both allude to them, also the poet Lydgate, who died in 1440. A learned traveler named Meison wrote in the seventeenth century of an old English valentine party:

On the eve of February 14 the young folks gather together, an equal number of maids and bachelors forming the party. Each one writes his or her name on a separate billet, and these are rolled up and cast into a pile. Then the names are drawn, the maids drawing the bachelors' names and the bachelors the maids'. The names drawn are valentines to those who draw them. The young men were expected to entertain their valentines with dances and treats, and often to make

them costly presents. They also wore the billets containing their valentine's names on their sleeves or their hearts for many days.

St. Valentine's Day is the day of choosing one's mate. The old country tradition has it that all birds of the air choose their mates for the year on St. Valentine's Day.

Comic valentines are a modern invention. About 25,000,000 of these are printed yearly, comprising about 1,000 different kinds.

'15.

JUST A WORD TODAY WITH NANCY HANKS

Nancy Hanks—I see the calendar says it is 1914, nearly a century after my life in the world ended. Pray tell me, spirit of the present, whether any one mortal remembers that I ever lived, or knows my place of burial.

The Present—Oh yes. There is a monument over your grave at Pigeon Creek. A man named Studebaker of South Bend, Ind., went there in 1879 and spent a thousand dollars in marking it.

Nancy Hanks—What do you mean? More money than I ever saw in my life spent on my grave, more than sixty years after I had made it! Was he a rich descendant of mine?

The Present—He was no relative of yours. As a matter-of-fact citizen, he thought your grave ought to be marked. Twenty-three years later the state of Indiana erected a massive monument in your honor; ten thousand school children marched in procession when it was dedicated. The governor of the state, now one of the great commonwealths of the union, was there, while a distinguished general from afar delivered the principal oration. A larger fortune than you ever knew anyone to possess was spent on this monument. More people than you ever saw together at one time in your life were assembled. And there was chiseled on the pedestal, in raised letters the words, "Nancy Hanks Lincoln." Can there be any mistake about that?

Nancy Hanks—That is the wonder of wonders. I realized that my mortal remains, enclosed in a rough pine box, were buried under the trees at Pigeon Creek, and that no minister of religion was there to say even a prayer. I supposed that if anybody in all this world of yours would be surely forgotten, and soon forgotten, it would be Nancy Hanks, the woman of the wilderness. My life was a short one—of only thirty-five years—and in it I saw little of the great world, and knew little of it, and on going out had little further to expect from it. But pray break to me the meaning of this appalling mystery!

The Present—This is the twelfth of February!

Nancy Hanks—That was the birthday of my little boy, a slender, awkward fellow who used to climb a ladder of wooden pins driven into a log, up into a bed of leaves in the loft, every night, and there to dream. Whatever became of that sad little boy? He was not very well when I left the world. He seemed ailing all that fall. I hated to leave him. I was afraid his father could not give the care that the frail little fellow needed. Did you ever hear what became of my little nine-year-old boy out in the woods of Pigeon Creek?

The Present—Of course I have heard what became of him. The people who could answer that question of yours are numbered in the hundreds of millions today. There is no land and no tongue in which the information you seek could not be supplied, and usually by the "man in the street." Actual millions of people know that the twelfth of February was the day you welcomed into your cabin in the frontier wilderness that little boy. His birthday, in twenty-two states of the Union, including the great state of New York, is a legal holiday. In most of the others some commemorative exercises are the expected order. When the great financial market of the world opened in London this morning, it was with the knowledge that the

United States of America, the great republic over the seas, would record no stock exchange this day. The words, "No market—Lincoln's birthday," are carried on ocean cables under every sea, and business in the great buildings, forty stories high, of New York city, has paused today. So it does at Fort Dearborn—you remember—on Lake Michigan, now one of the foremost cities of the world.

Nancy Hanks—Pray tell me more of the miracle of my little boy's life. I must hear it!

The Present—If you had one copy of every book that has been written about him, you would have a larger library than you ever saw in your mortal life. If you had visited every city in which his statue has been reared, you would have been more widely travelled than any person that you ever saw. The journey would have taken you to several European capitals. Every possible word that he ever wrote, every speech he ever made, every document he ever penned, has been collected, and these have all been printed in sets of books with a fullness such as has been accorded to the works of only a few children of men. You could count on the fingers of two hands, and perhaps of one, the men in all secular history who so vitally appeal to the imagination of mankind today.

Nancy Hanks—And so my little boy came into all this glory in this lifetime!

The Present—Oh no. He died at fifty-six, as unaware of how the world would eventually regard him as old Christopher Columbus himself. A few months before his death he expected soon to be thrown out of the position he was holding, and so he wrote a letter, now on record, telling how he should strive to help his successor to carry out its unfinished work. Your little boy saw little to indicate the place that time has accorded him. His widow was hardly able to get from Congress a pension large enough for comfortable support, and yet that same body, in less than a half-century appropriates \$2,000,-

000—stop to think of that—for a national monument to him, and on plans so elaborate that everybody realizes that far more than this sum will be finally employed. But I could tell you only half the story. Men have retired from business to go into solitude to study his life. Others have been made famous by reason of having known him. I recall a New York financier whose opportunity to see the high life of the world, mingling with the princes and statesmen of nearly every land, had been exceptional. On his seventieth birthday his friends gave him a complimentary dinner. He chatted to them of his life, of what he had seen and where he had been. But he dismissed all the honors and associations of the big world by saying that the one thing that remained most worth while in his recollection was that he had shaken hands and conversed in private audience with your little boy, whom this cosmopolite pictured as "leading the procession of the immortals down the centuries."

Nancy Hanks—This is beyond me. I am lost in mystery and amazement. What did my boy—that earnest little fellow of the woods and streams—do to win this regard? How did it all come about?

The Present—That might be as hard to understand without a knowledge of what has taken place in the meantime, as the skyscrapers and the ocean cables and railroad trains that I have spoken of. But I will try to tell you something of it.

The Present—We have in the United States a great democracy. We are making that experiment among the nations. Your little boy gave friends of democracy the world over the largest measure of confidence in its permanency and success of any man that has ever lived in our country, and perhaps in the world.

More than a million people a year now pour into the United States from lands beyond the seas, most of them unfamiliar with our language and our customs and our aims.

When we Americans who are older by a few generations, go out to meet them we take, as the supreme example of what we mean by our great experiment the life of Abraham Lincoln. And when we are ourselves tempted in the mad complexity of what we call civilization to disregard the pristine ideals of the republic, we see the gaunt figure of that man standing before us, and his outstretched arm pointing to the straighter and simpler path of righteousness. For he was a liberator of men in bondage, he was a saviour of his country, he was a leader of his people.

He became President of the United States, but that affords small clue to his real distinction. Few Americans ever refer to him as "President Lincoln." A great German steamship line, to be sure, has thus named one of its leviathans of the deep, but in the idiom of our people, he is Abraham Lincoln, known by the name you gave him. To it no titles could add anything. And to-day all over the lard, from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas, and in places under distant skies, children will recite in their schools his words, men will gather to refresh their ideals by hearing anew some phase of his ever-wonderful story. Our nation could get along without some of its territory, without millions of its people, without masses of its hoarded wealth, but it would be poor, indeed, were it to wake up on this morning, of the twentieth of century without the memory of Abraham Lincoln—one of the really priceless possessions of the Republic.—*By Robert L. O'Brien in the Boston Herald.*

DRILL AT LASELL

One of the many things which decided me to come to Lasell four years ago, was the fact that military drill was taught there. I have heard many people say that they did not think it was a practical, or a fit thing for a girl to take; but I also have never heard a girl who has taken the drill say that she regretted it. Unfortunately we have it only once a week, for half an hour, and of course,

a great deal depends on the girl herself, as to how much she gets out of that short half hour. From November until spring when it is too cold to drill out of doors, we drill in the gymnasium. There are three companies, and the drill takes place every Tuesday afternoon from half past three until five o'clock. Captain Randlett of the eighth infantry M. V. M. is our instructor, and the captains command their companies under his direction.

This year a new uniform is to be tried. It is a one-piece, white tailor made suit, trimmed with brass buttons. It is made to look as strictly military as possible, and I think will prove to be satisfactory.

The last Saturday in May is generally the day set for our exhibition or prize drill. It is a most exciting gala day. It is also a big day for the balloon man, as each buys a balloon of the color of the company she is upholding; the two hundred or more blue, red and yellow balloons make a very pretty sight. After the three companies have drilled individually, the Junior prize squad comes out, and after that the senior. In these a prize (medal) is given to the girl who does the manual of arms most correctly. The last thing on the programme is the review of the battalion, and to my mind, this is the prettiest and most impressive movement done.

While the battalion is at attention, the presiding judge distributes the prizes. A banner is awarded to the winning company and an individual banner to the Captain; then the prizes are given to those girls who showed their ability in doing the manual of arms. After that is over the battalion is marched back to the gymnasium, headed by the military band, and is dismissed. The officers who have acted as judges remain for dinner, and a table is reserved in the center of the dining room for them and the officers of the battalion. Speeches are made, at the close of which the Star-Spangled Banner is sung. So ends the day which has been looked forward to so eagerly.

D.P.P., '14.



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIP

The annual mid-winter trip to the White Mountains started on Friday, February 13. Long before breakfast time the fifty girls who took the trip were up packing their suitcases and getting ready for the start. Chaperoned by Miss Shank, the party

for us. What a happy party we had on the train. We sang our school and class songs and gave all of our yells.

We arrived at Intervale, New Hampshire, shortly after two o'clock and at once went to the Bellevue Hotel, which was our headquarters. A hearty dinner was ready for us and it tasted mighty good after our long ride.



descended on the Auburndale station armed with snowshoes, skis and suitcases, and took the seven forty-nine train to Boston. A trip across the city was made to the North Station where our special coach attached to the regular train was waiting for us. At Haverhill Mr. Bassett, who had charge of the trip, boarded the train and had a lunch all ready

After dinner the girls all went to their rooms where they got into their mountain costumes. The rest of the afternoon was spent in tobogganing, coasting on bob-sleds, ski-ing and snow shoeing. It was a great deal of fun to watch some of the girls attempt to slide down hill on skis. They would go a little way and then fall face downward



into the snow. We went back to the hotel for dinner and in the evening a number of the girls made candy. Dancing was enjoyed for several hours, after which we all went to bed, tired but happy.

On Saturday we had a terrible snow storm. In spite of this the girls got up early and went out snow-shoeing. We all went up to the Cathedral Woods. A lunch was sent out to us from the hotel. Three fires were built and we all stood around and ate our lunch. We enjoyed it far more than if we were back at the hotel. The rest of the day was spent in tobagganning and ski-ing.

We had a great deal of fun with the bicycle skii. This consists of a bicycle, the wheels of which were attached to a pair of skiis.

On Saturday evening, there was the vaudeville show. Maidie Dealey, assisted by Lena Tennyson gave a ventriloquist sketch that was a scream. Dot Darrow and Lucille Scott sang a duet and the rest of the program was furnished by the "Agony Quartette."

By Sunday it had stopped snowing and we spent several hours with the camera man who took all of our pictures.

The usual sleigh ride had to be called off on account of the deep snow. We did a lot of snow shoeing through the mountains on Sunday. In the evening we had a sacred concert.

Monday morning we left for Portland where we had to change cars for Boston. We had dinner on the train and arrived in Boston several hours late owing to the heavy snow storm.

We arrived back at school about seven o'clock and we all decided that our trip to the mountains was the finest ever and we all want to go again next year. J. C.

The first of a series of teas was given by the German department on Friday afternoon, January 26, at four o'clock.

A few of the poems of Stieler's Eliland Cycle were read by Miss Rose Hoefflin. She rendered them with a great deal of expression and was heartily applauded. Miss Myrtle Brix, accompanied by Miss Lois Brader, sang some

of the Eliland poems, which have been charmingly set to music by Von Fielitz.

After this very enjoyable entertainment, refreshments were served. Miss Marion Beach presided at the tea-table.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

Saturday, January 24 was a warm, rainy day and both Juniors and Seniors were greatly disturbed concerning the sleigh ride which the former were to give the latter that night. At dinner the Junior president announced that the sleigh ride would be changed to a train ride and that we should all assemble in the hall at 8.20, clad in middies and old skirts. "Be sure to wear rubbers" she added. Eighty-two joyous Juniors and Seniors chaperoned by Miss Riker, Miss Williams, Miss Mayer, and Miss Joseph, boarded the 8.40 train for Wellesley, where we followed our class presidents to the Wellesley Inn. We were pleased to have with us Miss Hazel Shaw, an old Lasell girl, and the guest of Genevieve Bettcher. At the Inn we were served with delicious individual chicken pies, biscuits, coffee, and pan cakes with syrup. At the end of supper we were each given a horn, originally intended for the sleigh-ride, as a remembrance of the day. It would be impossible to describe the noise made with those horns, but we were soon quieted when stick candy was passed around.

Then came a march by the "faculty." Myrtle Brix as Miss Potter presided, and Helen Benson stood beside her, just as we see Mrs. Martin, three mornings a week, standing beside Miss Potter on the chapel platform. Judith Dollings as Mrs. Winslow led the procession. When "Mrs. Martin" said that she would not give the money unless Mlle. and Fraulein were there, Bess Emerine appeared as Mlle., and Doris Waller, with the color of her hair changed by the use of powder, needed no introduction as Fraulein Heinrich. Florence Evans in Miss Warner's costume gave us an excellent representation of that member of the faculty. Catherine Carter ably portrayed Miss True, and Ethel Murray needed no label as Miss Rand. Ada Patterson with a slouch hat was the counter-

part of Miss Hawes. Last but not least came Miss Raymond, Nell Woodward, on the arm of Miss Collins, Margaret King. We never realized how much Nellie resembles Miss Raymond and you can judge for yourself how much Margaret King resembled Miss Collins, when you read that later that night, Fraulein Heinrich met Margaret in the hall and actually thought she was Miss Collins.

After the procession the Seniors gathered around the piano and sang the following song:

Nineteen fifteen we sing to you
Oh Junior class so loyal
With memories dear and friendship true
We'll show our love forever.
We thank you for this grand good time
This night we never shall forget
Oh nineteen fifteen, Junior class
With loyal hearts we thank you.

The Juniors then sang the following song:

On this night the Seniors we do greet
And we hope you haven't all wet feet
For altho the air about is cold
Warm is our friendship old.
Later we'll homeward go to rest
But we hope this feed you will digest
And in all the dreams that come to you
You will all regard our friendship true.

We were requested not to blow our horns after leaving the Inn, which request was honorably complied to, for not one toot was heard all the way home. We might well have sung, "For its always fair weather when Lasell girls get together," for in spite of the rain and mud outside, it was very fine weather in all our hearts when we left Wellesley on the ten-forty-train for Auburndale.

Monday, January the twenty-sixth, was an eventful day for the Seniors. At six-thirty that morning when it was hardly day-light, forty-seven of them marched out of Gardner, wearing their caps and gowns for the first time. They all literally piled into a big hay wagon which took them around to the different houses.

First of all the Seniors wakened Carter Hall, because they were very anxious that the Junior president should know first of all, that they had taken their caps and gowns

without any interference from her classmates. From Carter Hall, they went to Bancroft, Clark, Cushman, Karandon, Hawthorne, Carpenter and then back to Main, cheering, blowing horns, and singing this song at every house:

"Where oh where are the watchful Juniors?
Where oh where are the watchful Juniors?
Where oh where are the watchful Juniors?
Safe asleep in their warm soft beds."

But this was not all that happened that day for the Seniors had a lovely surprise that evening at dinner time. As the Seniors entered the dining room the Juniors formed two lines between which the Seniors passed to the table which the Juniors had decorated for them. The table looked very beautiful with its decorations of bright red carnations, ferns, pussy willows and red coccus. During dinner there was singing by the Juniors and Seniors; accompanied by several mandolins the Seniors sang the following song:

At last now the day is here,
The day of a great surprise,
We've taken our caps and gowns
In spite of the Junior spies.
With hearts full of loyal thoughts
We sing to the class so dear.
And oh, we are proud to wear the symbols
of Seniors here.

The day when the Seniors take their caps and gowns is one which is always very dear to them, and so it is that January the twenty-sixth will always be dear to the class of 1914.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Dorothy Hartshorn led Christian Endeavor on January 20; taking for her topic, "Honesty." The meeting was an interesting and helpful one.

Ruth Cammack led Christian Endeavor on January 27. She called our attention to little habits and the danger which result from them.

February 3 Judith Dollings led Christian Endeavor. She spoke about always being sincere in everything we say.

At Vespers January 25, Miss Gordon told

us about the work at the International Institute in Spain. Her talk was a very inspiring one. Helen Benson sang.

On February 1, the Rev. Edgar Park spoke to us at vespers. He gave us a splendid talk on "The Essence of Life—to know, to remember, to do."

Dr. Richardson of the Theological School of Boston University spoke very interestingly on "Christ as a Teacher" at Vespers on February 8. Lucile Scott sang.



"Abbie playing hide and seek"

UTILIZING THE AUTO

"You must take exercise," said a physician to a patient. "The motor-car, in a case like yours, gives the best exercise that—"

"But, doctor, I can't afford to buy a motor-car," the patient growled.

"Don't buy, just dodge!" said the doctor.
—Ex.

EVEN HARDER

He had a heart as hard as stone,
This villainous old gent;
Perhaps we'd better say as hard
As reinforced cement. —Ex.

MUST BE IN LOVE

"Do you think his intentions are serious?"
"They must be. It cost him \$6.75 taxi fare to bring me home from the party the other night and he asked me if he couldn't call again."—Ex.

HER VALENTINE

I would my sweet would accept as meet
In the way of a valentine,
A verse or two from a heart that's true,
In praise of her charms divine.

There was a time when a loving rhyme
Would satisfy any girl,
Or a token small with "You're my all!"
But at that her lip would curl.

I'm paying yet on the silver set
I gave her at Christmas time;
And her birthday came last month, and the same
Has left me without a dime.

And so I sigh and wonder how I
Can get what she thinks would be "dear"
As a token slight, for a valentine right—
A diamond la vallière.—Ex.

Where can the postman be, I say?
He ought to fly on such a day!
Of all days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous rude to be so slow.
The fellow's so exceeding stupid!
Hark! there he is. Ah, the dear Cupid!





"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on."

These were the words of Abraham Lincoln whose birthday we celebrate this month. They should serve as an inspiration to us, as they have for a generation past, as they will for ages to come.

It is easy to read and appreciate this brief message. Its words carry conviction. Its spirit is unequalled.

Why do we read this message—year after year? Why is it held up as a model to youth? Why do men and women in the toil and struggle of life, pause, to glean from it, ever and anon, inspiration for greater and renewed effort? Why will it carry its lesson to generations yet unborn?

It is that its diction is unexcelled? that it conveys some new and startling thought? that it discloses some previously hidden principle? that it reveals for the first time a momentous truth?

It does—none of these things. Smaller men than Lincoln might have uttered this wisdom. The gifted orator, the fluent writer might have spoken or penned as eloquently.

But little would we heed them. It is because Abraham Lincoln spoke what he had

lived, because he was the living embodiment of the eternal principles he laid down, because he was the supreme example of the practice before the preachment, that we heed him.

Let us do more. Let us not merely read and admire. Let us adopt, let us incorporate in ourselves, let us assimilate for our everyday use—these teachings. That will be the truest and most effective way of laying our small offering on the altar of the man whose greatness, growing steadily with the lapse of time, will some day bring the universal acknowledgement of Abraham Lincoln—the greatest American.

LINCOLN

By Harriet Monroe, from the Commemoration Ode read at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

And, lo! leading a blessed host comes one
Who held a warring nation in his heart;
Who knew love's agony but had no part
In love's delight; whose mighty task was done
Through blood and tears that we might walk in joy,
And this day's rapture own no sad alloy.
Around him heirs of bliss, whose bright brows wear
Palm-leaves amid their laurels ever fair.
Gaily they come, as though the drum
Beat out the call their glad hearts knew so well:
Brothers once more, dear as of yore,
Who in a noble conflict nobly fell.
Their blood washed pure yon banner in the sky,
And quenched the brands laid 'neath these arches high—
The brave who, having fought, can never die.

EXCHANGES



Lasell Leaves acknowledges the following January exchanges:

Brady High School Journal, Echoes, Elgin High School Mirror, E. O. H. S. News (East Orange High School), Iris, John Marshall Record, Knick-Knacks, Newton High School Review, Maroon and White, Orange and Green, Quincy High School, New Trier Echoes, Somerville High School Radiator, Shortridge Daily Echo, The Archon, The Alpha, The Aegis, The Advance, The Artisan, The Bulletin, (Springfield, Ill.,) The Academician, The Centralian, The Comet, The Commerce Caravel, The Clarion, The Cricket, The Dalhi, The Daedalian Monthly, The Generator, The Hermonite, The High School News, The Imp, The Lotus, The Mirror, The Missile, The Owl, The Oracle, (Plainfield, H. S.,) The Ottawan, The Optimist, The Oracle, (Montgomery, Ala.,) The Philomath, The Quill, The Recorder, The Red and Blue Gazette, The Sagamore, The Student, The School Review, The Trapeze, Tech Quarterly, (Fall River H. S.,) Thyme and Lavender, Vail-Dean Budget, Wm. Woods College Record, X-Ray.

Since the December issue went to press, we have received the following December papers:

The Academy Bullet'n, The Review (Newton H. S.,) Blue and White, (Savannah H. S.,) Academe, (North Adams,) Caldron, (Fort Wayne H. S.,) The Peningian, The Recorder, (Syracuse H. S.,) The Review, (Galveston,) The Clarion, Orange and Green.

The Archon—Your literary department is good, but you lack a table of contents and an exchange column, both of which would help others and you too.

The X-Ray—This is a fine paper, well arranged, with a number of good stories and poems.

The Missile—A well arranged paper with a good collection of stories. However, a few illustrations would make it more attractive.

The Imp—Your paper is good as far as it goes, but couldn't you have more stories, poems and jokes?

The Commerce Caravel—You have an excellent paper. The cover of your January issue is very attractive, your cuts are splendid and your whole paper interesting. We count you as our best exchanges.

The Maroon and White—The story "Cupid's Failure" is very well written, holding the reader's interest to the end. Your "News" department is well managed.

The Aegis—Your literary department is well arranged and your paper contains many interesting stories.—"Curing Bob" is especially clever. Some cuts, however, would certainly add to your paper.

The Academician is interesting and full of news.

The Quill—This is a neat and attractive paper, but we would suggest more stories.

Echoes—Your paper contains a lot of good material, but more cuts and a few illustrations would greatly add to it. A joke column also would help to make even a more attractive paper.

Daedalian Monthly has a neat cover design, and is a well arranged paper.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

Your magazine would make almost anyone believe that girls are as capable of managing a magazine as the opposite sex. We would not dare to say it is better than a boy's magazine for fear of the consequences. However it must be admitted that there are few exchanges that are so well arranged and con-

tain such interesting reading matter.—*Red and Blue Gazette*.

Your cover is pretty and appropriate and your cuts are fine.—*Quincy High School*.

Lasell Leaves—Your paper is very well proportioned. Every department is excellent. It is a pleasure to read its pages.—*Maroon and White*.

Lasell Leaves, you certainly have an excellent magazine. All of your departments are complete.—*The Oracle*, Montgomery, Ala.

The cover of your paper is remarkably well done, and its contents are very interesting.—*The Imp*.

Lasell Leaves—Your cuts are very original. Your cover design is appropriate.—*Thyme and Lavender*.

Lasell Leaves is the best all-around paper we receive that is published by a girls' school. Its cover design, cuts, and quality of paper are of the best.—*Oracle*, Plainfield H. S.

Lasell Leaves is an excellent paper. The papers from Boston are all good, rivalling each other for the best issues. This paper not only has a good literary department but has some very pleasing poetry.—*B. H. S. Tatler*.

The following is from the *Orange and Green*, the school magazine of the Macon, Ga., High School. It shows what they think of the *Leaves*.

As I sit in my room, by the fireside,
I see the red-hot coals,
The different editors, at various schools,
As each "our paper" unrolls.

They read the Editorials,
Each story, and each ad,
But when they read the critics' words,
Some "ginks" go raving mad.

And now, a sweet voice telleth me,
As I breathe another sigh,
"If they cannot take their medicine,
Bid them pass this column by."

The race is run, the vict'ry's won;
Lasell Leaves gets the laurel!
With locals best, she leads the rest.
With her we cannot quarrel.

From an ancient town with an ancient name,
A miniature paper came.
We're glad to have *The Roman* too.
So please don't bid us, now, Adieu.

AN APT PUPIL

A settlement worker was doing her best to instruct a class of small girls in the ways of housekeeping efficiency.

"Now, before you buy fruit," she said, "be sure to pinch one to see whether it is ripe."

Thereupon she gave a nickel to an attentive scholar and bade her get a plum from some near-by fruitstand. In a few minutes the girl was back, flushed with exercise. She put the plum and the nickel on the desk.

"I pincht one, lady," she said, "but de Guiny chased me t'ree blocks. And it ain't every Guiny yer can pinch one from."—*Ex.*

KEEPING COMPANY

"What can that young fellow find to talk about for three hours every night?"

"Oh, he has plenty to talk about. He has to tell Mabel he loves her, and go over it four or five thousand times."—*Ex.*

"Why, Mr. Clarke," said the boarding-house mistress, as she entered the parlor and found the young man alone, "whatever is the trouble?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "I was sitting here with the creatures of my brain for company," and the budding author looked at the visitors accompanying the woman with something like resentment for the interruption.

"You poor thing!" said the woman, earnestly, "I said to myself as I opened the door, 'If he don't look lonesome, then I never saw a man that did!'"—*Ex.*

The sixth grade of a certain school in a foreign settlement in South Dakota was learning the use of possessives.

The book required the pupils to correct and expand into a complete sentence the following expression: "Milton and Shakspere's works." Joseph Nikodym handed in this sentence: "Milton and Shakspere work is a coal mine."—*Ex.*



THE MID-WINTER REUNION

Such a bright, sunshiny day was Monday, February ninth! And just such a correspondingly happy and jolly crowd gathered at the Seminary for the Lasell Mid-Winter Reunion! In response to invitations sent out several weeks ago, about one hundred old girls assembled in the parlors, where they were welcomed by Miss Blaisdell, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and Miss Potter, and where they also spent a pleasant hour chatting with old friends and talking over old times. At one thirty, a delicious lunchcon was faultlessly served in the dining room by the young women of the Domestic Science Department, while the members of the Lasell Glee Club entertained the guests with several beautiful selections. At the close of the lunchcon, Dr. Winslow spoke a word of welcome, and, in his usual gracious manner, asked that an even larger number be present next year. Miss Potter brought a message from the New York Club reunion which she had attended the previous Saturday. After lunchcon, another social hour was spent roaming through the building and reminiscing. It was altogether a most pleasant afternoon, and because of Dr. Winslow's hospitality, and the splendid work of the committee, each and every one went away happy to have spent one more delightful day at Lasell.

Among those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Winslow, Fannie Gray Merrick '56, Flora Drew Sampson '57, Emma Sears May '57, Caroline Spear '57, Angeline C. Blaisdell '67, Sara Boynton Townsend '67, Evelyn P. Warren '70, Ella Richardson Cushing '73, Annie Kendig Peirce '80, Lillie R. Potter '80, Jessie J. Macmillan '82, Lillian M. Packard '83, Nellie Packard Draper '84, Mary Rose Green '86, Etta Stafford Vaughn '86, Nellie M. Richards '93, Harriett G. Scott '94, Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, Jane Myrick Gibbs '98, Gertrude Watson Linscott '99, Clara McLean Rowley '02, Mabelle Whitney '03, Barbara Vail Bosworth '05, Frances Bragdon '05, Ada Wells Burnham '05, Mildred Peirce Fuller '06, Mae Straight Grebenstein '06, Maude Simes Harding '06, Dorothea Turner '06, Lela H. Goodall '08, Sophie B. Mayer '08, Charlotte P. Ryder '08, Maria L. Riker '09, Amy F. Brannan '10, Hannah E. Proctor '10, Cornelia Stone '10, Josephine Woodward '10, Dorothea Africa '12, Ruth Coulter Bierer '12, Mildred J. Hall '12, Ethel Moore '12, Clara Parker '12, Mary Starr Utter '12, Rosalthe C. Williams '12, Charlotte G. Joseph '13, Elizabeth H. Linn '13, Ruth E. Trowbridge '13, A. Lizzie Mann, Emma Wall Pinkham, Ruth Thacher, Hattie Greenleaf Smith, Lucy Dudley Merrill, Emma F. Barker, Edith F.

Totten, Anna Andrews Barris, Pauline Lane Maxfield, Violet Irene Wellington, Elizabeth Bailey, Frances Allen, Sophie A. Wendt, Lucia Parcher Dow, Marjorie Simes Nickerson, Minnie Watts Lewis, Edna Thurston Follett, Blanche Busell Hofmann, Laura R. Comstock, Bessie L. Comstock, Mary Wales Smith, Ruth Talcott, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, Mary Colby Walworth, Marjorie Norton, Helen Case, Glenna Webb Tilton, Lelia Nickerson Mason, Minnie Ransom Wagner, Mabel Smith MacDonald, Gladys Dudley Seaman, Desdemona Heinrich, Nellie M. Warner, Margaret Rand, Frances K. Dolley, Jeanne Le Royer, Dorothy Shank, Mrs. Alice Hillard Smith, Joseph A. Hills, Kate M. Plummer, Eliza Kendrick, Mrs. C. Potter, guest of Ruth Talcott.

One of the especially joyous duties of the editor of the *Leaves* is the recording of the marriages of the "old girls." We have an unusually interesting list for this month.

On Christmas Day occurred the marriage of Sally G. Ellwood to Mr. Ray Adams Stevens in New Orleans, La. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens are at home at Hereford Apartments, Evanston, Ill.

Louise Kelly '07 became Mrs. Carl Ultes, Jr., on Thursday, January first, at Springfield, O. Mr. and Mrs. Ultes will be at home after the middle of February at Spokane, Washington.

On Tuesday, January twenty-seventh, occurred the marriage of Edna MacDonald '11 to Mr. Harold Benjamin Sheppard at South Pasadena, California. After April first, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard will be at home at La Jolla, California.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. C. Funkhouser announce the marriage of their daughter Louise Burrows Funkhouser '09 to Mr. Arthur Fancher Williamson Tuesday, February tenth in Chicago, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Williams will be at home after June first, at Woodstock, Ill.

On February eleventh, Anna Staley '92,

became Mrs. Edward R. Rheiner at Kansas City, Mo.

Heartly congratulations to one and all with a sincere hope that we may have the pleasure of meeting the fortunate grooms later on!

Margaret Gregson was good enough to "come home" recently for a few days' visit. During the time we caught a pleasant glimpse of her father who accompanied her. One of the most popular and latest Lasell songs was written by this dear "old girl" and we were glad to have with us the author and greet her with the old-time Ho-i-la.

When Florence Linke called the other afternoon, she told us it was six years since she was a student at Lasell. We found it hard to believe for she looked not a day older and just as bonny as in the old days. She half promised that her younger sister would come to us in about a year, and we certainly hope that promise will be fulfilled.

In her letter to Dr. Winslow, Ida Mallory Lyon '03 tells of her busy, happy life, much of her time devoted to her babies, and we know her interest in all good works still continues. She speaks a kind word of Irma Lorber and we are glad to reciprocate her good message about Irma. We do not forget you, Ida, and can well remember your splendid manoeuvres on the military field and earnest interest in all good things at Lasell.

Along with her New Year's greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and the "dear babies," Tira Caldwell McDonald, our former teacher adds "We are having a mild winter in Ontario, but I remember one lovely morning at Auburndale when the trees were a mass of sparkling silver and the *almost demented* state of some of the Southern girls who had never seen such a crystal fairyland. And Dr. Winslow turned us all out—old maids and young—to coast on dustpans and cardboard boxes down over the hill. And later I remember the maple syrup and pans of snow

and the 'sugaring off' at Karandon." Her little daughter, Gwendolyn, is with her but Mr. McDonald was interrupted in his post-graduate course at Yale by an illness from which we hope he will soon be entirely recovered.

We all want to go to Porto Rico! Especially since hearing Dr. Winslow's and Dr. Morgenthau's enthusiastic account of their recent brief touring of the island. We are hoping for an illustrated lecture later from our Principal.

To Miss Potter, Anna Conant '09 recently wrote, "It seems like a hundred years since I have heard anything from Lasell and as I was looking at the catalog a few minutes ago it made me homesick. Just think, twelve more days! and then I'll be a trained nurse. Three long, long years almost over and my paint brushes covered with dust! Do you know, this is '09's fifth anniversary, and as I am free again I want to come back to Lasell." Anna intends to rest a little after receiving her diploma and then take an extended trip to California. "It has been a hard three years but thru it all I have always tried to live up to my class motto 'Be true to the best.' " We are proud of this graduate and shall be glad to welcome her home in June.

Miss Martha Ransom recently sent a beautiful photograph of the prize float at the recent Floral Carnival at Pasadena, California. We were glad to receive her kind greeting and only wish that she would come home to Lasell often.

Agnes Wylie West '05 kindly mailed to us a dainty card announcing the arrival of Joseph Thomas, Jr., on December ninth, just in time to receive his Christmas gifts and to give his parents the best gift of all.

Also a card has just come telling us of the coming of little Jane Margaret Seller on February eleventh to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Seller (Dorothy Well '09). Our loving congratulations!

In one of this year's messages to Dr. Win-

slow, our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon, sent a snapshot of himself taken in his "doctor's robes." We do not wonder that he is still in love with Fasadena from the mass of roses and the beautiful foliage which furnish the background for this striking and interesting picture.

The latest, most interesting announcements are the engagements of Mildred J. Hall '12 to Mr. Walter Warren Dresser, and Edith Frances Waller to Lester Woodbury Bermond. We hear that Mildred's home will be in Varcouver, B. C.

It did seem good to have Juliette Beach '13 "back home" again, also Charlotte Ryder '08 and Frances Allen. Our regret always is that we cannot keep these dear "old girls" longer.

The sad rumor came to us some time ago of the passing away of Charlotte Alley '09. We have not felt at liberty to publish this word until its confirmation came recently to us thru Ida Mallory Lyon '03. Our most tender sympathy is extended to her bereaved family and especially to Mrs. Alley whom long ago we lovingly adopted into our Lasell family. We find it hard even yet to realize that this bright and beautiful schoolmate has left us. We shall ever cherish an affectionate recollection of her life and labor in our school home.

From Ella Richardson Cushing '73 comes the sad tidings of the passing away in August of last year of Julia Cutler Howard, '61, in September of Mary Belle Clokey Wise '02, and also of Sophy Cummings Stearns '62. Lasell extends her tenderest sympathy to the bereaved families of these graduates.

A BROKEN PROMISE

On the night after Christmas I was wakened from a troubled sleep by the noise of a terrible blizzard. Unable to sleep I let my mind retrace the path that led to one of the most important events of my life.

Johrathan Blodgett and I had been school-

mates in the old town of Readfield Center. On the night of our graduation he told me not only of his plans of making his way in the world but of his most tender regard for me. He asked me never to forget him and to await his return, although several years might elapse before he became sufficiently successful to make me his bride.

The next figure that passed before my mind was that of Samuel, Johnathan's brother. As I thought over the next five years I recalled the many pleasant evenings spent at socials, parties and various hops at haying time, at which the dominating figure was always this brother. The distance between us and the time that had passed caused me to forget Johnathan.

On the day before Christmas of that fifth year, Samuel's father, the deacon, had asked us to distribute some baskets of food for the poor. On our return from our errand we went in by the fire to get warm and have something hot to drink. After talking for some time Samuel told me of his love for me. I knowing that I truly loved him gave him my promise.

The Blodgetts were spending their Christmas day with us. The usual excitement prevailed before the dinner. As we were about to go to the dining room, the door bell rang. I answered it and a very changed Johnathan Blodgett greeted me. With much pride I led him into the parlor. There was great excitement and surprise but he was warmly welcomed home.

There was much merrymaking during the dinner, after which Johnathan told of his many experiences since he had left Readfield Center.

About eight o'clock while I was in the kitchen getting lunch Johnathan came out. He hesitated a little, then said that he had kept his promise and knew that I had kept mine. Almost overcome I stared at him. Not knowing what was the trouble he talked on concerning our future. He suddenly seemed to feel something was wrong.

To my dying day, I think I shall hear him ask, "Ann, is anything wrong?" Weakly and almost indistinguishably I blurted out, "John, I am engaged to Samuel." His hand went to his face which grew whiter than the cloth of the table on which he leaned. He gave me one look. I thought it almost asked for pity.

As he was starting through the door he met Samuel on the threshold. Samuel said, "Gee, John, it sure does seem good to have you around again." He was greeted by a stare such as a man might give a deadly enemy. He passed out of the room and out of our house. Such an ending of a Christmas day cast a shadow over all. Our only consolation and hope is that he may someday return to forgive.

STRANGE WARES

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author and engineer, was employed in the government service at one time, in which he had to do some travelling. He was riding in the Pullman opposite some traveling men who were very loquacious.

They tried several times to bring him into the conversation. He answered politely, then became silent. Finally one of them said:

"On the road?" addressing Mr. Smith.

"Yes," he replied.

"What kind of goods do you sell?"

"Lighthouses."

The drummer gasped in astonishment, then said: "Boss, where, do you keep your samples?"—*Collier's*.

"I am glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son, who had been away at school, but who was now home on his vacation. "How are you getting along at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'if you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English." *Ex.*

/ SIMPLIFICATION

The English Simplified Spelling Societi has issued a primer for the use of simplified children. The book contains "Nurseri Rienz and Simple Poemz," and the amazed book reviewer of the Toronto Mail and Empire sums up the general consensus of outside opinion by saying that the poor children deserve sympathy.

Here is the Tennysonian dislocation¹ he quotes:

"Whot duz litl babi sai
In her bed at peep of dai
Babi sez, liec litl burdi
Let me riez and flie awai.
Babi, sleep a litl longer,
Til the litl limz ar stronger,
If shee sleeps a litl longer,
Babi tuu shal flie awai."

Of course the art of simplified revision is not a difficult one. For instance, this is what might be done with an old favorite:

Twinkl, twinkl, litl star,
How I wundr whot yu ar,
Up abuv the wuld so hi,
Lik a dimun in the ski.—*Ex.*

That the aged are not easily roused to enthusiasm or excitement is well known, but they are not often as calm as the old lady that the Windsor Magazine tells about.

An old man fell from a second-story window into the street where an anxious crowd immediately gathered to see whether he was seriously injured. One of her daughters rushed frantically into the first floor room, where his wife sat knitting, and cried:

"O, mother, mother! Father's fallen from the top of the house into the road! O, dear! O, dear!"

"Yes, my child," answered the old woman placidly, looking up from her work. "I saw him pass the window."—*Ex.*

For ten long but blissful years they had walked along the path of love; but as yet the lovesick youth had never mentioned about their getting married, relates Tit-Bits. Court ship is very charming; but when there does—

(Continued on page 144)

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not seem to be altar-rails at the end of it, girls naturally begin to lose interest in the game.

Anyhow, Jane thought it time that the marriage-day was fixed, so she threw out a gentle hint to her lover by way of encouraging him. Encouragement, she thought, was all the dear fellow wanted.

'Nathaniel,' she whispered coyly, "they're saying we're going to be married soon."

'Are they though?' answered the stolid swain. "What a jolly sell it'll be for them when they find out we ain't!"—*Ex.*

SHE KNEW

It was young Mrs. Robinson's first dinner party, and she was suffering all the usual terrors of the inexperienced hostess.

However, the cook rose to the occasion splendidly, and so far as the dinner itself was concerned, Mrs. Robinson was delighted.

The only fly in the ointment was Jane. Jane was the new parlor maid; she was slow, clumsy and her waiting was bad. But, in addition to these faults, she insisted on keeping her mouth wide open.

This so got on Mrs. Robinson's nerves that at last she exclaimed:

"Jane, your mouth is wide open!"

Jane withdrew her gaze from the ceiling and said, looking down with a cheery smile:

"I know it is ma'am; I opened it myself!"

—*Ex.*

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C. W. Thompson & Co.	175	Sands, Furber & Co.	179
George P. Raymond Co.	175	Smith Brothers	179
Hill, Smith & Co.	175	Thorndike & Co.	179
Cottrell & Leonard	175	George C. Folsom	179
L. P. Hollander	176	Kornfeld's	180
Walter Baker & Co.	176	A. Shuman & Co.	180
Consignor's Union	176	Wax Brothers	180
Pinkham & Smith	177	Oliver Ditson	180
Lombard	177	Nye Park Inn	Inside back cover
Weber's Sample Shoe	177	Burke	Inside back cover
English Tea Room	177	Collins & Fairbanks	Inside back cover
F. W. Fletcher	178	Lenox Hotel	Outside back cover
Alden Speare's Sons Co.	178	T. E. Moseley Co.	Outside back cover
W. F. Hadlock	178	C. F. Hovey & Co.	Outside back cover
Capodanno & Albano	178		



THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY DINNER

Literary

THE PRIZE

Miss Pendelton's school was a private school for girls and this being the fourteenth of September, a great many students had been arriving all day. At seven o'clock Gretchen Kopp, a rather quiet, pretty girl came alone to this school and was shown to her room, which was extremely small, furnished with two beds, two chairs, a table and a mirror,—not in the least like her room at home.

Gretchen had been there only a few minutes, when Betty Bates, who was to be her room-mate came into the room. She was short and dark and rather pretty, but her expression was sullen and her mouth wore a continual pout. Her parents had died when she was a mere child and a great deal of her life had been spent in a boarding school, this being her third year in Miss Pendelton's school. She was very bright and all the students looked up to her as their "star." Each year a prize was offered to the school, to be given to the one who, at the end of the year, had the highest average. For two years Betty had won this prize, and it was taken for granted that she would continue to win it. However, Betty had very few friends as she was often far from pleasant. As she entered the room Gretchen was seated on the bed but she merely glared at her and said, "Guess we are to be room

mates" and at that she turned on her heel and walked out. Gretchen looked very much surprised and thought her room mate was a queer girl, but soon forgot about her as she began to unpack her bag and prepare for the night. When it was bed time, Betty came in and Gretchen tried her best to converse with her but her efforts were all in vain. At last the two girls fell asleep each one forgetting the other, Gretchen dreaming about home, and Betty of days to come.

At seven the next morning the girls were awakened by the rising gong,—a horrible sounding thing, and Gretchen fairly leaped out of bed very much frightened. She spoke a pleasant "good morning" to Betty but that personage was very well acquainted with the bell and made no move to arise. That morning after breakfast Miss Pendelton called all the girls together, gave them a welcome and informed them on the rules of the school and how very necessary it was for each girl to keep them. She also told them about the annual prize, how to attain it, first by good behaviour, second by hard study and third by neatness. She said that each time a girl left her room out of order, was late at breakfast or at class, one point would be subtracted from her mark.

When Gretchen heard about the prize she determined at once to do her best to win

it. The rest of the day passed with very few events, except the assigning of lessons and preparing for earnest work.

As the days went by both girls worked hard but Betty soon saw that she would have to make a hard struggle in order to keep up with Gretchen, to say nothing of getting ahead of her. At last she decided to try unfair methods. One morning after Gretchen had left her side of the room in good order, Betty deliberately took Gretchen's slippers from their place, threw them on the bed and walked out. That morning when the corridor inspector came down stairs she reported, "Gretchen Kopp's slippers carelessly thrown on her bed." Gretchen flushed with mortification but said nothing when Miss Pendelton walked over to the chart and took one point from her mark, leaving Betty one point ahead of Gretchen. This happened again and again and Miss Pendelton scolded Gretchen and told her how very distasteful to her it was to find a girl so careless and untidy. Gretchen listened and said nothing although she knew it was not her fault that her room was out of order.

From this time on Betty seemed to be gaining until one day Miss Pendelton assigned a very hard problem, saying that the girl who solved it correctly and quickly would have ten points added to her mark. All the girls were very much interested and very anxious as to who would this time gain the coveted points. Betty and Gretchen worked very hard, but Gretchen who was in reality the brighter of the two handed in her paper before Betty had had time to think and when Miss Pendelton put down their marks the next morning, Betty perceived with horror that Gretchen was twelve points ahead of her.

The rivalry went on in this manner until one day Miss Pendelton announced in Chapel that a lecture would be given that afternoon and each one must take notes; then a theme was to be written on this subject and was to be handed in a month before school was dismissed for the summer vacation.

All during the lecture Gretchen wrote rapidly and seemed very much interested, but Betty was restless and unable to write, always looking toward Gretchen with an expression of anger on her face.

A few days later at the usual walking hour, Betty begged to be excused from her walk complaining of a sick headache. Miss Pendelton felt sorry for her and asked if she would not like to lie down on the couch in the library, where it was cool. Betty was very much pleased and after the walking party had left she stepped into the library intending to have a quiet rest but upon glancing around the room she noticed a book on the table in the center of the room. The familiar cover caught her attention. She picked it up, glanced through it and suddenly realized it was the book from which the lecture had been given. Immediately she thought how very easy it would be to read it, take notes and write her theme.

"But you might be found out," whispered Conscience.

"Never fear" argued Temptation, "there is no one around and if you do it quickly, and put the book back just as you found it, no one will ever know."

"But it's as bad as theft" admonished Conscience. But Betty thought something must be done and said "I must win that prize." So Temptation triumphed.

"I'll do it" she said fiercely, "I don't care, I'll show her." Then looking stealthily about as though she feared the walls had both eyes and ears, she picked up pencil and paper and began to read, think and write quickly. When she had finished she carefully put the book back in its place, rolled up her notes, rushed to her room with them, placed them in her drawer and ran down stairs.

When the walking party returned, Miss Pendelton found Betty on the library couch in a sound sleep. She awakened her and asked if she felt better and Betty replied, "Oh! yes, very much better, thank you."

As the days passed by, Gretchen worked

steadily on her theme and it was whispered around that the prize would be given to her, but much to the surprise of everyone, on the next to the last day of school, Miss Pendelton announced that the prize, a beautifully bound book, had been awarded to Betty Bates and that Gretchen Kopp had received "honorable mention." Gretchen felt very badly but consoled herself with the fact that she had worked and at least tried very hard.

All the girls noticed that Betty did not seem very elated over her hard earned prize but appeared to be avoiding everyone and did not care to have anyone congratulate her.

The next day, which was the last day of school, a report was brought to Miss Pendelton that Betty Bates was very ill. Miss Pendelton went to Betty's room at once and found her very pale and almost unable to speak. She seemed to be trying to tell something, but each time she lost courage. Miss Pendelton urged her and at last Betty told what she had done and said she could not live longer without telling. She said also, that she was afraid to go home without the prize as her aunt would scold, tell her she was good for nothing, and probably say she could go to school no more. Thus becoming desperate she had resorted to unfair means, in order to gain marks.

Miss Pendelton felt very sorry for her and thought it was unfair to Gretchen, who had worked so faithfully. She finally decided to explain to Gretchen and to give her a book similar to the one she had awarded to Betty. This she did and although Gretchen was greatly surprised and felt sorry for Betty, yet she was pleased to be able to go home with the coveted prize in her trunk and with the consciousness in her heart that it had been honorably won.

Helen L. Benson.

HORRIBLE HAIR-BREADTH HAPPENINGS

(Please notice Alliteration)

For days the storm had raged and the Fog was so dense that the ship could only progress

slowly. She floundered helplessly along, as there were no lighthouses to Warner of rocks. Then, one night, the moon appeared for an instant through the clouds like a Ruby Ball of fire. Shortly afterward, the crash came.

"Springall!" cried the captain. There was a rush of water; all grew dark, and when I regained consciousness I found myself lying on a lonely Beach. I began to Call, but it was True that the Ship and all my fellow-passengers had gone Down(s).

Bewildered I Rose, with a sharp Payne in my side. How could I ever Barrett there alone! I was in an entirely Newland.

I decided to Walker-round. So I struck into a Woodward path and crawled along at the side of Brooks and Underwood, but to save my Soule I could find no living person. There seemed to be many animals on the island, however. In the Greene tree-tops the Birdies were singing and I saw some Polly-parrots but as I had no crackers or "Spice" to give them, I went on. Suddenly I noticed some little animals in one of the Brooks. They were Beavers, crushing Stones with their flat tails. I watched the Beavers' antics for a while and then climbed a Hill to look around.

Quick! what is that? A company of Baer natives ad-Vance, carrying Shields before them!

I stood on the Hill like a Nutt and did not move, but grew Moore and Moore frightened. I knew that if the natives had a chance, they would Bingaman, and that the King would Skinner person who dared oppose him. I also had visions of their Cutting my head off.

As they were now very Close, I beat a Hasty retreat and ran many miles before I realized I was a Freeman.

That night (as I was somewhat of a Carpenter), I built a hut of some Brix I found lying around. These Brix were only one of the Marx which convinced me that the natives lived nearby. At last I went to sleep on a Sophie I had improvised out of dry Morse and Cones.

In the morning, I decided to go out and gather some corn, Thresher (as I had seen the Millers do), and Carter to my hut. So I gathered about a Peck. I made some corn and Rice cakes and when I had Dunham—I had stirred the dough carefully so I wouldn't Burnett), I sat down and gazed at the Ashes of my fire. I did my Bess to think how I could get away. I could not Rowe, for I had no boat. I thought of my lonely Swartwout at home—how worried the poor little Maidie must be! I began to weep, and soon had to dig a trench to Drane away the tears. "Alas!" I thought, "My Harris turning grey. Soon I shall have a Whitehead!"

Many days I lived thus on the island. Then one day as I was looking out to sea, I saw a small Dot on the horizon. I Baird my head as it came nearer and watched intently. Oh joy! It was a Merchantship!

I Haled it, left the island Owen nobody for my stay there and was soon on board. I Bettcher no one was ever more Glad than was I when at last I got to my own Gates again. The Stiles had greatly changed but I went directly to my Taylor's and had a dress suit made. Then I walked up the Lane to my Swartwout's home where she greeted me with Hotchkisses and consented to a Quick marriage.

Soon afterwards when my wife began to Brader hair for the night she asked for a Fuller account of my adventures. This I gave her concluding with, "Howes that for a story? Quite thrilling isn't it, Abbie Darling?"

"Enough to Winslow-est hearts, my Goodman!" she answered.

1916.

A PRECIOUS SIGNET RING

As the vesper chimes pealed out over the city, calling the people to the evening service, an unusually large crowd of young women came down the street and entered the great Cathedral. One might easily have known that they were from a nearby seminary because aside from other telltale reasons,

there were several watchful chaperons in attendance. The girls slowly filed to their allotted places in the balcony at the Cathedral and settled themselves for a quiet hour.

In the front row of the balcony sat an extremely attractive girl named June Merideth. She had been a pupil at the seminary for two years, and was now a dignified senior. She and her brother, Ed, were the only children of a very wealthy merchant, of New York, who was very fond of travelling. Only last week he had sent his daughter a precious signet ring, from the far East, with her initials, "J. E. M.", curiously engraved on it. It had been the admiration of the girls ever since it arrived, and although it was a little large for her finger, June had worn it to Vespers. She had become quite accustomed to the feeling of it, however, and so with her mind on the sermon, her thoughts were far, indeed, from the ring.

The day had turned out to be mild, though it was December, and the girls, finding their furs uncomfortably warm, had thrown them over the pews and opened their coats. June carried a large muff. For a while she was greatly interested in the sermon, but after a time she realized that her hands were hot. Putting down her muff, she started to remove her gloves, when to her horror, as she pulled off her right one, her beautiful ring slipped off her finger, and fell into the space below! She watched it breathlessly and saw that it fell directly in front of a young man, who picked it up. He turned for a second and looked directly at June, who was so confused at the loss of her jewel and the awkwardness of the situation, that she sunk back until quite out of sight.

Needless to say both minds were far from prayer for the remainder of the service. June was wondering how she could reasonably explain the accident, and the man, inwardly congratulating himself that it happened to fall in front of him, was planning how he could most easily meet her to give the ring back.

After the closing hymn was sung, June explained the affair to her chaperon, and hurried to speak to the ushers, for she thought of course the man would give her ring to one of them. The man, on the contrary, hastened to the door and searched in vain for June as the people flocked out.

In this way they missed each other. June could not help having secret doubts of the young man's honesty, though as she remembered his face, which was indelibly printed on her mind, she did not see how he could be dishonest. As for the man, he was almost distracted, for he was a stranger in the city, and knew absolutely nothing about the seminary. He searched the papers for some clue to the owner of the valuable little ring, and could not understand why the girl did not make some apparent effort to regain it.

Time passed by, and at length the week of the Junior Prom at Ed's college had come around. June was among the happy girls invited for it. At the large dance the first evening, June was having the most delightful time in meeting first one then another of her brother's friends. Just before intermission she glanced at her order, which her brother had previously filled out, and saw the name F. Stanton scrawled on it. She saw her brother coming towards her with a man who looked most familiar, but she could not seem to place him.

"This is Faunce Stanton," Ed was saying, "of whom you have heard so much, June." Then suddenly June and Faunce recognized each other, and pulling off his glove Faunce took the little signet ring from his finger, and put it into her hand. Then they told the story of their former intercourse to the astonished Ed, and explained to each other why they had not met.

Some time after, June and Faunce entered a cathedral, but this time it was the large one in New York and they were together. As they slowly walked down the aisle the organ softly played the strains of an old wedding march.

SMILE!!

Some times when your world is all out of tune—
And you're tired, disgusted and blue,
Just squander a smile on somebody else
And see what it does for you!

That some one will pass your smile along,
To some one else who is sad;
Until you find, with a single smile
You have made a dozen glad.

And that single smile will be passed along
Until it's a thing worth while,
And you just forget to be tired and blue
Because of a little smile.

A. C. W.

A CONSOLATION

Do you dear friends, find it difficult, too
Always to yourselves to be true?
(If you're human, of course you do);
Ever to be what you desire to be?
To be what you feel you ought to be?
(On these questions I'm sure all agree).

Now let me to you a secret reveal—
So long as you this way feel,
So long as you surrender not your ideal,
Be not depressed—all is right.
Listen to the essence of the whole,
And let it be to you as consolations:
It is true that your aspirations
Represent the real nature of your soul.
G. Wilkes, '15.

THE EAR SHOWS SIGN OF GROWTH





A SPIDER-WEB PARTY

We Sophmores were greatly pleased and surprised to find in our mail boxes a little white envelope in which there was a small green shamrock, the invitation from the Seniors inviting us to Gardener Hall, for the evening of January seventh. By eight o'clock of this evening we had all arrived at Senior House and the fun began. We were greeted with a song explaining our evening's entertainment, to which we responded with a song, telling of our love for "Our Sister Class."

On looking up the stairs to the second floor we found the Senior's song proved to be true—for there instead of the busy spiders the *busy* Seniors had been at work spinning a web in our class colors, gray and old rose. We started to unwind the magic threads at the bottom of the stairs and it seemed an almost endless tangle until we finally came to the end of our strings, where we found little green hearts, filled with candy. Marion Griffin was the lucky one, reaching the end of her string first and being rewarded with the prize.

We were then all called to the first floor where we were given little cards on which we were to record, "The Seniors We Have Known" from their shadows on a sheet in the doorway. It must be easy for Carol Rice

to recognize people in the shadows for she won the prize.

Then music called us up stairs where we enjoyed dancing with the Seniors. At the ringing of the bell we drew partners and once more descended to the first floor, which had been transformed since our arrival. There were many chafing dishes over which Seniors presided. We all sat around on pillows and were served with lovely refreshments.

The evening's fun was over all too soon and the Seniors sang to us—their sister class—"Farewell" to which we again responded, thanking them for the good time they had given us.

THE GERMAN PLAY

We owe Fraulein Heinrich and the German Department many thanks for a delightful evening on Wednesday, March the fourth. The play which they presented is by Roderick Benedix and is called "Die Hochzeitsreise." The story is about a methodical professor who has just been married. He does not wish to change his former habits in the least even for one day and so he takes his bride to their rooms directly after the wedding ceremony. The bride has no intentions of conforming to her husband's wishes and in the end by her

charm she so converts him that they start out on a wedding journey.

Elsie Doleman, Rose Hoefflin, Judith Dollings, Marie Klenze and Martha Shumann portrayed their parts admirably.

After the play a reception was held for the German girls and their guests. Many outsiders were present and seemed to enjoy it all as much as did the students themselves.

On Friday afternoon, February the twentieth, at four-thirty, a tea was given by the Latin Department. A Latin song was sung by Miss Helen Benson and Latin recitations were given by Miss Ruth Tuthill and Miss Katherine Thorpe. After this entertainment, refreshments were served.



SCENES FROM THE GERMAN PLAY

THE FRENCH PLAY

"The Barbier De Séville" was given by the pupils of Senior French, February 19th. This play was one of the best ever given by the

French Department. Mademoiselle Le Royer is to be congratulated upon the suitability with which the cast was chosen. Each member did her part well.



SCENES FROM THE FRENCH PLAY

THE CAST

The Count Almaviva, lover of Rosine
Gladys Goodman, '15
 Barthalo, guardian of Rosine
Mildred Post, s. p.
 Rosine
Catherine Carter, '15
 Figaro, the barber
Dora Goodwillie, '14
 Don Bazile, singing teacher of Rosine
Myrtle Brix, '15
 Notary
Lillian Schwartz, '14

The following girls have been chosen as members of the new *Leaves* staff:

Editor-in-Chief—Nellie Woodward.
Assistant Editors—Maude Andrews, Doris Waller.
Local Editor—Helen Benson.
Assistant Local Editor—Ann Wallace.
Business Manager—Florence Evans.
Personal Editor—Catherine Carter.
Subscription Agent—Frances Harris.
Art Editor—Alison Pitblado.
Assistant Art Editor—Ina Rowe.
Exchange Editors—Carol Rice, Maude Hayden.

A tea was given by the Mathematical Department on Friday afternoon, February 27, at four o'clock.

Florence Evans read an amusing article on "Mathematics Made Easy." Martha Schumann and Dorothy Stickney gave two entertaining selections, and Martha Schumann and Marion Newland accompanied by Ruth Commack, sang very charmingly, and all were heartily applauded. Then refreshments were served, over which Miss Raymond presided.

At Miss Packard's suggestion the entire company sang the multiplication table of five to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," thus ending very informally a most enjoyable social hour.

VESPERS

On February 15.
 Mrs. Mead spoke to us at Vespers on

February 22 about the peace movement. Marion Newland sang.

Mr. Cutler told us about the work of the daily vacation Bible schools on March 1.

On March 8, the girls attended evening service at the Episcopal Church, where a cantata was given.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Veda Ferguson led Christian Endeavor on February 10.

On February 17, Katherine Bingham led Christian Endeavor. Helen Benson sang.

Nellie Woodward led Christian Endeavor on February 24.

Miss Packard led Christian Endeavor on March 3. She told us about the convention held last summer in Kansas City, Kansas.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On Saturday, February 21, the annual Washington's Birthday Party took place. All of the girls were dressed in Colonial costumes and powdered their hair. An orchestra was placed in the balcony and played as all the girls marched down into the dining room which was very prettily decorated for the occasion. All during the dinner the orchestra played and the girls joined in the choruses of the popular songs. Following the dinner all the girls went into the gymnasium and enjoyed several hours fun.





The time has now come when we must relinquish the *Leaves* to the care of the new staff. That it will be well taken care of, is not to be questioned, for the members of the new staff are among the most capable and efficient of our girls. However, remember, you girls who are their class-mates and school-mates, that the success of your school magazine depends largely upon you; and that even though the staff is capable and efficient, without your help they can do nothing.

The following is what we have been able to do since last March, and we freely acknowledge that we could not have accomplished so much without such loyal support:

First of all we have enlarged the magazine to thirty-six pages. This has been done by having more cuts and more jokes and by taking hold of each department, and "brushing" it up. Our circulation was formerly four hundred a month, and it is now as high as fifteen hundred a month. We exchange with nearly three hundred high school papers, and have increased the advertising department. Under the direction of Miss Packard, the Alumnae Supplement has been added, and is proving an interesting feature of the *Leaves*.

The old staff extends to the new staff the heartiest welcome and wishes them the best

success in the world. We have no fear but that the *Leaves* will thrive under their management, and be the brightest *Leaves* which Lasell has yet known.



OUR NEW EDITOR



We acknowledge the following February papers:

The Columbian, Columbia H. S., Columbia, S. C., *The Goldenrod*, State Normal, Wayne, Nebraska, *The Tech Quarterly*, Fall River H. S., Fall River, Mass., *The Academician*, Evanston Academy, Evanston, Ill., *The Red and Blue Gazette*, West H. S., Aurora, Ill., *The Messenger*, Durham H. S., Durham, N. C., *The Sagamore*, Brookline H. S., Brookline, Mass., *The Ottawa*, Ottawa H. S., Ottawa, Ill., *The School Spectator*, Central H. S., Minneapolis, *The Aegis*, Houston H. S., Houston, Texas, *The Owl*, Middletown H. S., Middletown, N. Y., *The Optimist*, Bloomington H. S., Bloomington, Ind., *The Oracle*, Plainfield H. S., Plainfield, N. J., *The Artisan*, State Trade School, Bridgeport, Conn., *The Mirror*, Moravian Sem., Bethlehem, Pa., *Elgin H. S. Mirror*, Elgin H. S., Elgin, Ill., *The Red and White*, Glynn H. S., Brunswick, Ga., *The Roman*, Rome H. S., Rome, N. Y., *The Boston University Beacon*, Boston University, *Vail-Deane Budget*, East Orange H. S., E. O., New Jersey.,

Knick Knacks, Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa., *New Trier Echoes*, Kenilworth, Ill., *The William Woods College Record*, Wm. Woods College, Fulton, Mo., *The High School News*, Beaumont H. S., Texas., *The Aegis*, Beverly H. S., Beverly, Mass., *The Clarion*, East H. S., Rochester, N. Y., *The Imp*, Brighton H. S., Brighton, Mass., *The University School News*, Cleveland, Ohio, *Shortridge Daily Echo*, Shortridge H. S., Indianapolis, *The Cricket*, Portsmouth H. S., Va., *Daedalian Monthly*, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas, *The Oracle*, Sidney Lanier H. S., Montgomery, Ala., *The Tatler*, El Paso H. S., Texas, *Daisy Chain*, Waco H. S., Texas, *The Archon*, Dummer Academy, Mass., *The Tatler*, Huntington H. S., West Virginia, *Centralian*, Conway, Ark., *The Tabula*, Oak Park H. S., Ill., *John Marshall Record*, J. M. H. S., Richmond, Va., *The Comet*, Austin H. S., Texas, *The Quarterly Tatler*, Leete School, New York City, *The Bulletin*, Springfield H. S., Mass., *The Magpie*, St. Margaret's School, Conn., *The Tiger*, Princeton, N. J., *The*

Bulletin, Springfield H. S., Ill., *The Hermonite*, Northfield Sem., Mt. Hermon, Mass., *The News*, East Orange H. S., New Jersey, *Olympian*, Biddeford H. S., Maine, *X-Ray*, Anderson H. S., Ind.

The Quincy High School is a very interesting paper and contains some good jokes.

The Cricket, Harrisburg Pa., is a very neat paper.

The World, St. Paul, Minn contains good stories and cuts.

The Daedalian, Denton, Texas, is a very attractive paper and contains some good cuts but your criticisms on exchanges are few.

The Oracle, Montgomery, Ala.—Your paper is good, although your exchange department is brief.

The Tatler—A few cuts would greatly improve your paper.

Daisy Chain, Waco, Texas. Your editorials are especially good.

The Archon, Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.—Your paper is interesting but a Table of Contents would add greatly.

The Tatler, Huntington, West Virginia, is a fine paper. It contains many entertaining class notes.

The Tabula, Oak Park, Illinois—Continued stories create interest. Your paper is fine.

The Comet, Austin High School, Austin, Texas—Your cover is very clever and the paper is very interesting.

The Quarterly Tatler, Leete School, New York—Your exchanges are very well written.

The Magpie, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.—Your paper contains many good stories but we think some cuts would add to it.

X-Ray, Anderson, Indiana—Your paper has some clever cuts and bright stories.

The Vindex—The illustrations in this paper are pleasing and appropriate.

The Student—You are a well arranged paper, but lack illustrations which would greatly add to your appearance. The stories "Because" and "The True Spirit of the South" are well written and hold the reader's attention.

The Aegis—You have a fine collection of stories but why don't you have some cuts in your magazine?

The Dalhousie Gazette—Where is your table of contents? A few illustrations would make your paper much more attractive.

The Peningian, Port Chester H. S., N. Y.—A well arranged and interesting paper, but you could improve it by the addition of more cuts. Your cover is neat and attractive.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US

Your paper is greatly appreciated and we consider it an honor to exchange with you. We hope to some day bring our paper up to as high a standard as yours.—*The Oracle*.

This paper ranks very high in our list of exchanges. The covers are especially attractive. You have a clever art editor.—*Tabula*.

The cover of your paper is remarkably well done, and its contents are very interesting.—*The Imp*.

We wish you the best of success in your new department. Excellent stories.—*X-Ray*.

We welcome *Lasell Leaves* among our exchanges. We all think that a staff photographer is a good idea and could be copied to good advantage.—*The Peningian*.

Lasell Leaves—We will say that you are a "crack-a-jack" magazine in every respect. Your pictures add variety.—*The Messenger*.

Lasell Leaves is a very interesting magazine, the illustrations being especially good.—*The Red and White*.

Lasell Leaves—Your paper is well arranged, you have a good collection of stories, and the illustrations and snap shots make it quite attractive.—*The Mirror*.

Baker—I was out in Blakeley's motor last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer.

Barker—You mean speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk.

Baker—All right; I'll stick to pedometer.—*Ex.*



We had our hopes raised with the promise that Mildred Marshall and her husband would visit Lasell on their wedding journey but were disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. William Vasall Hayden (Mildred) were married on Tuesday, February 24, at Malone, N. Y. They may still include Lasell in their itinerary. Their new home will be at 31 Claflin Road, Brookline, Mass., after the first of April.

On Monday, February 23, at Campello, Mass., Ruth Marston '06 became Mrs. Everett Ellsworth Arey. From Maie Straight Grebenstein '06 who was one of the wedding guests, we get this interesting bit of news: "The marriage occurred in the home and pink sweet peas were the chosen flower. The bride wore a white lace gown and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Her only attendant was a little cousin who was the flower girl and ring-bearer. Ruth Butterfield '06 had the honor of dressing the bride." Mr. and Mrs. Arey are to live in Brockton. One of the most interesting bits of news in connection with this wedding report is that Ruth Butterfield is to change her name in April.

We have some added interesting information concerning Edna Rogers Carlises, '05, little son, born January 27: weight, nine and one-half pounds; and name, John William.

Eleanor Warner Salisbury '11 is growing rich fast. An announcement has been received of the arrival of her second son, Fred R. Salisbury, 2nd. Fred is a February baby.

To these little boys and their parents, Lasell's heartiest congratulations!

Miss Witherbee's last message came from Florida, telling us that she was busy picking roses and oranges from bush and tree. We know what a delight this land of flowers and fruit must hold for this nature-lover!

Somewhere down in that fair land, too, is Etta MacMillan Rowe, living in her own little bungalow and delighted to find that Nell Fuller is a near neighbor.

From Lela Goodall, '08, also, in Miami, Florida, our preceptress received this message: "Agnes Bullard '08 was here February 24 and I told her it was strange to think we had to travel so far from Boston before seeing each other. Her father was with her and we spent the afternoon motoring. Kindly remembrances to everybody."

Florence Fuller, who left us in January, is pleasantly located at St. Petersburg, Florida, where she and her mother are enjoying the "Sunny South."

Julia terKuile '10, the new president of the New York Lasell Club, graduates this year from Walter Damroche's Institution of Musical Art, New York.

Gladys Stultz, the new secretary of the same club, not only has a Sunday School class but also a mission class which she is training in domestic science.

In a letter from Sarah Caldwell '06, she writes, "Have you heard of the death of the father of Anne Vickery Davis, '07? Has anyone at Lasell heard from Margaret Henderson Soule '05 since November? When I last heard she had been in one of the Mexican battles. I have written several times but have received no reply." Should any reader of the *Leaves* chance to have good news from Margaret, we would be grateful to receive it. Sarah reports herself as well and as busy as usual.

Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '80, who has been spending the winter in Aiken, South Carolina, writes, "Aiken is a small town, but in it are two distinct worlds, one of the Aikenites and the ordinary boarders like ourselves; the other of the multimillionaires who make their winter homes here. These form a set by themselves, have their own exclusive club, their balls and wine dinners. We see their beautiful turnouts on the streets and the ladies riding horseback with negro grooms in attendance. The ladies also ride at polo—we saw a game this week. Some of the names are W. K. Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, etc. Also a few literary folk: Gouverneur Morris, Richard Harding Davis, Winston Churchill and Josef Hoffman, the pianist. We have had several nice rides into the country one to Dr. Moore's Health Camp (he has one in summer also in Maine), another over what is known as the Whitney Drive. This is a drive of six or eight miles of winding road through the pine woods, up and down hill, in some places quite like a mountain road. It is lovely." We are grateful for this interesting message from this "old girl."

Ruth Merriam '98 reports to Miss Packard her continued interest in missionary work and writes, "Our Standard Bearers are doing nicely this year. We are trying to dress eighty dolls to go to Mrs. Parker's school in

India for next Christmas. They were delighted with our last box. Our society gave over a hundred dollars last year and sent two delegates to Northfield. We hope to do as well this year."

Frances Bragdon '05 has been in our neighborhood for some time but she has not been as neighborly with Lasell as we would have liked. However, we were thankful to get an occasional glimpse of her and her stalwart younger brother Merritt who is now taking a post graduate course in law at Harvard College. Frances spoke enthusiastically of her experience as a teacher in Honolulu. A full account of that volunteer service on her part would make an interesting article for the *Leaves*. Thanking you in advance, dear Frances, for this favor, we remain

Yours hopefully,
The Editors.

Lasell has recently been the recipient of a valuable addition to the library, four beautifully bound volumes, illustrated, of "Famous Composers and their Works," the gift of Evelyn P. Warren, '70. Aside from the intrinsic worth of the gift we gratefully appreciate the ever faithful school spirit of this generous "old girl."

Miss Witherbee kindly shares with us her last letter from Louise Paisley '09 who is now a business woman, as you will see in our Alumnae Supplement. She speaks of spending a delightful few days with Gertrude Leonard and her parents. From Gertrude she learned that Carline Dederer Townsend now lives in Bronxville and has two or three children, all beautiful and beautifully behaved, "so Gertrude says." Louise also speaks of Ruth Balch Ott as being very happy just now with her little son who came January fifth.

She also adds a message from Mary Wythe '09 who writes from San Francisco, California, and speaks of her Chinese students whom she declares are nice children to work with and to whom "you never have to speak but

once, and they clean up beautifully." "Sarah Van Dorn was with me through November and December, and we went down to Southern California during the holidays. Saw Dr. Bragdon and in his beautiful art gallery the 'Old Monk' besides several other paintings that were familiar.—All the MacDonalds are up from Mexico, but they were out at their summer place.—We went to several of the old missions as well as up the steepest inclined railway in the world (62 degrees) at Mt. Lowe, got up above the clouds into the sunlight but they cleared away so that we came down by beautiful moonlight and the searchlight had full sway on the valley below. Then we saw the Rose Carnival on New Year's day at Pasadena. One of the prettiest floats was a peacock made of lilies-of-the-valley." Mary also tells us her sister, Charlotte Rideout and her husband are now living in New York at 116 Morningside Drive. We are sorry that the New York Lasell Club did not know of this in time to secure her presence at the recent luncheon.

In a note³¹ from Ruth Merriam '98 to Miss Packard, we learn the sad tidings of the death of Mrs. Ella L. Houghton, a former Lasell girl (Ella Bacon) and the mother of Lasell's daughters, Luella '98, Edith '09, and Mary Houghton Will '00. Lasell extends her tenderest sympathy to these "old girls" in their hour of sore bereavement.

WINNERS IN THEIR CLASS

There are some good stories in Mr. Reginald Lucas's biography of Lord North. One tells of an amusing blunder. Lady North was no beauty. It is said that one night at the opera somebody asked:—

"Who is that plain-looking lady in the box opposite?"

"That," said North, "is my wife."

"I did not mean her," came the obvious rejoinder; "I meant the lady next to her."

"That, sir, is my daughter; and I may tell

you that we are considered to be three of the ugliest people in London."—*Ex.*

JOHNNY WAS ROUGH ON THE BABY

The teacher was addressing his pupils on the subjects of laziness and idleness. He drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer—the man who dislikes work and who begs for all he gets.

"Now, John," said the teacher to a little boy who had been very inattentive during the lesson. John was instantly on the alert. "Tell me," continued the teacher, "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodging and yet does nothing in return?"

John's face brightened.

"Please, sir," said he, "the baby."—*Ex.*

AGAIN THE BRIDE

Mrs. Macdonald was a young house-keeper and marketing was new to her. One morning she went down to the market to get some supplies.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "do you wish roll butter?"

"Oh, no," she replied, quickly. "Toast butter. We never eat rolls."—*Ex.*

TOO INSIGNIFICANT

Young Mr. Ellis was very much in love, and one evening he determined to ask the momentous question.

"It occurs to me, Agnes," he began, "that in the relations which will some day exist between us the thought of—er—money might assume undue proportions. I should hate to think that any discussion as to my salary would give rise to any painful scenes."

"Believe me, Alan," said the girl, "that never, under any circumstances, would I allow such a little thing as that to come between us."—*Ex.*

NOT ALL IN HIM

"Thomas," said the mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Tommy blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Thomas!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Tommy, "Part of it's in Elsie."—*Ex.*

THE NEW WAY

Dorothy and Eleanor met one morning out at the country club.

"Does Florence look any different since she and her husband have separated?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "She wears her hair a la divorce."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Dorothy, "how's that?"

"Why," smiled Eleanor, "parted, of course."



The new drill suits might prove very serviceable in time of sickness.

Stop! Look!

Listen!

Lasell Songs

The class of nineteen fourteen have decided to give to Lasell a memorial other than the usual Allerlei. The memorial we have chosen is in the form of a Song Book and we are hoping that through it we may get closely in touch with future students of our Alma Mater, as well as with the many Alumnae, whom we all hold so dear.

We earnestly solicit your support and patronage in this undertaking, and sincerely wish that our efforts will not have been in vain.

Be loyal to your Alma Mater and send in your subscription at ONCE to

**BARBARA A. JONES,
Business Manager.**

Books on sale June 1, 1914

THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor,
Lillian M. Packard.

ARE YOU PLANNING TO COME TO COMMENCEMENT?

June 7, Baccalaureate Sunday

June 8, Class Day

June 9, Commencement Day

June 9, Reunion of the Alumnae.

Is it not too early to write your roommate and your best friend and plan to come back to your old school home during Commencement week. If you can be here for more than Commencement Day it would be wise to write ahead for your accommodations. This is especially necessary this year as the senior class is larger than usual. We shall be glad to see you and will do all that is possible to make you happy.

L. M. P.

MISS POTTER'S MESSAGE

Dear Lasell Girls-in-Business:

Our Registrar suggests that we call you back to the old chapel for a word of greeting! It is a pleasant picture we have before us of our chapel full of "old girls" waiting as of old, for the weekly message. We do not need to say to you as to the present generation, "Young women, kindly keep your eyes on us and not on that (still too much in evidence) chapel clock."

Lasell is proud of you, "old girls" who are out in the great business world doing things successfully. We congratulate you and your Alma Mater whom you are so ably representing. Not long ago in this very chapel a young Berean was asked to tell us in a few words the story of "the Master's visit to the home of Mary and Martha." She answered in terms more realistic than reverent. "While Christ was talking to Mary, Martha kept

fussing about the house and finally Jesus said, 'Martha come and sit down with Mary and listen to my instruction, for I say unto you it is better to be religious than to work.'" Shocks have come to us from time to time but nothing ever quite as severe as this bit of false doctrine from the lips of one of our very own pupils. We shall not give up hoping and praying that this dear little heretic may learn that "work is worship" when well done, but the worker is never at her best until she has taken time to "learn of Him."

We wish that in very truth we could "look into the glad eyes of you who have 'persisted and achieved.'" Whether your business takes you afield or is carried on within the precinct of home, we wish you continued success and that ever increasing and satisfying sense of possession and power which comes to those "whose tasks are squarely done!"

Yours faithfully,

L. R. P.

LASELL GIRLS IN BUSINESS

We have written so often of Lasell girls in the home and in social and philanthropic lines that we turned our attention with considerable interest to "Lasell Girls in Business" only to discover that when inclination or necessity led them in that direction there too they made a success. In these days when all students are asking frequently for vocational guidance it is helpful to think for a little while of what has been or is being accomplished rather than of possibilities. Through the unselfish courtesy of the girls we are able to record the following successes.

Manufacturer

Elizabeth E. Boit was a pupil at Lasell

for two years, and when here took for her principal study bookkeeping. She writes: "When I left Lasell I went at once to work as a bookkeeper in a knitting factory, in time became superintendent, then the gentleman for whom I worked went out of business and I with a partner went into the knitting business to manufacture Ladies' and Misses' Knit Underwear.

to Pacific, also in London, England, and we are classed as the best makers of underwear in the country.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Harriet Freebey '95, LL. M.

"You ask me how I spend my days. I teach law a part of the time and practice law the other part. About thirty of the stu-



HARVARD KNITTING MILLS, WAKEFIELD, MASS.

The name of the factory is the "Harvard Knitting Mill." We have sold only to two houses for twenty years past, Brown, Durell, of Boston and New York, and Lord and Taylor, of New York. Brown, Durrell have the name Forest Mills on their underwear and Lord and Taylor have the name Merode and Harvard Mill. So when you see any of those three names on underwear they are made by a Lasell business woman.

We made when we started 24 to 30 dozens a day in a small work room in Cambridge. We soon moved to Wakefield and in six years had to build a factory. We now make 1,500 dozens a day, about two millions worth of goods a year, employ eight hundred people, mostly girls. Our goods are sold in all leading shops from the Atlantic

dents at National Park Seminary are taking a course in Business Law with me. They recite to me Tuesday and Friday in three sections covering five periods. Pupils in Library Science take up the other four periods. Then an advanced class in Law comes to me every day excepting Monday to talk over matters affecting the ownership of real property, conveyancing, the new Income Tax Law, the new Banking and Currency law and such subjects. Also there are some extra talks scheduled for the Senior class. I enjoy much the time spent in these discussions. Four days a week, I catch the ten o'clock train for my office, which is in the Columbian Building just opposite the Court House in Washington. My cases have taken me as far away as New York, and Northern

Michigan and I have had work from Florida in the South and Winnipeg in the North. I do not loaf much. My love to both you and Alma Mater."

Personal Conductors

Two of our Lasell graduates, both connected with our school by special ties have proven themselves eminently successful in personally conducting their own parties through Europe, Lillie Potter, '80, our much loved preceptress, and Bessie Shepherd, '94, daughter of our friend, Mr. William T. Shepherd, and niece of Dr. Bragdon. True it is that we could be happy with either and we hear it rumored that both may take parties this summer, in fact Bessie's itinerary is already at hand. The writer knows both so well and has lived and travelled with both that she unhesitatingly congratulates anyone who has the opportunity to join either party. Perhaps this is your opportunity.

Cashier

Mabel T. Eager is the Cashier of the F. S. Webster Co., manufacturers of typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and miscellaneous supplies. The motto of the concern is and always has been "not to make the cheapest goods on the market but to make the best."

Knowing that she had up to 1904 spent much of her time in the study of violin I was interested in learning how she became a business woman and she kindly writes me: "In that year my father was obliged to give up all active business but he wished to keep in touch with the growth and development of this firm in which he was much interested. The simplest way of doing it seemed to be for me to spend part of a few days each week in getting information and keeping in touch with the business. I worked into it gradually and quite without planning to do so. I am now in charge of the financial department. I do feel that if a woman wishes to choose a business career there is quite as much

pleasure and satisfaction to be got out of it as in any other vocation."

Maude Matthews '89, carried on her father's business for a number of years, also Grace Ordway Miller.

Druggist

Mary Rose Green is one of the firm of J. H. Green Co. (incorporated) Druggists. She has also an interest in several other lines of business.

Treasurer

Angeline C. Blaisdell '67. There is no name in this article that will appeal to more of our readers than this one. Year in and year out, day in and day out, for thirty years with but few vacations Miss Blaisdell has carried on her duties as treasurer of Lasell. Almost daily I am in her office and find her at her desk working out the intricacies of the business end of Lasell's "hundred departments." Her message to the New York girls was "I have been under the care of a physician and a nurse for three years but I haven't lost a day at my desk."

Library Work

Mary M. Melcher: "My preparation for library work was a course of one year at the Library Training School of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. My first experience was gained in helping to make a modern card catalogue for the Society Library, the oldest institution of the kind in the city of New York. Upon the completion of their work I went to the Library of Congress in Washington, where I spent several years as an assistant in the Catalogue Division; cataloguing there has an added interest from the fact that it is not done solely for the benefit of our library as the cards are printed and sold at a very low cost to libraries all over the country. Besides cataloguing the work included considerable proof reading of catalogue entries and later on correction of the proofs of the new edition of the 'Catalogue Rules,' published by

the American Library Association, and those of the 'List of Subject Headings in use at the Library of Congress,' recently completed."

Business Correspondent

Louise Paisley '09, declares that she enjoys a business life better than a life of leisure. She is working with the Dennison Manufacturing Co., is in the Art Department and has charge of the correspondence of the department and writes the magazine articles. We hear from others that she is making a success of her new occupation which came to her unexpectedly. She would be glad to see any of her friends at the store in New York City.

Business Notes

Julia DeWitt '10 is still second assistant to

the Supervisor of Domestic Science in Newark, New Jersey. We believe she is to undertake domestic science of another sort before many weeks.

Mildred Goodall '10, is getting ready for a business life by attending a business college this year.

Carrie Batchelder has for a number of years carried on a millinery business in New York, being at the head of her establishment. She has frequently had openings in Boston two or three times a year.

Hearing that Sara Caldwell '06 was in the catering business I wrote her and received this interesting reply "My catering business consists chiefly in catering three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for my family which varies from four to fourteen. * * For several years I took



That Lasell girls have the opportunity of making friends all over the country is made evident by a study of this map. The numbers are the total number of years of residence at our seminary of students from these states in 1909—1914 inclusive. Notice that forty-one of the forty-eight states are represented.

orders for fruit cake, plum puddings, cakes and salads." How we wish we had lived near by so we could have had a taste.

Annie Gwinnell '88 has proved herself a splendid business woman in her chairmanship of the building committee for the fine Young Woman's Christian Association building in Newark, N. J., costing \$250,000.

Teachers

It will be noticed that we are not mentioning in this article the many girls who are making a success as teachers at home and abroad for we are planning a later article in this series on Lasell Girls in Educational Work. Are you on the school board or teaching? Please send the editor of The Supplement a note.

SCHOOL BULLETIN FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 22.

It is customary to place on the bulletin board just outside the chapel door the events of the week. We give one week's record, knowing that the items will bring back many memories.

- Mon., Feb. 16—8.10, Shopping Party.
6.00, Return of White Mountain Party.
- Tues., Feb. 17—6.20, Sophomore Class Meeting.
Special Class Meeting.
6.30, Dramatic Club.
- Thurs., Feb. 19—8.00 A. M. Mandolin Club.
8.00 P. M., French Play, *Le Barbier de Seville*.
- Fri., Feb. 20—4.00, Latin Tea.
6.50, Opera. *Don Giovanni*.
- Sat., Feb. 21—1.40, Lecture by Annie Payson Call. Nerve Training.
No Symphony this week.
5.30, Washington Dinner.
- Sun., Feb. 22—6.15, Vesper Service. Address by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead. Subject, The Peace Movement.

THE NEW YORK LASELL CLUB LUNCHEON

The New York Lasell Club held its annual meeting and luncheon, Saturday, February eighth, at Hotel Majestic, New York City. The gathering was not as large as in previous years owing to the fact that a number of the New York girls were sojourning elsewhere and the inclemency of the weather in the morning probably kept some away. Nevertheless there were twenty-six who did not miss the Lasell good time. In the absence of the Club's president, Edna Rogers Carlisle, the vice-president, Florence Swartwout presided.

An informal reception and chat was pleasantly enjoyed for an hour before the luncheon was served in the attractive green and white tea room. At small round tables decorated with pink flowers and pink shaded candles, a delicious menu was enjoyed by all.

Following this, all present settled back in their chairs, eager to hear the messages from the other Lasell clubs and letters which the secretary, Julia A. DeWitt had received for the New York girls. There was a hearty telegram from the club's president bearing a greeting from her "week old son," and the fine cordial and fatherly letter from Doctor Bragdon, must receive due mention, for it was full of Lasell good feeling and cheer.

Next came two splendid "talks" by Miss Potter and Miss Packard, who brought reports of Lasell of today and in a sweet way inspired us anew to live up to the teachings and high standards of our Alma Mater. They made us feel prouder than ever that we had gone to Lasell and we were more than thankful that they could come to us with such good news. Miss Potter brought a most cordial greeting and encouraging message from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

At the short business session the following officers for the ensuing two years were elected: president, Julia ter Kuile; vice-president, Elizabeth Farnham; secretary, Gladys Stultz.

Those present were Miss Potter, Miss

Packard, Susan Hallock Couch, Grace Garsland Etherington, Ruth T. Decker, Ethel Lasell Decker, Miss Dillingham, Marie Eaton Nichols, Winifred Smith, Genevra Strong, Julia M. ter Kuile, Edith Wade, Eva Ferris Foote, Elizabeth Farnham, Fanny Thomas Fiske, Alice Fuller, Beatrice Pope, Louise Burridge Pease, Louise B. Paisley, Grace C. Huntington, Winifred Adams Hamilton, Elizabeth Harwood Jones, Maud T. Stone, Gladys Stultz, Julia A. DeWitt, Florence Swartwout, In looking over the above it is worthy of note, that a number of those attending this New York gathering are also members of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. We are glad to have them and think they are fortunate to be able to attend two Lasell Club meetings a year. We were glad also that Miss Frances B. Dillingham could be with us, but we were sorry that she was obliged to leave before giving us a word from her ever ready store. It will be remembered she was a student and later an instructor of English Literature at Lasell.

Florence Swartwout.

THE NEWTON KNOT

(We reprint the following poem from the *Lasell Leaves* of February, 1879, then quoted from the *Boston Transcript*.)

Scene. Boston and Albany Station.
To Newton, madam, do you wish to go?
Which Newton, pray? There's eight of them you know:

The Centre, where the weary find a rest?
Or Newton toward the sunset, called the West?
Newton-ville? or that newest Newton yet,
Above the rest on Newton Highlands set?
Perhaps the Falls? which one?—your ticket, please.
Oh, NEWTON! Madam, that means none of these,
This is the train for Newton; that's to say,
Your ticket calls to go the other way.
"Sir" she replied "you've Newton on the brain;
If Newton means not Newton, please explain."
"Of course, my lady, that's my business here.
To do my best to make the mystery clear.
Of all the various Newtons reached by rail
E'en Lincoln's memory has been known to fail.
There's Auburndale, that's in Newton too
And Chestnut Hill, the Reservoir and view,
You're bound for NEWTON, not some other spot:
NEWTON is Newton—then again 'tis not."
The train was starting and I could not wait,
But left there them still talking at the gate.

(Query: What changes would have to be made in this rhyme to bring it up to date?)

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COINING WORDS

The esteemed Weather Bureau has sprung a new one. It is the word "smog," and it means smoke and fog. The bureau explains that very frequently there are times when this mixture is apparent in the atmosphere, and it considers the new word a great little idea.

Very well, "smog" let it be. But why end there? Let's call a mixture of snow and mud "smud." A mixture of snow and soot, "snoot," and a mixture of snow and hail "snail." Thus we might have a weather forecast:

"Snail today, turning to snoot tonight; tomorrow smoggy with smud."—*Ex.*

MANNERLY GIRLS

A tall young man with a distinctly English bearing was pacing the front veranda at one of the fashionable hotels at Atlantic City not long ago. Suddenly he came to a stop, readjusted his eye-glass and turned to an acquaintance who was standing by.

"Bah Jove!" said he, "all the girls around here smile at me."

"Well, that shows that they have some manners," quietly returned the other. "Anywhere else they would laugh outright."—*Ex.*

A LIMITED MAXIM

"Never too old to learn," said the hopeful man.

"The motto has been revised," replied Miss Cayenne. "It now reads, 'Never too old to tango.'"—*Ex.*

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Dr. ROBERT E. SPEER

Honorary Member of Class of 1915

Literary

THE BURNING OF "THE FORENSIC"

"I believe the Juniors have an announcement to make," said the Dean of Otis at the close of the morning chapel service late in the fall. As she spoke she nodded to their president. As Ruth Sherman rose and made her way to the platform every eye turned in her direction. She was an attractive girl, full of life and energy, the kind who makes things go.

"As most of you know," commenced Ruth, having gained the platform, "it has been the custom for the Junior class each year to burn secretly their "Forensic" written in their sophomore year. This must be done by the president of the class in the presence of at least twenty other members of the class. It is also customary for the Sophmores to *try* to prevent such action, but may I add they are very seldom successful. The time allowed is from now on till nine-thirty to night. Success on the part of the Juniors will be announced in the usual way at 10 P. M. on the campus. I am confident that we shall have that privilege. I have asked for a bulletin to be posted on the wall at my left on which are the few conditions required. I believe it is ready for

you now." All turned eagerly to read the bulletin and Ruth slipped unnoticed thru the door at the opposite side of the platform.

Having read the notice, the sophmores gathered in small groups to discuss the matter, or went to guard the places which had been previously assigned to them. Preparations had already been made as, of course, this event took place each year at about the same time. The grounds and buildings in general were to be well guarded, and the movements of the Juniors in general were to be closely watched, but those of the president in particular for she was the one to do the deed.

"Girls!" cried Evelyn who was to have watched Ruth's movements after chapel, "she's gone!"

"Who?" inquired several girls.

"Why Ruth of course, I never thought of her going until we had read her old notice. But she must have gone while we were reading it. What shall we do now?"

"I suppose we had better tell Judy so she can have the girls on the lookout for her," suggested one.

Judy was the sophomore president and she and another girl were alternately holding

office hours that they might receive reports and give out directions as to procedure.

"This is a nice beginning!" she exclaimed after she heard their story. "Well, cheer up, the worst is yet to come. We must find her though. You had better get together all the girls you can and search all the houses. And ask everyone you meet if they have seen her. Hurry now!"

"Dorothy, you come with me over to Farwell and you girls double up and go to the other houses," said Evelyn as they started out. "Oh dear," she added, "It was so stupid of me to let her go."

Upon entering the building to which they were going Dorothy exclaimed, "There are two of the maids. Let's ask them if they have seen her before we go any farther."

"Well, Miss," replied one of the maids upon being questioned, "I don't know Miss Sherman so how could I tell. But I think somebody who don't live here came in by the side door a while ago."

"Thanks," called Dorothy as they hurried along, "I say Evelyn, let's try those unfinished rooms in back."

"All right! Let's."

After trying two of the rooms mentioned without any success they turned into a short hallway to try two others. "Here is some one's handkerchief," said Evelyn picking up that article. "Why its Ruth's. She must be around here somewhere. She's not in this room," she added, opening one of the doors and looking about. "Try the other."

"This is locked," whispered Dorothy. "I know! Let's call to her and make her think it is a Junior." Then putting her lips close to the key hole she called softly, "Oh, Ruth, are you in here. I forgot which room you said. Let me in quick."

This had the desired effect and the answer came, "Yes, Is that you, Ray? Wait a sec. and I'll let you in."

"Thank you so much. You are most obliging," said Dorothy as Ruth quietly opened the door. As the girls said later when re-

lating the incident, "it was as good as a circus to see the expression of mingled surprise and disgust on her face.

"You horrid things," she burst out, "oh what a goose I was to let you fool me!"

After a few minutes conversation Ruth said, "I might as well go to Lit. as long as I am found out. I have just time to make it."

"As we haven't any classes just now we will escort you over," said Evelyn, and the three set out for College Hall. As they walked along they joked back and forth. Outwardly Ruth seemed quite as jolly as the others, but inwardly she stormed at herself for being "such a fool," and groped about in her mind for some means of escape.

"Girls!" she exclaimed suddenly in such a despairing tone, "I have gone and left my Lit note book in that room and Professor Harper said we must hand them in today. I'll have to run back and get it."

"But there isn't time," said the others.

"I'll probably be late but I must get it."

She turned and ran back to Farwell followed by the others who had no idea of letting her out of their sight.

"Let's wait here," said Dorothy to Evelyn as they were both out of breath when they came within sight of the door, "We can see her from here."

Ruth overheard the remark. "Can you though," she smiled to herself as she entered the room and quickly turning slammed and locked the door. The two in the hall looked at each other aghast.

"Ruth Sherman," almost shouted Evelyn. "That's no fair. You never had a note book at all."

"Oh yes, I did," came sweetly from the other side of the door, "only I have decided to risk handing it in tomorrow."

Then silence reigned within the room. Ruth made no answer to their many questions and remarks. Only an occasional sound revealed the presence of anyone in the room. Finally Dorothy left Evelyn to guard alone while she went to report Ruth's whereabouts and to get

someone to take their places while they went to class.

It was a long time before the girls came to relieve Evelyn and in the meantime she called again to Ruth, but as before there was no response. The room seemed even more quiet than before; it was so very quiet that Evelyn began to doubt Ruth's really being there. But how could she escape? Although this was the ground floor the windows in the back of the building were too high from the ground as it sloped steeply away. The more she thought the more impossible it seemed that Ruth could escape. And yet there was that awful stillness which suggested more strongly than ever an empty room. At this time the janitor passed through the hall, "Duplicate keys," thought Evelyn as he paused to pull out a well filled key ring and proceeded to open a closet. "I'll see if he has one for this door."

When the girls came they found Evelyn earnestly talking to the janitor as he slowly fumbled over the big bunch of keys. She told the girls of her doubts as to Ruth's presence in the room, and that the janitor was hunting for a key to fit the lock.

"Why you big goose," exclaimed one girl, "where do you think she would be?"

"I don't know I am sure, but I have a feeling that she is not there."

"Well we shall see who's right in a jiffy," was the answer as the janitor, having found the right key, placed it in the lock.

Would she be there or not? The girls stumbled over each other in their haste to get into the room. To the astonishment of all but Evelyn the room was empty. No Ruth anywhere. There was small chance for concealment, but every possible place was carefully searched. Suddenly some one said,

"Girls, this closet leads into another room."

Sure enough it did. But this, too, was vacant. Upon further investigation it was found that anyone might easily pass unnoticed from this room, through a small back hall, to the basement, and from there out of doors.

They searched the basement in vain, and outside no one was to be seen but a few straggling girls and a workman busily raking the leaves off the chapel lawn.

"Let's go and see Judy," suggested one girl, "maybe she has heard something about her!"

"I am sorry," said Judy when she heard the news. "She might be in a lot of places by this time. Some one thought they saw her go over to her house, and Jane declares she heard Ruth talking with Ray in her room, so the girls are on guard there. Anyway the door is locked and we know that Ray and some other Juniors are in there." Then turning to one of the girls who had dropped in to hear the latest report, "Lucy, you hold the fort for a while so I can go over to lunch with the girls and stretch my weary bones. I am tired of staying here all morning. Come on, girls."

When the girls returned from the dining hall an hour later they walked past the chapel. "My but that man is slow," exclaimed Evelyn. He has been here ever since I came over from Farwell at about 10.30 and he has only raked one side."

"Don't be too hard on him, Evelyn," said one of the girls. "There are a good many leaves to rake up and you must allow the poor man time to eat. Besides he looks like a new man to me. I haven't seen him before."

"No, I don't think I have," said Judy.

"Nor I," said another. "He is young and rather good looking, don't you think?"

"Well yes he is. Trust Eleanor for picking out the good qualities of all the men she sees," said Judy.

"And have you noticed," said Evelyn, "that he stops working every little while to watch the girls, and when he thinks anyone is looking he starts to rake again. He evidently isn't used to so many girls."

"Probably not, but he will be if he stays here long."

The afternoon's work for the sophomores proved slow and uninteresting. Nothing definite could be discovered. However the girls

on patrol kept constant watch and several suspected hiding places were kept well guarded especially Ruth's room. As night came on, the suspense was harder to bear. It was hardly possible, but they might be guarding the right places and perhaps without knowing it become victorious. The only thing to do was to stick to their posts until the limited time and to hope for the best.

At nine-thirty the tired and discouraged sophomores left their posts and with many from the other classes, assembled on the campus to discover the outcome. As the last stroke of ten pealed from the chapel clock strange music sounded from the woods back of the campus. As the girls looked in that direction, a long procession of ghosts, singing a Latin dirge, composed for the occasion, came slowly from among the trees. They marched slowly around the campus and finally gathered about the chapel steps where they halted and ceased to sing.

Their leader mounted the steps. There was silence among the crowd. Every girl was waiting breathlessly to catch the first word. "Dear friends," began the speaker, "There is no need to tell you the meaning of this display. The question to be answered is, how? No doubt many of you noticed a new gardener today, who labored hard raking the leaves from the lawn on which you are now gathered. From overheard conversation I know that some of you did. If you remember he was "young and rather good looking" He seemed to be rather "slow" and appeared to take a "good deal of interest in the girls," probably due to the fact that "he has never seen so many together. But he will get used to it if he stays here long." However he did manage to get enough leaves raked together to make a glorious big blaze just as thirty or forty juniors besides many from the other classes, including by the way, a goodly number of Sophmores, passed by on their way to dinner. In the blazing mass were certain papers hated by the Juniors. Perhaps you may guess what they were."

Many exclamations followed, and then from someone among the ghosts, a cry arose, "What's the matter with the Juniors " The answer came with much enthusiasm, "They're all right." "Don't forget the Sophs," whispered some one, and again came the clear ringing voice, "What's the matter with the Sophmores?" And again came the answer echoing on the clear night air, "They're all right."—*Helen Pope.*

THE HELP THAT COUNTS

One night in the spring of 1910, a boy of twenty, who had slipped from the straight path of honesty, stood and looked out through the bars of his cell in the Elmira Reformatory. The boy was not altogether bad. He had made a mistake and had paid for it like a man. At this Reformatory the credit system, by which terms of imprisonment are reduced for good conduct, is used. For instance, good conduct and fair progress in learning his trade would cut six months off a man's term; perfect conduct and extreme ability would take off a year.

The boy had earned his "copper" and had saved a year of his life. One night he stood and looked through the bars at the empty corridor; he had only three days left to serve. Suddenly the prison madness came over him. He gripped the bars, screamed and yelled; other prisoners joined him, and soon the corridor was in an uproar. Then the guards came, and the boy lost the year that had been granted him.

When he came out at last he was quite unreformed. The loss of his year had made him hard and tough.

But there was good stuff in the boy and his natural sense of right forced him to walk the path of honor. He tried to find work in N. Y. city. It isn't easy to find a job with a term of imprisonment as part of one's references. He hunted for work, selling his clothes, piece by piece as the need pressed him. The sort of help he needed—help to become a man—was not offered. So, he was,

fighting it out by himself and losing the battle.

This was the boy's condition when Mr. Andress Floyd, of the Self Masters' Colony at Union, New Jersey, happened to find him. Later Floyd went to a millionaire and told him that he would like to have a farm to take care of the masterless men, who were coming to him to win back self-mastery. Mr. Ingersoll, the millionaire turned over to Floyd an abandoned country home with fifty acres of land, at Union. Here Floyd and his wife, started the Self Master Colony.

The boy made Floyd acquainted with his story. Floyd told him about the place he had, suggesting that he go over, and in his work there, forget all about the bad luck he had had in the past. The boy decided to accept the Self Master Colony for what it professed to be. He went there and after two months told Floyd that he was all right and would go out and look for a job. The first three nights he came back without work, but the fourth night he did not return. Next morning Floyd had a letter from him saying that he was going to Atlantic City with a man who ran a metal roofing company.

The following year 1911, he came back to the Self Master Colony. He was neat and clean, his eye was bright and he looked the whole world square in the face.

"Remember me, Mr. Floyd?" he called out cheerily. "I'm the tough kid that you picked up in New York. I—"

"Hold on. You're've got that wrong. You're a friend of mine that I happened to meet while you had a streak of bad luck." "Right," laughed the boy. "Well, I've made good on my chance. I've been working every working day since I got that job, and if you don't believe I'm taking care of myself." He dove into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills containing over a hundred dollars. I brought this along to show you. I could loan you some, Mr. Floyd, if you happened to be short."

Florence G. Skinner.

THE TWINS

Marie and Janice Murray lived in the big, white house, on the corner of James Street in Craigenford. They were twins and so much alike that one description answers perfectly for both of them. They were healthy girls, fairly pretty, with light hair and blue eyes and they were blest with the jolliest of dispositions. Their younger friends and acquaintances were quite hopeless over the similarity in their looks. Even their parents got them confused at times and it was only by their parental instinct that they could tell them apart at all. As a result of this, the twins had varied experiences.

When they were nearly twenty years old it was arranged that Marie should visit her aunt in the city; Janice, although invited to go decided to stay at home and help her mother. She had to confess to herself that her decision had been partly caused by the fact that a brother of one of her chums at boarding school, was coming to Craigenford to take charge of one of his father's stores, located there. Her sister who had gone to a different boarding school, had not met Bill Harris, but had heard all about him and thought possibly he was the influence that was keeping Janice at home, during the long winter. However, too much interested in the proposed visit to think much about the matter, she left her home alone to spend a gay season in the city with her young married aunt.

Bill Harris' was an ambitious young man of twenty-two years. He had just graduated from Dartmouth College and was to start in at the bottom in his father's business. He was a tall, manly looking fellow with curly hair and jolly blue eyes which showed plainly his good disposition. He came to Craigenford a week after Marie had left. His first evening spent with Janice resulted in his regretting less than ever his having started in so small a store as that of Craigenford. Janice, too, regretted less than ever her having decided to stay home for the

winter. As the winter passed, they spent more and more of their evenings together.

Meanwhile Marie was having a wonderful time with her aunt who introduced her to all the young people of the city. Marie's good nature won her many friends among both the boys and the girls. Before many months had passed she was one of the most popular young persons in her crowd and had won the especial interest of Harold Lawfer, a rising young lawyer who had just started practice in the city.

As the winter passed Marie and Harold became very good friends. At the close of the season when she had to leave for home she promised Harold that he might visit her and speak a few words of importance to her father. Not much later Harold arrived in Craigenford. After Marie had presented him to the family and they had all had dinner, she agreed to meet him in the rose arbor at the side of the house as soon as he had had the momentous talk with her father.

Marie then went to her room where she found Janice dressing for the evening. They had a long talk; Marie told Janice all about Harold and Janice told Marie all about Bill. Bill, too, was to speak to her father that evening and she had promised to meet him on the porch in the evening and give him his answer. Marie gave a little jump, clapped her hands, caught Janice in her arms, and started dancing around the room with her all the while explaining her merriment. Neither Bill nor Harold knew Marie or Janice well enough to tell them apart. They would therefore play a joke on them and instead of Marie's meeting Harold in the rose arbor, Janice should go in her place, while Marie would meet Bill on the porch. They would thus see whether the boys loved them well enough to distinguish them. Shaking with laughter they hurriedly finished their preparations, dressing so much alike that when they looked into the mirror the images reflected seemed identical.

At eight o'clock each with a "Good bye

and good luck" to the other made her way to the place last agreed upon.

Janice arriving in the rose arbor sat down on the big porch hammock and tried to collect her thoughts. Now that the moment had arrived she was not sure that it would be so much of a joke as she had thought. She tried to imagine what she could say and she fervently hoped that Harold would know she was not Marie. Hearing a step she tried to shake off her nervousness and smile. She stood up and Harold seizing both her hands and holding her at arms length asked her what she supposed her father had said and what she hoped he had said. Heartily ashamed of herself she gasped out that she was not Marie and with a cry to her twin who was within calling distance she turned from the astonished Harold and broke into sobs.

Marie, on the side porch was having a very different experience. When Bill Harris came to her there, it was with a down cast face and a slow walk, but with a merry twinkle in his eye which she, in her excitement, did not notice. He pulled up a chair, sat down beside her, and explained to her that, for reasons which her father would explain to her, he had refused for the present to consider their marriage. Marie who had been as sorry as Janice that they had decided to play a trick on the boys at such a time, without thinking, gave a happy sigh and told him how glad and relieved she was. Bill Harris stared at her and staggered to his feet. He was about to demand an explanation from her, and to make it clear to her that he was merely joking in order to see how much she cared, when Janice's call for Marie was heard. Taking the amazed man by the arm, she hurried to the arbor, where she found Janice crying and Harold gloomily gazing at her.

There followed explanations and apologies on the part of the girls, for what they now realized had been a serious joke. Bill forgave Janice at once, and affairs were fixed up between them, not only for the present but for all time. Harold was not, however,

so easily mollified. Nevertheless, when he realized that the affair was intended for a test of his devotion and that his discernment had been at fault there was another happy reconciliation. R. B. '16.

AN EASTER GIFT

"Did you hear about the wonderful candy store, Mabel?"

"Why, no, tell me about it. Is there a good one here?"

"It is right on the corner of the Avenue and they have the most *dee-licious* candy! I try to go in there every day, if I possibly can. One thing that I especially like, is that the owner is such a kind-hearted gentleman. I witnessed one kind act of his just last Saturday afternoon, and when you hear of it, you'll admire him as much as I do, I'm sure."

"Oh, tell me, please, I'd love to hear about it. You know, it is not often that candy-merchants are sweet."

"It is only a little thing, but generous, just the same," replied Helen. "I was in there last week, when a ragged and disgustingly dirty newsboy opened the door and carefully placed an evening paper on the table. Mr. Sheets saw him, and spoke to his clerk. He said, 'Give Tom his Saturday night candy and be sure to put some peppermints in for his mother.' Well, they gave that wretched little newsboy a lovely box of the best candy in the store."

"How nice, and do you know more of the story?"

"No, only I asked the boy later if he got a box every week, and he answered that he did if he had attended Sunday-school the week before."

I had been sitting in the street-car seat just behind the two girls, on our way downtown, and could not help over-hearing their conversation. I became very much interested in the little story I had listened to, and determined to investigate. Accordingly, I visited the above mentioned candy-shop late the

same afternoon. After being disappointed in not finding the Mr. Sheets in his shop, I wandered out in search of the little newsboy of whom I had heard.

There was a group of youngsters, shrilly crying their evening papers and running up and down the crowded streets, accosting every possible customer, sometimes being rudely rebuffed, sometimes carefully ignored, sometimes noticed by a friendly word, and once in a while selling their paper and earning a copper. They were poor, thin, old little creatures, their pinched features pitifully greedy and crafty, striving to the best of their ability to become capitalists of their own class, just as the money kings of finance, scheme and plan to amass their fortunes.

As soon as they espied me, I was surrounded by a group of eager, ragamuffins, urging me at the top of their lungs to buy an evening edition of the various papers they were selling. In my attempt to get a coin from my purse to buy one of their papers, a box of candy which I carried under my arm fell to the side-walk and opened. Tomorrow was Easter Sunday and I had laid in a supply of luscious Easter eggs for the benefit of my small nephews. White, pink, blue, green and chocolate-colored, they all rolled over the pavement, but at no great distance, owing to the exertions of my young fellow citizens to appropriate the unexpected sweets.

"Oh goodness!" I sighed, "What a pity that I've lost all of my Martha Washington candy!"

"Hey, 'dju git this at th' Martha Washington sto'?" screamed one insolent little thief, his pockets nearly bursting with his spoils.

I thought that I had now found the recipient of the generosity of the benevolent proprietor and asked him if he knew anything about the candy store.

"Naw!" he answered, pocketing the coin with which I paid for my paper. "Skinny's th' guy that 'll tell y' about it." He then ran away before I could talk further with him.

I returned to the Martha Washington Candy Shop once more to purchase Easter eggs, and I had the good fortune of meeting "Skinny" paying his Saturday night visit. He was very thin and altho' I judged him to be about ten or twelve years of age, was so undersized that a normal child of six would have been larger. He had curly red hair which appeared never to have made the acquaintance of a comb, but his eyes were as blue as the skies. They were his only good feature and attracted attention by their expression which was not only intelligent and inquisitive but also merry and good-natured.

The store was crowded with persons supplying themselves with Easter dainties, and nobody, except myself, noticed the little fellow as he deposited his paper on the table near the door. After carefully laying it down, he looked expectantly around for his kind old friend. Mr. Sheets was very busy seeing that all of his customers were served as they wished, and so did not see him. The little boy shifted his weight impatiently from one foot to another and waited silently for a few seconds. At last, he quietly went up to Mr. Sheets and touched his shoulder.

"Well, son, well!" ejaculated the old gentleman, "Here you are, and now, where's your candy? Been a good boy this week, Tom?"

"Sure have, gov' ", Tom answered, "Mammy done sent yo' all an Eastah gif' ". He thrust a small package wrapped in tissue paper and tied with pink ribbon, into Mr. Sheet's hand, snatched at the box he was offered, and ran as quickly as he could out of the door into the street.

I waited until all of the customers had left the store and at last I found the opportunity of asking him about his little admirer.

"Ah, yes! Tom's a fine chap!" Mr. Sheets said, "Would you like to see my Easter present? He's brought the same for three years now, ever since we started to get acquainted," he added with a twinkle in his eye. He un-

tied the dainty ribbon and opened the box. On soft snowy cotton, reposed the shiniest scarfpin and cuff-links of bright, glaring brass and set with large transparent diamonds of the cut-glass variety. My first impulse was to laugh, for the idea of presenting such things to one who could well afford the genuine articles amused me.

I glanced at Mr. Sheets' face wreathed in an appreciative, benevolent smile as he was saying, "Dear little chap, that's his ideal of the splendid, the magnificent. It touches me more than would a gift of ten thousand dollars. Indeed, sir, it does! He's had to go without quite a bit to buy me this present."

Then and there, I resolved to feel a part of the same gratitude and appreciation for the innumerable blessings that I am constantly given, as this fine character felt for the one simple, worthless Easter gift that the little newsboy had brought him.

Hortense Hoffman.



LOGALS



THE WASHINGTON TRIP

Four o'clock! And the suit cases due at Main Building to be carried to the station in fifteen minutes! How we shall ever make it is more than I know. (But we would prefer leaving half of our things at home to having to carry our own suit cases.) What took place in the next twenty or thirty minutes no one knows, but we all got to Main Building for dinner, except Gladys. We think that the reason she was late is because she was taking notes on all that she had packed. The only reason that we have the faintest doubt about this is that we don't think there was anybody in Bancroft from whom she could borrow a pencil. But Gladys caught the train so it was all right after all.

When we left the train in South Station every one must have thought that the world had come to an end the way we chased across the station for Fall River. The "Red Caps" did not appear and we were forced to carry our own suit cases and Miss Potter cheered us by telling us that they would not fail us at Fall River. With the aid of our beloved commodore (B'r'r'r'r) we boarded the Fall River line boat

for New York. We all enjoyed the trip immensely and no one got sick—not even Lena! We crossed New York harbor on a ferry and caught our train for Washington. We arrived in Philadelphia about eleven o'clock and spent several delightful hours there. We went through Independence Hall and saw the old Liberty Bell and also visited the Mint. The sight was too much for some of us, and had it not been for Esther's sister, Rachel Alden, I am afraid Esther, Mabel Morgan, Irene Apfelbaum and Marjorie Morrison would still be there gazing wistfully at the stacks of money. Our trip from Philadelphia had only one disturbing element—the persistent magazine boy. But Miss Bates arose to the occasion this time and squelched him completely.

Upon arriving at the Union Station in Washington about five o'clock Saturday afternoon we were taken in taxis to the Gordon Hotel. How many different memories that name brings to mind! (I imagine the name *Lasell* has the same effect on them, judging by the various disputes Aline and Margaret had with the office force. But Joe Kenower and Ethel Vance smoothed things over by telling us that they

thought it the most ludicrous thing they had ever heard.) Well, that night we visited the Congressional Library. We all enjoyed it lots but I am sure we can't half appreciate it. Miss Potter received a special admittance for us into the "inside workings" and the librarian had more questions fired at him in those ten minutes than he had doubtless ever had in any other ten minutes of his life.

It had been agreed that we should attend the President's church the next morning and we did go to the church but we did not attend it. Maybe you think there's no difference but there is—decidedly so. A minority of us arrived too late to get in so we stood

Georgetown, (saw the University which seemed to be of special interest to some) and saw a good many sights in Washington also. We were all pretty tired when we returned (not being used to automobiles, I suppose) and we stayed at home. Several of the girls went out to dinner—some at boarding schools and others with Senators, the Vice-President and others of the "royalty." Yes, they spoke to the rest of us, even after that!

Monday morning we arose ready for a full day and we had it. First we went to the House of Representatives to call on Lena Vee's father, Congressman Kelley. He wasn't in but his Secretary, Mr. Simp-



L.R.P.
A STREET FULL OF SIGHTSEERS

some forty or forty-five minutes outside in the cold in order to see him as he came out. We had a fine opportunity, to "take in" the Secret Service men, their auto and the President's limousine and we did it too! After our long wait we had a fleeting glimpse of the President and his daughter, Eleanor, who is to marry Secretary McAdoo. We knew Mr. McAdoo wouldn't be there but I have forgotten how we found out. The Secret Service men evidently "took us in" as much as we did them for they apparently recognized us every time afterwards that they saw us. That afternoon we took a trip to the Arlington Cemetery in a private "rubber-neck" auto. It was lots of fun. We passed through

son, was. He was awfully nice to us and took us to the Capitol where we saw the House and the Senate in session. The crowning glory of that event was: Hortense saw Champ Clark! Mr. Kelly talked to us while we were visiting the House and he and Mr. Simpson both pointed out all of the "big men," so that now we feel that we are old friends with them all. They were discussing the Panama Toll question in the Senate (so Ethel Murray told us. She takes Current Events you know.) Mr. Simpson introduced us to Mr. Fields who showed us many interesting points about the Capitol. The Texas girls discovered that he, too, was a Texan and as homesick as they were. The result of becoming

the best of friends was inevitable and I don't know what we would have done had it not been for him. One of the most important features of this morning was our ride on the mono-rail subway from the Capitol to the House of the offices of the Senators. We were terribly stuck up over this privilege for very few have it. But we didn't stop at that. We ran it! The motorman was so charmed with us that he could hardly let us run it enough. Of course it was quite complicated and only such brilliant girls as we would ever have been able to keep our heads. There's a certain art in making it



LUNCH TIME

balance on the mono-rail, you understand, and that responsibility rests on the motor-man or woman, of course.

After lunch Mr. Simpson came for us and we went to the White House to shake hands with the President. We shook his hand all right and rather shook the solemnity of the occasion at the same time. The Secret Service men were very serious until they saw us! The rest goes without saying. There's only one thing that wouldn't go with out saying at that moment and that was the salutations from Texas. But Miss Potter wouldn't like our flirtations with the President to be printed, so this must suffice. From there we went to the Treasury Building. More money! But the girls who were so amazed in Philadelphia had now become *blasé* when it came

to seeing millions of dollars in a small package. Rose Hcefflin and Nellie Harvey both tried to help Gladys take notes from our tongue-tied guide but he was too much for all three of them. Next we went to the Washington Monument. No one walked up and only two walked down. As a result they limped ex-



WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON

ceedingly for the next few days but of course they didn't mind a little thing like that. Think of the pleasure it afforded! The day was finished by a trip to the Martha Washington candy store and we all "splurged" to our purses' extent. That night Miss Dolley took some of the girls to see Elsie Ferguson in one of her popular plays. Miss Dolley was not in our party but was staying at the Gordon and was kind enough to chaperone us.

Tuesday morning we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery and went all thru the White House. In the afternoon we went to Mt.

Vernon, making the trip down the Potomac. The day was ideal and we were all feeling gay after Miss Potter bought us soda-pop. We, of course, didn't approve of such strong drinks but Miss Potter was our chaperone and we followed the old maxim, "While in Rome, do as the Romans do." We didn't let her know that we disapproved for she would have called us pikers and that's one thing we never did on this trip—to pike!

Wednesday and our last day! In the morning we visited the National Art Museum, the



SIGHTSEEING

Pan-American Building, the "Lincoln House" where Lincoln died, and took a ride around Washington in our old touring car. We saw the homes of all the Senators, ambassadors, congressmen and millionaires that ever were or ever hope to be. (For particulars see Miss Wilkes' note-book). A few of the girls and Hortense visited the Supreme Court. I say, "and Hortense" because it was rather doubtful whether or not she would be admitted because she didn't have a ticket. But she is little and I don't suppose they saw her. That ended our trips and in the afternoon some shopped while others packed. It rained all the afternoon but the weather until then had been ideal.

Our trip home was wonderful. We were the only ones in the car from Washington to New York and we had a good, lazy, informal time together. We arrived in New York about noon and our boat left at five. We rode

down Fifth Avenue on a buss to the Metropolitan Art Museum. Here most of the party remained and saw the treasures under the guidance of Miss Brooks, a member of the Museum staff, whose services Miss Potter had secured. The Museum is especially rich



THE WHITE HOUSE

now in the Morgan loan collection. The return boat trip was even more pleasant than the other for the weather was warmer. We started while it was light and saw New York harbor to advantage, as the moon was almost full. It was hard to go to bed, but we were all sleepy and tired so it wasn't so hard as it might have been. We docked at Fall River at seven the next morning and arrived at Lasell about ten. Edna lost her suit case and there was lots of excitement over that. But since it was found and we all crave excitement, I guess it was a good thing. We were dead tired when we reached home but we "raved" just the same. Though we realize that we've given you "Washington" for breakfast, lunch and dinner, still we haven't said as much as we would like to of our wonderful trip and of the one who made it so much more so—Miss Potter!

Maidie Dealey

The evening of March 31 was much enjoyed by Lasell students and friends. On that evening Dr. Winslow told in his unique way about his trip to Porto Rico. Since the eye aids the ear in a wonderful degree to understand the spoken word the travellogue was well illustrated by stereopticon views.

The usual apparatus was in position for showing the views with Mr. E. J. competently managing the slides. Before the lecture slides were shown, the light was turned on, on an extremely pretty sight, of all the Juniors in middy-blouse costume grouped on the platform. This enterprising class used this occasion to make a number of announcements; one being that of their honorary member.

Dr. Winslow began his talk in the days of Columbus; showing maps of that date; he pointed out Porto Rico on one of these early maps and said that Columbus had visited the island. A number of map slides followed which brought us down to the island of the present day. One slide showed the roads. On this map Dr. Winslow traced the route over which he motored from San Juan back to the starting place. The slides showed the things of interest and of beauty of the island.

Among the former can be classed the grape fruit plantations, the pine-apple fields, the car loads of sugar cane and the Centrals where the cane is transformed into sugar, the tobacco plantations, covered with stretches of cheese cloth in various sizes and shapes the coffee trees in blossom and fruit. As to things of beauty, it was *all* beautiful, but the ornaments were the roads, the royal palms, low-growing and tree ferns.

Dr. Winslow showed slides of all of these things and told, most interestingly, facts connected with each. For instance, while we were looking at the royal palm he pointed out the leaves, the fruit, the blossom-sheathes and said that all parts of the tree were used by the natives. However, type can retell but very lamely what Dr. Winslow so ably told in words. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cur-

tis; Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Bowen who were with Dr. Winslow on his trip were his guests that evening and enjoyed the trip over again, as the following quotation from a letter just received from Mrs. Bowen will verify. "We shall never forget the fine time we had in Auburndale March 31. It was a memorable evening." We can join most heartily in Mrs. Bowens sentiment and thank Dr. Winslow for giving us all a 'memorable evening.' "

Ess. Emm.

Before our big basket ball game with Radcliffe, the girls had some mass meetings in the chapel to practice songs. The enthusiasm and spirit of the girls as shown then was perfectly splendid. Here's hoping we can keep it up!



BASKET BALL

March fourteenth came. A beautiful spring-like day and the spirits of all Lasell girls were high as all went to the station to give the basket ball team and "rooters" a good send off. A few hours later the same girls greeted the return of the warriors with the same Lasell-like spirit, their hearts only slightly weighed down by news of defeat.

Those who were fortunate enough to be of

and Carter and the Radcliffe team-work was very commendable. When we consider that the size of the Radcliffe gym was much bigger than ours, that our team was very inexperienced, that we played on a strange floor, and that this was our very first game, we should rejoice that we had a score. The final score was 54-5 in favor of Radcliffe.

The Radcliffe girls were ideal hostesses in every respect, the officials were very fair in their judgment of plays, and their treatment



BASKETBALL TEAM LEAVING FOR RADCLIFFE

the chosen thirty to accompany the squad can hardly know how comforting to the team were their splendid renderings of "Lasell with capital L," "R-A-D-C-L-I-F-F-E, Today we're playing Radcliffe," etc. No reason for defeat can be given except that we were completely outclassed.

The game began in a very usual manner and was Radcliffe's to the very end. Noteworthy throughout was the splendid playing of the Misses Feeley and Hodge, Dummer

was all that could be desired. The cheering and singing of the college girls was very inspiring and their cheer leader quickly won the applause of all by her clever motions and gestures.

We are more than pleased with the outcome of Lasell's big day. We are more than grateful to Miss Warner, who has labored patiently and long, and we only hope that Lasell will see many more such days and be victorious in all.

To the complete surprise of everybody in the school, with the exception of the Sophomores, and a few members of the faculty, the Seniors took their table Saturday night, March 28. An orchestra played while the school filed down to dinner. When the Seniors appeared at the top of the stairs, the orchestra stopped. This was the signal for the Sophomores to form two lines between which the Seniors marched to their table, while the Sophomores sang a song to their sister class.

The table was very prettily decorated with baskets of red roses for center pieces and with roses and ferns scattered about. At each place, was a little red basket filled with red and white candies. The chairs were bound together by the red and white ribbons, which were untied by Francis Harris and Marion Cutting.

Before the singing of Grace, the school gave an Ho-i-la for the Seniors and the Sophomores. Then, the Seniors sang two very clever songs; one to the Juniors and one to the Sophomores. After this, the orchestra took its accustomed place on the balcony and proceeded to play during the dinner. The Juniors eager to show themselves in some way, took the places of the maids and served the upper class men the dessert. For this honor shown them, the Seniors gave an Ho-i-la.

When the Seniors rose from their table, all the Juniors formed an aisle, making with their arms, an arch through which the Seniors marched from the dining room. The humbled ones then turned and left by the rear door.

After dinner, Miss Potter invited the Seniors and their sister class for after-dinner coffee in the parlor. Following this, was a dance in the gym, given by the Sophomores, to the whole school. The time flew quickly and before anyone realized it, ten o'clock arrived, which meant the end of a very pleasant and a very exciting evening.



On March 19 the second large reception was held at Lasell. This was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable affairs of the year. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow and Miss Miller. The parlors decorated with tulips and American beauties were crowded with guests.

Miss Lucile Scott, Miss Ruth Hall and Mr. Crane favored the guests with several vocal selections, which were greatly enjoyed. At ten o'clock the guests were escorted to the dining room where refreshments were served.

After visiting in small groups the guests again returned to the reception room to express their appreciation of what had proved a delightful evening.

Miss Jepperson gave an extremely delightful song recital on the evening of March 24. Her songs were so well chosen, and so charmingly executed that her large audience was held under her complete sway. One or two of her songs were especially appreciated. After the concert there was a reception in the parlors which had been very attractively decorated. Also the dining room was prettily arranged. From bits of conversation gathered from the many guests as well as from the girls here at school, it may well be concluded that this last reception was a most successful one as well as most delightful.

March 14 marked the *very important* opening of the "Lasell Special Moving Picture Theatre." The opening was a success as the theatre was crowded with Seniors with their own "Special" escorts. The pictures were unusually good and received great applause, particularly the first to be thrown on the screen—a polite request for ladies to please remove their hats. This explained the request on the invitation to wear said headgear. After the pictures two members of the class gave a "Special" dance which was enthusiastically applauded. Later in the evening contrary to the usual custom of moving picture theatres, a dance was held, which all enjoyed thoroughly, not to mention the punch served behind the picture screen. During the pictures, music was rendered by a "Specially" musical member of the class. At ten o'clock the show being over, the audience ceased dancing and after singing a song to their hosts and receiving a song in reply, the Seniors departed for home, each vowing that the "Lasell Special Movies were the best ever."

Col. Homer B. Sprague, the great Shakerian scholar, and author who has for many years spoken to us on literary subjects, departed from his usual custom this year and gave us a most thrilling account of his experiences in Libby Prison.

He told of the harrowing dangers that he underwent during the Civil War, and of the bravery both of the Yankees and of the rebels. His pictures were very vivid, and gave many of us a new idea of the horrors of that war. Great interest was shown by everyone, when he told of the capture of his regiment, and of their long and terrible journey to Libby Prison.

Col. Sprague has a very fine sense of humor, which was shown in several of his remarks. In speaking of their journey to the prison he said, "We were put in coal cars, and then into grain cars which went very much against the "kernel."

At 2.20 when the bell was rung for the end

of the forty minute lecture-hour, the girls kept clapping and asking him to continue his talk. This he did for twenty minutes more. Just before leaving, he asked to meet all the southern girls.

Every one is hoping that soon, we shall again have the pleasure of hearing this very delightful speaker.

Preceding Miss Call's class on the evening of March 18, a great many of the girls heard a most interesting as well as instructive lecture by Miss Madie Dealy upon "The Twitching of the Upper-Lip." It is the earnest hope of those who heard her, that she may be induced to give a series of such lectures.

We certainly do appreciate the talks that Miss Rand is giving us on Friday mornings. Although we get terribly "upsot" when she points at us suddenly, making us jump and asks some question which is farthest from our thoughts, nevertheless we enjoy to the utmost the "inbetween" times, and hope that our apparent ignorance will not discourage her from going on with the good work.

The girls on Saturday morning, March 21, unexpectedly were given a treat when Mr. George Dunham rendered his "Amen" solo.

If anyone wants to get pointers in professional base ball just come over some nice afternoon and sit with the "fans" on the steps of Clarke Cottage and watch the all-Lasellion stars, Polly Porter and "Spud" Whitehead.

SCHOLARSHIP CREDITS

Mildred Cutting, 5 subjects, 92½%, 3 credits.
 Ruby Newcomb, 5 subjects, 91½%, 2 credits.
 Esther Underwood, 4 subjects, 90%, 2 credits.
 Lucile Joscelyn, 4 subjects, 89½%, 2 credits. 4

Miss Katherine Thorp and Miss Nellie Woodward had honorable mention.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

During the month of March we had some very helpful meetings.

On March 10, Miss Dorothy A. Drane told us in a most interesting talk of the unique place which young women hold and may hold in the Christian Endeavor Society as well as in other departments of the Church and urged us all to do our part.

Miss Florence Shields took as the subject of her message on March 17 "Making the Most of Life." A large number were present and nearly every one contributed something to the meeting.

Through the leadership of Miss Maidie Dealey, the prayer meeting on March 24, proved a very helpful one. Her talk hinged on the "*Golden Rule*."

Miss Charlotte Joseph led Christian Endeavor on March 31. The substance of her talk may be summed up in the familiar saying, "Our life is what we make it."

The Easter prayer meeting was led on April 14 by Miss Helen Benson whose subject was a three-fold one: *Easter; belief in God* and *Church attendance*.

For Vespers, March 15, we had a very informal fire-side meeting around the big fireplace in the Gymnasium, the girls sitting on the floor in a semi-circle. Several letters were read from missionaries, and one from a girl in India, which was even more interesting than the others, for we are helping to educate this girl. All the girls enjoyed this meeting very much.

On Sunday evening, March twenty-ninth, in place of the usual vesper service, our girls attended the service at the Congregational Church where we were given an unusual treat. Mr. Sleeper, of Wellesley delivered a lecture on Bulgaria. He told us a great deal about the conditions of that country and spoke especially of the urgent need of the widows and orphans who have been made homeless as a result of the recent war in that part of the

country. Following the address, a little ten-year old Bulgarian girl, dressed in her native costume, played several selections on the violin. Her playing, if done by a much older and more experienced person, would have seemed wonderful, but, as it was, rendered by one so young, it seemed nothing less than marvelous. When playing, she seemed wholly unconscious of her audience and gave all her heart and thought into the beautiful music which seemed to interpret the cries and appeals of her people. After the service, many of us spoke to little Edelfe and found her to be a very charming little girl as well as a skilled musician.

Did the Seniors ask you if you wanted to order one of the Song Books? You had better add your name to the list for when the books appear, there will be a grand rush for them.

Sunday afternoon, March 29, about eight of the girls went over to the Newton Hospital and sang hymns. The girls who go once a month, just love it, and they would be only too glad to have others join them. Ask Barbara Jones about it.

On March 30, Mrs. Wagner gave a tea and very kindly included the Clarke Cottage girls among the guests.

Singing the "Grace" in the dining room really does sound very pretty, don't you think? Let's learn to sing it better!

Who tied the Seniors' chairs to the table one morning? We want to know.

Did you see Mrs. Martin's private class April first? It represented gracefulness as well as "style all the while."

Don't hesitate for a moment when the Subscription Editor of the 1915-14 *Allerlei* comes around to you. This *Allerlei* is going to be such a good one, that you simply cannot afford to lose the opportunity of getting one. Ask any Junior about it, she will know! After you get one, it will be the case of "Go again, and get bigger ones!" She'll be coming soon!

Keep on the watch for what the Athletic Association is going to do!

The Radcliffe girls said that our girls played a clean game during the Basket Ball game, and that they liked to play with them because they were such good sports about losing. Let's keep up that reputation and play a clean game in whatever we do. That is worth as much as a victory.

Isn't it great that at last we have a telephone booth? A great part of the credit is due to the Student Council and the assistance from the faculty members. We surely are grateful.

ROBERT E. SPEER

April second was a memorable night for the Junior Class because it was then that it announced its Honorary Member and the class book, the *Allerlei*. The girls did it in rather an unusual manner, thus surprising the entire school. Just before Dr. Winslow's lecture upon Porto Rico, when the lights were turned off for the pictures to be shown upon the screen, the Juniors walked in, all dressed in white middy costume. Then a light was flashed upon them for as they sang a song to our Alma Mater. After this there was thrown upon the screen, an announcement concerning their Honorary Member, Dr. Robert E. Speer, followed by his latest picture. The announcements about the 1915-14 *Allerlei* came next. Since this is to be dedicated to our Principal and his family, right here that very charming fireside picture of the Winslows was shown. The *Allerlei* is given in honor of the Class of 1914, and so the cap and gown picture of the Seniors finished the set of announcements.

Before Dr. Winslow began his lecture, he spoke in a most commending way of Dr. Speer, showing unmistakably what a high opinion he has of the Honorary Member of the Class of 1915. Dr. Speer's home is in New York City, but he has travelled very extensively in the interests of foreign missions, for he is Vice-President of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and is closely associated with Y. M. C. A. work and the Student Volunteer Movement. As a speaker

he exerts a powerful influence over young and old alike. Besides his work as a lecturer he has written valuable books many of which are based on his wide experience in the Orient.

The Juniors believe that in every way they have reason to be proud of their Honorary Member.

THE LOST GONG

Oft' upon a morning dreary,
As I slumbered weak and weary,
Slumbered with contented snore,
Came a banging, harshly clanging
Clanging at my chamber door,
T'was the gong the fierce gong, saying
"Rise, once more!"

Once upon an even' dreary,
While we listened to songs cheery
The gong was lost, stolen, strayed,
For days it was quite mislaid.
But it was soon recovered
And it loudly hovered, hovered
At my chamber door.

"Ding-dong!" cried I, "thing of evil!—
Ding-dong still, if gong or cowbell,
Whether tempter sent or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
On this school by horror haunted
Tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—is there chance to lose thee?
Tell me—tell me, I implore,
Quoth the gong, "No nevermore!"

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.

Hortense Hoffman.

MARCH 27—

Oh where and oh where is our rising gong?
Since it disappeared just everything's wrong!
We rise—and for breakfast—
And likewise at noon—
And dinner at even—
Have the very same tune.
Oh spirits that took it—
Please *do* bring it back
Because there are numerous
"Wise Guys" on your track.
So take the advice of a wise sage of old—
And let's wake tomorrow with that crude,
clashing so bold.



PERSONAL



Lasell girls' wedding bells never cease their ringing! The early spring months seem to be rivalling June as the popular wedding months.

On Wednesday, March 11, occurred the marriage of Edna Strickland '07 to Mr. Eugene Allard Olson at Hartford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Olson will be at home after May 15 at 162 Capitol Ave., Hartford.

On April 2, Frances Avery became Mrs. Addison Coleman Hoof at Peoria, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Hoof's new home will be at Austin, Ill., after the first of June.

Bertha Greenough Bradley became Mrs.

Charles Fred Pearce on Tuesday, the fourteenth of April, at Gloucester, Mass.

On Wednesday, the fifteenth of April, occurred the marriage of Ruth Elizabeth Butterfield '06 to Mr. Roland Morris Jones at Kingman, Me.

Friday, April 17, Hannah Elizabeth Proctor '10 became Mrs. Richard Oliver Bonner at Millbury, Mass.

Our heartiest congratulations to these happy couples and we only wish their new homes to be in Lasell's near neighborhood.

March was the birth month of a little Lasell

boy and girl, Marjorie Miller, born March 15 to Mr. and Mrs. Owens C. Wolfe (Ruth Miller) and William Eaton to Mr. and Mrs. Sumner T. Prindle (Cornelia Eaton '07.) Both are New England babies so we shall live in hopes of seeing them at Lasell some day.

Emeline Carlisle Hill '97 writes of a trip to Nassau for a few weeks with Mr. Hill and her three and a half year old Emeline. While there she met Mary Hooper Smith who still keeps her old time enthusiasm for Lasell.

In a friendly note from Dorothy Wells Seller, '09, she expresses, as so many others have done, her appreciation of the kindness of our Principal and wife in sending the little Baby Book which finds its way into the home of each new Lasell baby, a book designed and carried out by our Lasell girls in which, as Dorothy says, "mothers can keep a favorable report of the doings and sayings of their little ones." We suggest for our Alumni Supplement a compilation of the "pranks and prattles" from these Lasell Baby Books, illustrated. We sincerely hope that Dorothy's plan of revisiting her school home in June will materialize.

Edna Rogers Carlisle '05 reports Baby John a "bouncer" and that he is growing finely. She is rather anxious to have Dr. and Mrs. Winslow give their expert testimony as to his worth, which we suppose means "dear-ness." She also sends a friendly message to Mrs. Martin from whom she had received a message through a mutual friend who chanced to meet Mrs. Martin in their travels.

One of the special joys at Lasell this Easter time was the coming "back home" of Martha Hazelet Crooks '10 and her dear mother, Sadie Ransom Hazelet, and last and least literally but most important, perhaps, of all was the visit of little John Hazelet Crooks, the youngest Lasell baby to visit the school. Everybody fell in love with Martha's little son and the wonder is that he ever made his escape to Williamsport again!

At this writing our Principal is in Florida,

enjoying himself by land and sea. Before his return he expects to be the guest of Sanford Wagner and his bride, Hannah Kissinger of Williamsport, Pa., whose wedding occurred in Jacksonville, Fla., April 11.

Frances Bent Dillingham, our former Lasell girl and teacher, was the guest of the school recently and gave us a most interesting message at our chapel service. Miss Dillingham is at present head of the English department at the Pelham Manor school, New York.

We were surprised and pleased recently to receive a call from Alice Wright Watson who came with her mother and younger sister. The sister is to be one of our new students in the coming year. We happened to learn the interesting fact that a week previous was Alice's wedding day. She is now the wife of Dr. Ernest M. Watson and is living at 50 Peterboro Street, Boston, and has given her word that she will "run in" often to see us.

Barbara Jones delights us by reporting that Sister Nell '05 will be among the group of family friends who are to be at Lasell Commencement time. Is it not about time for the class of '05 to have a reunion? Lasell would like to have a hand in that happy event and dares to issue this informal invitation for the members of that class to return and celebrate!

If you girls "old" or "new" could peek into Mildred Peirce Fuller's most adorable little apartment and see our hostess and her young son, Peirce, you could perhaps imagine to some extent the enjoyment of six of us "old girls" who were invited there to luncheon one pleasant February day, the affair being in honor of that most popular person, Frances Bragdon. To begin with Mildred's living room fills one with a sensation of well-being—it is a perfect symphony in tones of brown and gold, the yellow window draperies vying with the sun which was reflected in the dull gold picture frames and the brass bowl holding quantities of those glorious yellow jonquils. The room is a *living* room in the truest sense, books, music, pictures, ornaments and furni-

ture subdued and fitted together with that perfect taste all of those who know Mrs. Fuller can appreciate. I hope I may be forgiven my seemingly extreme interest in my surroundings.

You see I had time to observe while listening to others discuss husbands and children in fact when we "old girls" gather we are more apt than not to sound like gleanings from a "mother's guide" or a page from some well known cook book. Judging all of this in an off-hand way one might conclude these gatherings to be very instructive but they merely tend to confuse—for instance, there seems to be some very good reasons why "William Henry" should prepare his own breakfast when he must leave home early and some most excellent reasons why he shouldn't! Suffrage as a discussion, is not in it with this.

Peirce, a dear baby still walking sufficiently unsteadily to cause the writer to catch her breath whenever he passed a table corner, won all of our hearts, for besides being very good to look at he is most lovable. His flattering preference for our society was well and determinedly expressed when he was carried away by his nurse as we repaired to the colonial, grey, white and mahogany dining room. After a daintily served and perfectly luscious luncheon, more or less lengthened by "do you remember the times," we settled down once more in that comfortable gold and brown room and talked in snatches while we listened to some of those weird but perfectly fascinating Hawaiian records. Sorry that you all couldn't have "been there". This is just written as a warning always to accept when Mildred invites.

It was such a delightful surprise, the coming of Annie Crowe. Never could a guest be more welcome at Lasell than this member of the lass of '09. She brought good news from many "old girls," among the number Katherine Wheeler '09 of Saint Paul, Minn., Miriam Nelson Flanders '05 of Winnipeg and others. It seemed like "old times" to have

Annie again presiding at the piano during the chapel service. We wish she would come oftener and stay longer.

Nell Jones Yeomans '05 who was a close friend of Edith Dustin '01 during their Lasell days, has sent the following touching "In Memoriam" taken from the Gloucester *Daily Times*. Nell adds her own personal, loving and tender tribute to this friend whose untimely death produced such sadness at Lasell and among her host of friends.

IN MEMORIAM

Edith Dustin

A noble life has gone from among us; and through the tears springing from a keen consciousness of the loss come to us as a community, we look to read the message of its years.

"We delight to do thy will, O my God."

Is not this its refrain, singing to us its message of light even in the dark hours of our sudden grief?

In the days of early childhood, through the years of faithful school and college work, on throughout the decade of adult womanhood's large and varied responsibilities, this loyal soul has ever been actuated by the high principle, "What next can I do for others in the name of the Master whom I serve?"

Service and not self was Edith Dustin's constant thought. With the steady glow of unselfish purpose gleaming from her sunny face, she lived and moved among us, doing good to all she knew, friends and acquaintances, old and young, while those who knew her in the range of close intimacy, knew that her outreaching thought and help extended as well beyond the sphere of immediate association into the broad realm of the world's needs, making glad in lands that she knew not, sister hearts whose Macedonian cry had found its way into her open soul. Her interests were many, and her labors unstinted.

In the latter weeks of her life, her family and friends have uttered from time to time the kindly word of reminder that our body

cannot always keep pace with the spirit's zeal; and yet, to each new opportunity for unselfish activity Edith has continued to say, "But I must do this!" Self-effacement her days have spelled most clearly for us to their very end; and at length, overtaxed strength and nerves have faltered, stumbled, relaxed unable longer to respond to the soul's high bidding.

It is our joy who knew Edith Dustin, to hold ever in grateful and appreciative remembrance, the spotless character, the lofty ideals, the unwavering purpose of loving service that irradiated her earthly life from beginning to end. We know that it was her delight, as David's of old to do the Father's will; and we feel assured that God will say of her, as of the psalmist, "I have found her one after my own heart."

Edith Dustin was born October 12, 1877. She was one of twins, the sister living only a few months. After graduating from the High School, she spent three years at Lasell seminary, finishing her course in 1900. Here she was a prominent member being on the Lasell Board and was the class prophet. Aside from some periods of travel, she has devoted herself to home, church and community interests.

PROGRAM OF THE EXERCISES OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Mon. June 1, 9.30 A. M.
River Day

Wed. June 3, 7.45 P. M.
Commencement Concert

Thurs. June 4, 3 to 5 P. M.
Art Exhibit, Studio
Household Economics Exhibit

Sat. June 6, 8 P. M.
Senior Reception

Sun. June 7, 10.45 A. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon
Rev. Willis H. Butler
(Associate Minister of the Old South Church)

6.15 P. M.

Commencement Vespers

Mon. June 8, 7.45 P. M.

Class Day Exercises

Tues. June 9, 10.45 A. M.

Commencement Exercises

Address, Rev. Brewer Eddy

12.30 P. M.

Singing at Crow's Nest

2.30 P. M.

Reunion of Alumnae and "Old Girls"

SPRING (?)

They tell tales of sunny old New England,
Of Spring time, when the balmy breezes blow
Of daffodils, first robins and bright sunshine,
But I don't believe they ever mentioned snow.

I've waited long through dreary months of
winter,
For Spring time when they all will come I know
But some how their Spring must come in
summer,
For it's April now, and we are having snow.

At home in spring time through the woods we
wander
Where ferns of every kind and flowers grow,
But for exercise in balmy old New England,
In Spring time we go out and shovel snow.
A. C. W.

A TIRED VOWEL

The letter "a" complained of exhaustion.
"What's the trouble?" we inquired.

"Just observe how I am overworked in
'Panama Canal,'" it explained wearily.

Looking into the matter we saw that it,
indeed, had ground for complaint.—*Ex.*





The new *Leaves* staff wish to thank the retiring staff for the excellent condition in which they have left the paper. It is very encouraging to go to work when the route and methods are all mapped out; and for this we thank the entire staff. It is most gratifying also, to feel that we are well supported in our work. We trust that the school will stand back of us as much as it stood back of our predecessors and even more for, although a group is chosen nominally to represent a paper, there is no doubt that there can be no success, when there is no cooperation. So—

‘ You do your best and we’ll do the rest
To win for dear Lasell!’

I suppose you have all heard hundreds of times, “Now we’re on the last lap of the race” or “on the home stretch”—meaning that the last quarter of the school year has begun. Although the repetition of the phrase may be monotonous, we cannot afford to ignore the meaning and the hinging requirements of those same phrases. In not very many cases

does it pay to loaf all along the course, depending upon a spurt at the end to catch up, (and so here at school). Remember, May Day Field Day, Drill Day, River Day and all the rest of the glorious days are coming and then is not the time to be making up back work as well as doing the regular amount. And so, let’s all get to work now, right from the start! Then we can smile and be happy instead of having a black cloud hanging over our heads! Work now, for “Something good is surely coming.”

Everyone is extremely proud about the wonderful way in which the Wellesley girls conducted themselves through the terrible ordeal of the fire. The successful outcome was directly due to their very efficient fire drill, to their response with immediate action when the signal was first given. If we should have a drill in the near future, every girl should strive to do her best, for Lasell wants to feel just as well prepared for an emergency as possible.



The following February numbers arrived after our March number had gone to press:

The Aegis (Beverly High School), *The Dean Megaphone*, *The Folio*, *The Golden Rod*, *The Lotus*, *The Opinion*, *The Optimist*, *The Peningian*, *The Pine Needle*, *The Review*, *Ye Harcourte Mayde*.

The Lasell Leaves gladly acknowledges the March issues of the following papers:

The Red and White, *Orange and Green*, *The Advance*, *The Optimist*, *The Caldron*, *Abbott Observer*, *New Trier Echoes*, *High School Bulletin* (Springfield High School), *The Owl*, *Daedalian*, *Tattler*, *Aegis*, (Houston High School), *The Review*, *Sharps and Flats*, *The Mirror*, *Knick Knacks*, *Vail-Deane Budget*, *The Oracle*, *The Missile*, *The Student*, *John Marshall Record*, *The Pine Needle*, *The Oracle* (Sidney Laurier High School), *Williams Woods College Record*, *King Edward's School*

Chronicle, *The Archon*, *The Imp*, *The Bonbon*, *The World*, *Gale Pennant*, *The Artisan*, *Boston University Beacon*, *The Hallock School Record*, *The Ottowan*, *The Goldenrod*, *The Tabula*, *The Lit*, *The Lotus*, *The Quincy High School*, *The High School Enterprise*, *The X-Ray*.

The Imp—Your magazine is among the best on our Exchange list. "One Never Can Tell," and "Tags" in the March number, are both exceedingly well-written. Your cover design is attractive, and the paper is of excellent quality. Your magazine is to be commended in every way.

The Archon—You have an interesting magazine and your cover is neat and attractive, but don't you think a table of contents would be a help to all your readers?

The Philomath—We enjoy your stories very much. We think that your notes also make

The Philomath a most interesting school paper. Would not a Table of Contents and a few illustrations add to it?

The Vail-Deane Budget—is a very well arranged magazine. The stories in the March number are pleasing but if they were longer they would be more interesting, would they not? The "cat-boat race" in the Latin class is a very novel idea, for which Miss Johnson should be commended.

The Lit—Your paper has a very attractive cover. The stories in the March number are exceedingly good. Would not the "Track" and "Class Standings" look better if they followed instead of preceeded the "Literary?"

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass. — We should all like to eavesdrop if we might gain consequences like Kitty's in "The Reward of Kindness." "William" is a capital story. We agree with the writer of "What I Think of Mountain Climbing" and congratulate her on the excellent expression of her thought. —*The Advance*.

We are always glad to add to our list papers of such high standard as the *Lasell Leaves*. An artistic cover, fine photographs and cuts give a very attractive appearance. A supplement for *Alumnae* is an original idea. This supplement contains letters from graduates, reports from *Alumnae* clubs, and other items which undoubtedly increase the interest of former students of the school. —*The World*.

The girls at *Lasell* are certainly good story writers. The one who wrote "Greater Love Hath No Man" deserves much praise for her cleverly written story. However, was not Chub right in doubting his decision when he left the doctor's office the first time? —*The Peningian*.

Your "Locals" is more interesting than usual in your January number. —*The Lit*.

Every department of *Lasell Leaves* is excellent. This magazine contains many splen-

did stories and some very attractive cuts. —*The High School News*.

Both December and January copies of *Lasell Leaves* contain some interesting material and good illustrations. The December cover design is especially good. Don't you think a few local jokes would make your magazine more interesting? —*The Red and White*.

Lasell Leaves—The Christmas number of your paper was the best ever, interesting from cover to cover. —*The Dean Megaphone*.

Lasell Leaves—The cover design of your Thanksgiving number is most attractive. The pictures and your locals add interest. —*Ye Harcourte Mayde*.

"Dux femina facti" is a nice little motto. Live up to it. —*The Folio*.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Massachusetts: The views in your paper add much to the attractiveness of it. The cuts are also extremely good. —*The Aegis*.

The February number of the *Lasell Leaves* received. Your paper is one of the best we have on our exchange list. Judging from the photos of the trip to the White Mountains, you surely must have had a fine time. "Greater Love Hath No Man" is an exceedingly good story. —*The Bulletin*.

Lasell Leaves—The literary departments in both your November and Christmas numbers are very good, but all the other departments would be better if they were longer. The supplement to your Christmas number is good. Your cover designs are unusually attractive. —*The Roman*.

Lasell Leaves—Your cover design is very attractive. Why not criticise your exchanges? Your cuts are clever. —*The Daedalian Monthly*.

Lasell Leaves—Your winter scenes add time-color to your January issue. —*The Review*.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Boston, Mass. — We appreciate the fine cuts which add greatly to the appearance of your magazine. The Advertisers' Directory of your publication is a feature which marks an advance in the development of the school paper. It is a med-

ium for bringing advertising to a more systematic condition—*The Red and Blue Gazette*.

We print the following from "Old Hughes," a Cincinnati school paper, by way of contrast with what we expect from Lasell girls:

WILL YOU? WON'T YOU

By Max Selser

Nearly every student who reads "Old Hughes" will want to do something to help the paper and the staff.

The surest and best way to help them is as follows:

1. Do not subscribe. "Old Hughes" has no use for money.
2. Never hand in an article of any kind, then kick because you don't like the stories.
3. Don't think because your ancestors were not buried in Westminster Abbey and because your name is not Longfellow or Thackeray, you can't write. But, then, let somebody else do it, you'll get the credit—maybe.
4. Be sure to avoid entering the stores of any of our advertisers. This will make them want to advertise again.
5. Don't think because you get your school books free, you ought to get "Old Hughes" that way.

Above all things don't have any school spirit.

School spirit is the least thing needed in helping this paper. The less school spirit the more success for the paper. And so everybody try to observe these few rules and no doubt "Old Hughes" will be a complete success.

Bess asked Doris the other day if she had water on the knee, what she would do. Dot Smith called out, "She'd wear pumps."

M. Owen lost her ring in February and found it in her shoe!

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One of the girls in looking over the books in Miss Potter's library came across, "The Five Little Peppers." She said immediately, "I will take it for—I was crazy about 'Red Pepper Burns' and I suppose this is a sequel."

OVERHEARD

A man was calmly walking down the street when he noticed that a crazy man was chasing him. As the pursuer seemed to have an evil look, the man ran and kept on doing so until he was too exhausted to go farther. So he took a firm stand and made ready to ward off any blows, when the crazy man came up, patted him on the shoulder and said, "Tag, you're it, now you chase me."

TIT FOR TAT

"Show me something in the way of a small check," commanded Slopay.

"One minute," interposed the tailor. "Suppose you show me something of the same sort first.—*Ex.*"

A LION TO HUNT

A newly rich woman in Chicago called on an acquaintance who had just returned from an exhibit of prints at the Field Institute, much impressed with what she had seen.

"Have you seen the Japanese prints?" she asked of her caller.

"No, I have not. Is he presentable? If he is, I must have him up to dinner."—*Ex.*

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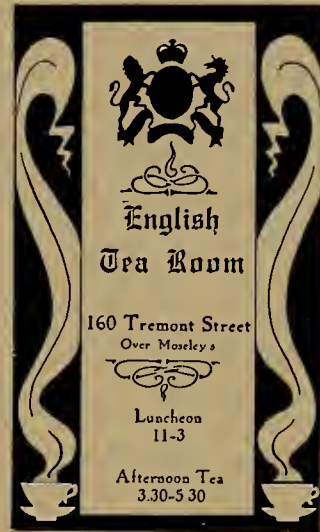
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LASELL LEAVES



Vol. XXXIX

No. 8

MAY, 1914



Orrin Champlain, Prop.



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Vol. XXXIX

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MAY DAY SCENES

Litford

THE AWAKENING

The great green limousine drew up in front of an old colonial house on the broad avenue. Through the curtains at the window a pair of inquisitive blue eyes peered toward the house, but the bright expectant look turned to one of disappointment, as the front door opened and a man in livery emerged. Evidently the small occupant of the machine had expected a far different reception, a tall grey haired man, perhaps, such as Mother had said her Grandfather would be. At the thought of her mother the blue eyes filled, but Mother's last words had been "my little girl must be brave!" and tears weren't brave.

The man, in the funny green suit, "just like a policeman's only prettier" opened the door and helped the little figure out. And the stern lines of his face relaxed as he felt the tight grip of the little hand in his and saw the tears trembling in the blue eyes. He had an almost ungovernable impulse to take the tiny form into his arms and soothe away the childish troubles, but, being a well-trained servant he merely held more tightly the hand, placed in his own so confidently.

"Poor little mite!" he murmured to himself.

Entering the great hall, they met a matronly woman, to whom the man left the little girl saying, "She's a frail little thing, Betsy, and I'm thinking she'll need all the love that you can give her." He then disappeared, leaving the two to become acquainted.

Helen was not particularly interested in the woman and she didn't want to be kept standing there in the hall. She wanted to see her grandfather, who was going to love her, she knew that he was, because Mother had said so and Mother never fibbed. Again at the thought of Mother a little lump rose in her throat, but it would never do to let grandfather see her crying, so she winked very hard and swallowed the lump. Why didn't he come? But then perhaps she had to go to him, she would ask Betsy.

"Where's my grandfather?" she asked politely, pushing back her golden curls, "I want to see him, please."

Betsy hesitated, how was she to tell the little girl, who gazed up at her with such trusting blue eyes that her grandfather

was at that minute playing golf in perference to meeting his small granddaughter?

"Your grandfather had a very important engagement down town, and couldn't stay to meet you," she lied, but was repaid by the look of relief which brightened the little face "Come on, dearie," she continued, "We'll go and freshen up a bit before he comes."

Two hours later the same machine stopped in front of the house and a tall, handsome, grey haired man alighted and entered. He paused only to look through the mail on the table in the hall then passed quickly upstairs. The man below watched him out of sight then murmured, for the second time that day, "Poor little mite!"

Half an hour later the Honorable Roger Emery, Supreme Court Judge, seemed to remember that there was in the house a new arrival that he had not seen. Ringing the bell beside him he asked the man who answered, "A little girl arrived this afternoon?" and receiving a word in the affirmative he added, "She is my granddaughter, Miss Helen's little girl!" A shade passed over his face as he mentioned Helen's name, the daughter who had chosen poverty and love to wealth, but it soon passed—"Send the child to me at once!" he continued; then as an afterthought as the man turned to go, "Is she pretty?"

"Yes sir!" was the reply, "she looks just like the picture of Miss Helen, hanging in the hall!"

Again the shadow passed over the judge's face and he fingered a letter impatiently, "Very well, Walters. You may go!" he said.

After Walters' departure he opened the letter and read once more what was written in the delicate handwriting: "And so father, I am sending my little girl to you, knowing that you will care for her and love her. There is no other place that I can send her and I cannot die happy without knowing that she is well provided for. Please father love her for my sake and try to forgive—Helen."

He had barely finished when the door softly opened and closed and a little figure threw itself in his arms. He put down the letter in annoyance and disengaged the arms from about his neck, "Please be seated over there," he said, sternly pointing to a huge arm chair near by.



The little girl obeyed with drooping head, and as she sat there a forlorn little figure in the growing dusk, the Judge had time to scrutinize her carefully.

Yes, Walters was right she did look like the picture in the hall. The same golden curls, the same sensitive mouth and white teeth and above all the same large blue questioning eyes. He fancied he could almost see the dimples hidden in the corners of her mouth when she smiled. He felt an impulse to make her smile, but, remembering that everything must be settled that night, he asked, more as a statement than a question, "So you are

Helen Winthrop, my granddaughter?" The child could do no more than nod. The tears of disappointment were very near the surface.

"Well, Helen," he went on, "your mother has sent you here to me and I am to take care of you. It is out of the question for me to keep you here alone in this big dreary house and so I have other plans for your welfare and training." Noticing the frightened look on the pale little face he continued rapidly, hurrying to get it over with,—“therefore I have arranged for your entrance at Beverly Hall, a school for young girls. And you will leave tomorrow. I shall”—but he was interrupted by a sob from the big chair. He frowned. In his day children were supposed to obey without tears.

"You will leave tomorrow," he repeated, "And I shall tell Betsy to get you ready at once". Then without one kind word to the sobbing child he rang for Walters and requested that she should be taken back to the room assigned to her use. Before she had fairly gotten outside the door, he had completely forgotten her in the importance of some papers that must be looked over.

That night a little girl sobbed herself to sleep in a great mahogany bed, alone, sobbed for the love of a grandfather that had been denied her, and for the mother that "was an angel now," as Betsy said.

.....
Commencement, that time which had been looked forward to for so long, happily by some, sadly by others, with its weath of roses and sunshine had finally descended, with all its glory on Beverly Hall. All through the old-fashioned rose garden roamed multitudes of pretty girls in purest white, their arms filled with roses.

At the door of Ridgely Hall stood a group of merry girls, surrounding a member of their own class, a tall blue eyed girl whose golden hair glistened in the sunlight. In her arms she held an immense bunch of pink roses, whose color brought out the delicate pink of her cheeks and as she smiled the dimples

played about the corners of her sweet mouth. Helen Winthrop had been voted the most beautiful girl in school and commencement guests and students together joined in the opinion that, as she stood surrounded by her class mates, she fully deserved the title.

"I am sorry girls that I can't stay to see your good looking old man," she said moving off toward the door of the building," but," she continued, "I must dress and practice my song before I sing this afternoon; so I must hurry as there is only a little while to do it in." A shade crossed her face, "I want to stay with you all so much on this last day but I must go," and with a wave of her hand she disappeared, just in time to miss seeing a tall grey haired man who alighted from the station bus, and entered the great building, amid the murmurs of the girls.

An hour later as Helen Winthrop stood on the great platform and swept the audience with a glance, she failed to meet the eyes of the tall man in front, who gazed at her spell-bound, carried back through the years, by the beautiful picture. The platform faded and in fancy he saw another Helen, hair piled in the same loose confusion on her proud little head, with the same blue eyes, shaded by long lashes. The other Helen had even worn a dress similar to the one worn by the girl before him. And the opening strains of the old melody, his favorite, which the other Helen had sung so long ago, made the illusion complete.

He awoke from his reverie with a start and looking up met the blue eyes, shining with emotion, as the girl sang, "Old Alma Mater" and the two hundred sweet voices took up the strain. It was a beautiful custom, this singing of the "Alma Mater," at the close of the commencement exercises; more than one felt their throats contract as they listened.

As Helen came down the aisle with her class mates and passed out of the door, the English teacher met her and told her that she was wanted at once by Miss Beverly.

Entering the great green room of the Prin-

cipal she met not Miss Beverly but—her grandfather. With an exclamation she stopped and leaned against the closed door. The Judge took an impulsive step forward with arms outstretched but the girl seemed not to notice.

"Can't you forgive?" he asked wistfully, then as the girl did not raise her eyes, "I did not realize Helen, how much I needed you," he continued, "I do need you, little girl, I'm an old man now and I want you."

The blue eyes raised to his, but the girl beyond a slight exclamation did not answer. A flicker of pain crossed the stern face of the man and his head drooped, "Helen, child," he murmured to himself, "is this how I am to be repaid?" Then to the girl, "You are very like your Mother, child, and I need you in my old age. I was deprived of her; must I be deprived of you too, now when I need one of you so much?"

The girl impulsively put out her hand but drew it back quickly, "I am afraid"—she started but the man interrupted.

"I know what you would say," he said sadly, "but I want you to know that every minute since I sent you away from me I have missed you, not consciously but there has been an ache here," placing his hand over his heart, "An ache that couldn't be dulled. And until tonight I did not realize what it was I craved, but when I heard you sing, I knew!" he paused and turned from the girl, "I want my little girl, I want her as I never before wanted anything—I need her." he said huskily.

There was a moment of silence then the stern man felt a pair of soft arms about his neck and a damp cheek was pressed to his, as a sweet voice whispered, "Take your little girl, grandfather, I guess she needs you, too."

And Miss Beverly entering found the most beautiful girl clasped in the arms of a tall grey haired man.

Anne Wallace

A WHITE LIE

It was the morning after their quarrel. Betty Sherman, seated by the window watching the steady down-pour felt that she never could be happy again. Why on earth, she thought, had she been so fussy, and what little imp had made her break off her engagement with Jack and go to the party with that hateful Bob Simons? Oh dear! and wasn't this a dreadful day and didn't she just hate everybody and everything anyway?

But a girl of Betty's type is a very strong enemy of the glooms. So it was not very long before she decided to go and see Mammy Liza as the best cure for them.

After a brisk walk she at length reached Mammy Liza's. Mammy lived on the outskirts of Brownsville, a suburb of one of our southern cities. Knocking at the door, Betty was greeted by Mammy herself.

"Lawdy Miss Betty, this aint no kind of weather for the likes o'you to be slopping aroun' in. Why, honey, you might catch yo' death of cold." With which words and other such admonitions, Mammy took off Betty's coat, seated her in a rocker in front of the fire, and in less time than a cat can wink its eye, was seated opposite her and listening to her tale of woe over cups of steaming coffee.

"Lawdy hon, that is bad," said Mammy, "but do you want me to tell you a story?"

"Oh, do!" cried Betty.

"Well," said Liza, "once there was a girl named Liza, yep, dat's me. Well dis here 'Liza, she was natchally the best lookin' gal in 'Sweet Home,' and chile, all die gentlemen dey was crazy 'bout her. But she aint payin' none of 'em no mind, case she was plum gone on Sam Johnson. Why hon dat Sam he was *some* niggah, and he was to be married to 'Liza.

"One night at a dance down at 'Blackman's' Hollow,' dar war a coon what fell for 'Liza and he done made eyes at her. Now Sam he didn't like dat so he ups and tells 'Liza to come and go home. Now it wouldn't

have hurt dat gal to go, being as how dar warn't but one mo' dance anyhow and likewise Sam not feeling well. But bless my soul, if dat gal didn't get mad and up an' tole Sam as how she hated him and run off with dat other coon and married him and honey she's been sorry," and there were real tears rolling down Mammy's black cheeks. "Oh, lawdy, she's been so sorry evah since," finished Mammy 'Liza.

"And now honey," Mammy continued, "you run home jest as fast as those pretty little feet can take you, and you tell Mars's Jack dat you loves him and how you's mighty sorry for what you done." And Betty went.

Four months later, as Mammy was sitting by the fire reading the "Log Cabin Democrat," she nodded her head up and down very vigorously. "Yep, it's jest like I says," she said to herself. "A white lie told once in a while is a mighty good thing. Why, dar nevah war no Sam an' I done been happy all my natchal married life."

With a broad chuckle, adjusting her crooked steel rimmed glasses, she read again the following item:

"Last night Miss Elizabeth Sherman was married to Mr. Jack Valliant. The ceremony"—etc. *Gladys Frauenthal.*

WATER-MELONS

Topsey was well known in Jim Town as being extremely fond of water-melons. The fact that she wasn't the least bit particular to whom the desired fruit belonged caused her neighbors endless trouble watching their gardens.

But she looked with equal disdain on watchful guardians, and high picket fences.

No one ever had guessed that Topsey was afraid of anything, until old Tom Sandy came out of the woods and told such queer tales of strange, horrible animals he had seen there. His vivid description of something which resembled a donkey, with large, red, glaring eyes, which moaned like the wind and yelled

like a cat, fairly made her tiny, black, wiry pig-tails stand on end.

One day, when Tom was getting more "scary" than ever, and Topsey was sitting on the grass beside him, her little black face all wrinkled up, her snappy little eyes opened wide with wonder and fright for she heard him say, "So, hon, you all jest stay right away from these ere melon patches 'cause the cretur (Tom always called his mind-child the 'cretur') sure do love water-melons, and some dark night when all th' peoples is asleep, it may come a'ter one, and———" old Tom rolled back his eyes, till it seemed as if he didn't have any at all, and rocked on his heels, shaking his grey head, at the awful thing that would surely eat the little black girl, if she should be so unfortunate as to meet the 'cretur on one of her nightly rambles.



After Tom and Topsey had walked away, Toney Brown climbed painfully out of the branches of a tree, near by, and lowered his cramped little body down to the ground. Although his every limb shrieked with pain after being huddled so long in the same uncomfortable position, his wee little eyes rolled merrily from side to side and his dusky face was fairly wreathed with smiles, as he thought of his plan to frighten Topsey.

That evening a queer looking object came from the Brown's shed, and took a stand be-

hind the big apple tree, where one could get a good view of the *front* fence.

It was Tony! wearing a queer false face of a donkey, with little lights inserted in the sockets, for eyes, which could be flashed at will.

The night was very dark and Tony didn't like standing there all alone, so late. He found himself inwardly quaking at every little noise. He wasn't just *sure* that there *wasn't* such a thing as the 'cretur, and if it *did* like water-melons, and if it should happen to come to *this* garden, and should find *him* there——

A faint crack of a twig breaking, and a dimly outlined shape—Toney was *sure* he could see the horns moving slowly thru the melon-patch. He drew in his breath sharply, There! It crowded down! He could see its glaring eyes! Heavens! Now it was coming right for him—"Oh Lawdy!" Save this coon! It's the 'cretur for sho', he shrieked, and began to pull his trembling body up into the tree.

The sudden, terrified cries, must have scared even "the cretur," for when Toney dared look again, he was just in time to see a pair of very familiar looking pig-tails waving in the breeze, as their owner scampered wildly over the *back* fence, hugging tightly to her fluttering little heart—a water-melon.

Ida Beane.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Far down one of the oldest streets of an old New England village, stood a gloomy old stone house. For a century or more this place, as the story runs, had been associated with a number of harrowing tales of mysterious deaths and weird disappearances.

For a number of years, now, it had been deemed a haunted house and had stood empty; since the last occupant, a quaint old cobbler had suddenly disappeared from his little world.

Every one viewed this old mansion with a strange manner, little wishing to venture within its cold walls. Here lay the test of daring among the boastful young boys of the village. But few clung to courage when the door was reached.

One day, however, a crowd of daring youths gathering at noon in the little village school house, decided that the mystery about the Haunted House should be settled by them that very night. They would brave the terrors and explore the place. Moreover they would do it with out the help of lanterns, or weapons.

As planned, the little party met that evening at ten o'clock and silently but thoughtfully stole to the Haunted House. The only approach available was through the cellar. One by one they crept down the outer stairs. Suddenly a loud splash and a groan from their leader. What had happened? Soon they learned that there was about a foot of water in the cellar; splashing about, here and there, through the dusky shadows they came to a stairway, which they climbed. At the top was a door, through which they passed into a silent room. Here they heard low moans and faint rustling noises. The dim moon shone on some strange object. From room to room they went always hearing the same weird noises. Soon they came to a very small room; the pale moonlight fell across the floor and there in the path sat the bent form of the cobbler, diligently working with his rat-ti-tat-tats, rat-ti-tat-tats. As they gazed they saw the tall figure of a beautiful woman, dressed in white. As she silently neared the old cobbler, his face looked patiently up into hers. Suddenly they glanced toward the door and saw the boys staring at them. In a flash they glided through a secret door and were gone.

Stricken dumb the boys faced one another, then silently turned and ran for the door, bearing with them the secret.

And from that day forth they have never mentioned the Haunted House.—*Ruth Hall.*

LOCALS



MAY DAY

Much to our delight May Day dawned fair, with bright warm sunshine. There was a great deal of excitement during the day as everyone was so anxious to know who the chosen ones would be.

At four o'clock all gathered about the throne which was placed just opposite Carter Hall. In a few minutes singing was heard and as we looked up we saw the Seniors in caps and gowns, each one carrying the American Beauty rose, coming down the walk. They marched by twos up to the throne and then stopped. All held their breath as the Senior President, Ruby Newcomb and the Vice President, Lena Vee Kelly walked down the line to find the Queen and her Maid of Honor. Maidie Dealey of Dallas, Texas proved to be the choice for May Queen and Lois Brader of Lehigh, Pa., for the Maid of Honor. As both girls were Seniors, their caps and gowns were removed and they were escorted to the throne. Catherine Carter, the Queen of 1913, crowned the Queen with a wreath of arbutus. Then came the graceful May Pole dance; sixteen girls dancing around the May

Pole intertwined streamers of blue and white. After this each class in costume sang songs and paid homage to the Queen. The Preparatory class were dressed in white and yellow, the Freshmen in Japanese costumes, the Sophomores in white, with ribbons of their class colors, rose and gray, tied on their arms, the Specials in green and white, and the Juniors in shepherdess costumes, each one carrying a crook tied with class colors, black and gold. The color effects were very artistic. As each girl passed, she kissed the hand of the Queen. One very pretty feature of the afternoon was a peasant dance given by the students of the French department. The ceremony of planting the rose then brought to a close another very successful May Day.

PLANTING OF THE ROSE-BUSH

'Tis the time for roses,
Roses bloom in spring,
Roses fair most everywhere
Sweet thoughts of love will bring
So, here by our Crow's Nest, of roses
As there's nary a one, we plant one today,
And 'mid summer suns and winter winds
May it live and thrive for aye.

Tune: Rose of Tipperary

LASELL LEAVES

PROCESSIONAL

Now the Seniors all come here today,
To welcome the May-Queen,
We stand in patience waiting
To pay homage to our Queen.

We're wondering who's the chosen one,
Her name will soon be known,
And we'll honor her and welcome her
When she comes to take her throne.
Tune: Hail to the King. Tech Show



SENIORS MARCHING TO CAMPUS



JUNIORS

SONG TO QUEEN

Hail to the Queen, the chosen one,
The pride of our school so dear,
With loyal hearts we homage pay
To the Queen before us here.
May she ever be true to Lasell
And ne'er forget this day,
Is the wish of 1914
To the Queen of May.

Tune: Hail to the King, Tech Show.

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN

Hail to thee, Queen of the joyous May
Adored by each subject this glad some day.
There was never a Queen of virtue more rare
Whose subjects for her more adventures would
dare;
For as fragrant with beauty as are the spring
flowers
Which open their buds at the touch of the showers,
So shines forth thy beauty, most glorious Queen
And lends a rich grace to all this fair scene.
We promise obedience to all thy requests
And crown thee with pleasure, most gracious and
best.

SPECIAL SONG—Tune "Venus Waltz"

You fair Queen
Now that your face we've seen
All that in our rapture
We've tried in vain to capture
We Specials sing
To you dear Queen so fair
At your feet we sing and at your throne we kneel
To our dear Queen may she forever reign.

FRESHMAN SONG—Tune, "This is the Life"

We love the fall and winter, but
Spring is the time
Spring is the time
We love those May-pole dances
Done by upper classmen
While we freshmen watch them
We love our Alma Mater and the Queen of the May
Blue and White forever, bind us strong together.
Cheer for the Queen!
Long live the Queen!
Hurrah! for the Queen of the May.

JUNIOR SONG—Tune, "Mendelsohn's Spring Song"

In the gentle spring time, when the girls
Do come to greet you, dear Queen of the May,
May you receive the tribute
Which we bring to you.
It is the greatest honor which we pay.
Now we do all honor thee
And we do all sing to thee
Our Queen of the May, in all your majesty
Garbed in the whitest robes
And crown upon your head
Lasell's delight you e're will prove
In all your grace and charm
Oh May Queen dear, we wish you all good cheer!
Maid of Honor and you
We wish success life through.

TRACK

The faculty and students turned out in large numbers to see some splendid work in track on May 4. About seventy-seven girls entered and they greatly appreciated the interest shown by the spectators. Considering the amount of preparation and practice, the girls did remarkably well, and all should be congratulated.

The meet was well planned by Miss Warner and systematically carried on by Florence Evans as first lieutenant, with Clara MacDonald, E. Beach, Marcia Fogg, Gratia De Zouche and Charlotte Swartwout as assistants.

The first event was the standing broad jump, which went to the Sophomore without a hitch, C. Rice, taking first, M. Griffin, second, M. Morgan third; the distance eight feet, two inches. Then came



RUNNING HIGH JUMP

the running high jump which brought about some splendid jumping. There were twenty entries, one of which was that of our May Queen. Her successful tries were applauded loudly as were those of the girls in the finals. N. Woodward, '15 took first place; then came A. Viener, '14; and C. Rice, '16; height four feet and four inches. Because of the large number of entries the 100 yd. dash was run in heats. Finally G. Bettcher '14 finished first, with Joscelyn '15 and C. Hasty '16, second

and third respectively. Then came the hop, skip and jump in which the winners surprised even themselves. C Rice '16 was given first place, N. Woodward '15 second, and R. Anderson, Special third; distance thirty feet and ten inches. The shot put was the

next attraction which R. Davis '14 won by throwing it thirty-four feet. B. Emerine and E. Perkins of the Juniors took second and third. The last and perhaps the most exciting event was the relay race in which the three upper classes entered. The Sophomore team composed of C. Hasty, M. Hayden, M. Griffin and C. Rice took first place, with the Seniors.



FINISH OF THE 100 YARD DASH



WAITING FOR THEIR TURN



THE WINNER

M. Dealey, R. Davis, A. Viener and G. Bettcher next, and the Juniors, V. Ferguson, Hildreth, N. Woodward and L. Josecelyn 3rd. Many girls whose names do not appear here because of lack of training deserve a great deal of commendation and we wish them the success in next year's meet which they well deserve. The other classes might well take the splendid spirit shown by the Sophomores as their example.

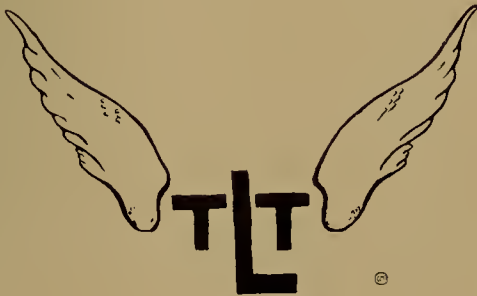
Because of their conspicuously splendid work and the largest number of entries the meet goes to the Junior class. The standing



FIRST LIEUTENANT

of the classes is as follows: Juniors, thirty-five; Seniors, thirty-two; Sophomores, thirty; Special, sixteen points.

With almost no training the girls made splendid showing both in interest and work and give us cause to wish that this particular line of activity might be given more time and attention.



On Thursday, April 16, Dr. Palmer gave us the first of his lectures, in the Chapel. The subject of the lecture being the ten commandments for health. They were simple commandments but if obeyed, long life, a pleasing personality and good health will be ours.

A second talk was given to the girls by Dr. Palmer on April 30. We certainly are glad to have him come just as often as he can spare us the time.

We have been especially favored this year in having two fine dramatic readings. The first one was given by Mrs. Martin, our attractive and popular teacher of expression. She read with a great deal of power Justin McCarthy's "If I were King" which she had, herself, arranged from the original story. The remarkable interpretation of this difficult dramatization as well as the thrilling story itself held the audience almost spell-bound. We are again indebted to Mrs. Martin for another in the long list of delightful entertainments which she has provided for Lasell girls.

The second dramatic reading came on Thursday evening April 23, when Mrs. Elizabeth Pooler Rice read the play "Cousin Kate." We had all looked forward to the evening with great anticipations, for we heard Mrs. Rice last year, remembered her as a most charming entertainer. She is also a favorite because she is an Honorary Member of our Dramatic Club. Our expectations were realized, for "Cousin Kate" appealed to all the girls and Mrs. Rice's charming personality added much to the evening's enjoyment.

We are all especially interested in Mrs. Rice's career, since, for years, she was a pupil of Mrs. Martin. She is now the Senior teacher in the Leland Powers School of Expression.

The visit to the Squire Meat Packing House on April 26 was of unusual interest to the Household Economics Class. As they went through the factory each process was

clearly explained. They were told how each piece of meat is treated on its way to the packing-box. Afterwards an enjoyable luncheon was served on the cafeteria plan.

On Saturday afternoon, April 25, we girls took our accustomed places in the chapel to listen to the usual Saturday afternoon lecture. Imagine our surprise to find that we were going to have the treat of a "movie picture show." Miss Potter charmingly introduced to us the lecturer, who, to our great amazement and delight was actually *young and nice looking*. A murmur of interest and approval ran through the chapel. He was a representative of Hood and Sons Pure Milk Co. By his interesting talk and pictures, the right way of producing milk and the wrong way of producing it were shown. We were made to understand the importance of this subject in relation to health and the prevention of disease.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

April 21, Tuesday evening, Miss Potter led Christian Endeavor. Her subject was *Prayer and its Helpfulness*. We wish more girls had heard her talk which was full of fine suggestions. Helen Benson sang.

April 28, the meeting was in charge of Barbara Janes. Dr. Butters, of the Methodist Church, gave a most interesting talk, telling of his experiences when a young man. The girls listened eagerly to every word, and were sorry when he finished.

Tuesday, May 5, Marcia Fogg led the Christian Endeavor Meeting. As it was a song service, many familiar hymns were sung. Charlotte Swartwout also sang.

VESPERS

On the afternoon of April nineteenth all of the girls went to the Church of the Messiah to hear the repetition of their Easter Cantata, Stainer's "Jairus' Daughter." The music was very good, and the girls enjoyed very much this form of Sunday Vespers.

On April 26, Rev. Brewer Eddy, the Honorary Member of 1914, and Mrs. Eddy were with us for Vespers. Mrs. Eddy told us, most interestingly, of the life, and programs followed out at the Northfield Conferences every summer. Her talk was followed by one on "The Fundamental Purposes of the Conference" by Mr. Eddy. This talk was truly inspiring, and made us hope that Lasell may soon be represented at these conferences. Marian Newland sang.

Sunday night, May 3, we had an unusually stirring talk by Mrs. Mary Carr Curtis, General Student Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, upon her own experiences in India. Her story was very charmingly told, with many personal touches, which pleased the girls very much and kept their attention throughout. At the close of the service Laura Hale sang an appropriate song.

As is the yearly custom, the Lasell Missionary Society had a cafeteria in the gymnasium Saturday, April 25. Each class was responsible for a table, where they sold different "eats."

It was a very delightful evening and from conversations overheard, we judge that every one had a most enjoyable time. The Missionary Society wishes to thank each class for its valuable assistance in making the evening so successful financially as well as socially for the profits netted over eighty-one dollars.

What an array of gorgeous balloons! Guess we have all gone back to our childhood days for at May Day luncheon everyone who was lucky enough to see the "balloon man" came to luncheon with a balloon on a long string. The sight reminded us of circus day.

May 2 was a big "yellow" day at Lasell. If you did not wear a yellow jonquil, you should have, that is all! We were well represented in the parade in Boston by Mlle. Le Royer, Fraulein Heinrich, Miss Howes, Miss Mulli-

kin and Miss Riker. Several of the girls who could not march, went in town and watched and applauded heartily. It certainly was an exciting day.

' "If you re'waking, call me early' " for I'm going over to the May Breakfast." That was what a great many of the girls said the night before May Day, for upon that grand day they all went over to the Methodist Church and fed upon strawberries and cream as well as other delicious food. On May 9, also, the girls took breakfast at the Congregational Church.

/ Are you going to march in the Suffragette parade?" "Why I just guess I am!" Such was the talk for some days until Miss Rand made the announcement in Chapel that only Seniors, those over twenty years of age and those who had permission from home would be permitted to march. / Such sad faces! Well we very soon saw which ones sent telegrams home. We surely thought Ruth Com-mack would be the first one out and who knows who might have followed?

The Junior Class is very grateful to all of those who appeared Monday May 4th to have their pictures taken for the Allerlei. We thank both the faculty and the girls for their evident desire to help us and for their appreciation of what we are doing.

We hear that Main has formed an army! Bancroft also organized an army and started for Mexico but as the study-hour bell rang their plans were foiled. The Clark girls are now planning to become Red Cross nurses. We hope all the other houses will follow these good examples.

Bess Emerine was writing a seemingly brilliant French paper and to all but the critical eye of Mlle. Le Royer it might have passed beautifully. B—U—T—Mlle. reads it, "What's this, her Mother and Father are dead—yes—but you have written her Mother and Father are codfish."

"Sis" is going to try to "get cute" so we can have more jokes in the *Leaves*.

WE ARE PREPARED

The latest in the papers,
Is a plan for mediation,
And we're just as disappointed
As can be.
Our plans have all gone under,
(Tho' we hope for arbitration
We had planned to help our country)
As you'll see.
The officers are chosen,
And a trip for girls is ready
To go marching to the border
On the run.
The uniforms are new ones,
And with sword and gun they're drilling
To be ready for the battle
Should it come.
As nurses, or as soldiers,
They could enter any army.
For their methods are quite modern
Don't you know!
But strikes in Colorado
Call out the last enlistments,
So our girls must leave behind them,
Mexico!

M. Jones



PERSONAL



The wedding record for April and May is an interesting one, not only to the parties immediately concerned but to the "lookers on" at Lasell whose hearty congratulations go out to each of these happy couples.

On Tuesday, April 21, Dorothea Turner '06 became Mrs. Chester Howard Moulton at Rutland, Vermont.

On April 21, also occurred the marriage of Agnes Adelsdorf '12 to Mr. Alexander Strauss at Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Halberstadt announce the marriage of their daughter Augusta Baird to Mr. Ridgway Bowers Espy

at Pottsville, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Espy will be at home after the first of June at 88 So. Franklin Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

On Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of April, Julia De Witt '10 became Mrs. James Paulding Read at Newark, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Read will be at home at 114 Johnson Ave., Newark, after the first of June.

One of the latest gifts to the Lasell grandchildren Album came from Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn, '02 and is a recent charming photograph of her four little children, Marjorie, aged seven years, Horace, five, Helen, two and a half, and baby Nancy, one year.

Along with the photograph came some interesting news about this Lasell girl and some of her school mates. She speaks of pleasant visits with Mariam Nelson Flanders '05, who like herself is now a Winnipeg girl, and also of Annie Crowe '09, our last visitor from Winnipeg. While East, Annie Mae saw Fannie Davis of whom she writes, "she is working in the Y. W. C. A. in her home town of Lawrence, has charge of all the social department of the organization, and as usual puts all her heart and soul into her work." Annie also adds, "I received a splendid new photograph of Edith Ebersole Dowd '03 and her little daughter this week. Florence Ebersole Bartlett '02 has two lovely children, Katherine Blair, nearly four years old and a two years old son. I had a fine visit last summer from Bess Lum '01 who spent several days with us getting acquainted with the children and talking about Lasell. She is busy in California teaching piano and studying voice, making a fine success in both. A letter received recently from Katherine McCoy '01 tells of a visit to Marion Mann Miles '02 in Cynwyd, a suburb of Philadelphia. While there she met Florence Thompson Gats and also Katherine Mason '99 who is married and living in the same neighborhood."

The *Leaves* editor notices with interest Annie's criticism, "I have been greatly interested in reading the *Leaves* and think they are getting better all the time" and our principal calls special attention to this sentence, "but as the years go on the girls of our day do not send enough news of themselves. I know they are busy with their families, as I am, but if each one would try to write a letter once a year, telling all the news they know of old girls it would help a lot."

We must not fail to mention that Annie Mae has kept up her musical interest, being a member of the Winnipeg Musical Club, and has never dropped her singing. While East, she took advantage of taking a few lessons of Miss Priscilla White. We are grateful for this interesting glimpse into this

graduate's daily routine and also her friendly word concerning her Lasell friends.

We are beginning to wonder if there will soon be any of this world left for Christine Ryrie and Hazel Drew to conquer! They are certainly getting to be famous travelers but in the midst of their good times they never forget to send a loyal loving greeting to Lasell. The latest from Christine came from San Juan, which she describes as a most quaint and interesting place. Hazel Drew sends a charming picture of the water front and shipping district of Victoria, B. C. I wonder if we dare print it! Yes, we will venture to say that she adds, "I like the United States better and will be glad to get home after nearly four months' visit out on the Western coast."

Lasell has been filled with anxiety concerning the safety of Clementina Butler (at Lasell in 1880.) Relief has come to us in a message received from her sister, Mrs. William Thurber of Providence, R. I., who after days of anxiety received a telegram from her brother, Dr. John Butler, saying that he and his wife had escaped from Mexico City and were safe in Vera Cruz and that Miss Butler was still in her school at Pueblo under French protection.

A friendly word received lately from Pauline Cook tells of her recent illness and more recent convalescing. We send our sympathy with sincere hopes for her speedy recovery.

Dear Frances Allen, too, has been in the hospital for a slight operation, but we are thankful to say, is "on the mend."

We note by the *Wellesley College News* that Helen Sayre '11 is one of the Durant scholars of 1915. We rejoice in this deserved honor.

Rosalthe Williams '12 has time for something beside her music. In a letter she writes, "Perhaps you would like to know that in this little town we have organized a union society for home and foreign missions. We started with ten members and are now sure of eleven others who will join at the next

meeting. Most of them are girls who work all day and have only their evenings to themselves, but even so we are enthusiastic and can help a little." Thank you, Rosalthe, for this good news!

We have never had a more delightful surprise than that sudden appearing of Agnes Adelsdorf Strauss '12 and her husband. We have a strong suspicion that Lasell was their first stop on their honeymoon. Since meeting Mr. Strauss, we can extend unusually hearty congratulations to both.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Marian Hale, '10 of South Glastonbury, Conn., to Mr. Edward Battomley of Enfield, New Hampshire. The marriage will take place in June and Mr. and Mrs. Battomley will live in Enfield.

The engagement of Dorothy Tale of Omaha, Neb., to Mr. Sidney Smith of Hartford, Conn., formerly of Auburndale, is announced.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Ruth Arend to Mr. Louis Tracy Girdler of Muskegan, Michigan. The wedding takes place June 2 in the Central Congregational Church Newtonville, Mass., and after September 1 Mr. and Mrs. Girdler will be at home in Muskegon.

Winnie Ewing Coffin '89 has been spending the winter in California. We are glad to learn that she is planning to return to New England and Lasell to help her class celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary.

In a recent note to our principal, Edith McClure Patterson '02 speaks very touchingly of the death of Bell Clokey Wise '02, which we had recorded in a former issue of the *Leaves*, and also adds the most interesting word that she has learned from Bell's father and mother that they are planning a most beautiful tribute to Bell's memory for they are intending to turn their home "The Fires" at Decatur, Ill., into a Community Center and Home for Factory Girls, and Edith adds, "It is an ideal home for such a purpose for it is large and has several acres of land

about it." We are grateful for this word from Edith, and are also especially pleased to add the news concerning this memorial to Bell Clokey.

We are indebted to Winnie Ewing Coffin '89 for the following tribute to the memory of Anna Mitchell Martin '87:

Died at Battle Creek Sanitarium, December 18, 1913, Anna Mitchell Martin, class of 1887.

Anna Mitchell was born in Martinsville, Ind., in 1868. There she grew to womanhood, receiving her education at Lasell, graduating in 1887. She was married to Edward R. Martin of Kansas City and made her home in that city until the time of her death. She leaves her husband and two sons, Rulif Mitchell Martin, a student at the University of Missouri, and Giles Edward Martin, at Andover, Mass. She was ill for fourteen months suffering a complete nervous breakdown.

Anna Mitchell's sunshiny disposition and great personal charm made her a favorite among her Lasell schoolmates, and each of them will mourn with her family at this untimely closing of her earthly life.





In chapel recently, Dr. Winslow spoke about the splendid way in which the losers in the Field Meet, May 4, took their defeat. His opinion is most certainly worth repeating. He said that it is all very well to win in the different events, but to be practically certain of defeat and yet to keep on in the contest, or when defeat comes, to accept it without question or comment, is worth a great deal more. We can but speak with praise of the girls, who although disabled were "sports" enough, to use the "heroic" slang, to go into the race. Everyone who witnessed the nerve and grit of Eunice Williams and Lucile Jocelyn in the Track Meet will readily agree with us I am sure. We are exceedingly proud to have Lasell supported by such good losers, for they are worth more than all of the record-breakers put together. We certainly are proud of them!

The editor wishes to thank most heartily

all of the girls who have remembered the *Leaves* box. She hopes to have occasion to continue extending thanks in the future also; but appreciates, most certainly, all that has been given up to the present time.

No school, however well-built or fire-proof is safe without a systematic and organized fire drill. We all admire the way in which the Wellesley girls conducted themselves in their recent disaster. This could not have been accomplished without faithful practice. Lasell has at last started this system of organized drills and it is the duty of every girl to do her very best, considering it a serious matter and not looking at it as a source of amusement. If the girls are not able to conduct themselves in the drills, what could they expect to do in case of a real fire? So we ask every Lasell girl, in order to insure safety for herself and the whole school to co-operate in this new movement and try to make it a success and a protection for the school.

EXCHANGES



Echoes, Holy Angels High School, Fort Lee N. J.—“The Necessity of Law” shows thought. You also have several excellent poems. Your paper is very complete, and one of the most interesting on our Exchange list.

The Lotus—You have a fine athletic department. Your paper is very good on the whole but you should have a few more stories. The poem “The Modern Girl” is true to life.

The Missile—The story “The Awakening” is clever and its author deserves praise.

New Trier Echoes—The Freshmen are to be congratulated on the creditable April number of your magazine which they edited. “A Profitable Sale” is excellent, and “Our New Englanders” is also interesting.

The Quincy High School Q—“On the Order of Poe—Somewhat” is quite out of the or-

dinary. Your magazine is rich in good stories

The Red and Green—You have a very good athletic department, but where is your Exchange column? More stories, also, would add to the interest of your paper.

The February-March number of the *Vindex* is extremely interesting. You have a very good “Literary” department. The stories are entertaining. We are looking forward eagerly to the number in which “Humoreske” will be completed.

The B. H. S. Tatler—You have a very good school magazine but would not a “Table of Contents” add to it? Could you not comment on your Exchanges?

The Orange—Your cover is very attractive. The “Fall of London” in your March number was very interesting. You have a live

Athletic department. We shall always welcome your paper among our exchanges.

We enjoyed very much the March number of the *Virginian* and hope that it will always be on our exchange table. The athletic section in this number is full of interest.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The snow scenes and cuts are undoubtedly the best we had seen. Your magazine is well edited but we should like to see you review more magazines. The "Reward of Kindness" is an excellent story.—*The Tatler*, Elizabeth City High School.

Lasell Leaves—After reading your paper, it would be impossible for any one to say that girls are not as capable of editing a paper as boys are. First, as we read your literary department we are delighted with the many interesting and clever stories. Next, your editorials and exchanges please us still more. Then to all these surprises you add a number of excellent photographs, which certainly make yours a paper to be praised. Surely you are among our best exchanges—*Shamokin High School Review*.

Lasell Leaves—All your departments are remarkably well handled. Your literary section is the best we have read this month.—*The Garnet and Gray*.

Lasell Leaves—Your cover is very good and your "Locals" are also very interesting. Your magazine is always attractive and interesting.—*The Messenger*.

The Literary department in both your November and Christmas numbers are very good but all the other departments would be better if they were longer. The supplement to your Xmas number is very good. Your cover designs are unusually attractive.—*The Roman*,

Lasell Leaves—Your February issue is excellent. The Literary department is fuller and better than usual. The departments are concise.—*The Centralian*.

Lasell Leaves for this month is very well gotten up and contains many excellent stories.

The Lasell girl is a novel idea.—*The Vindex*.

Your paper is just as interesting as ever, and the cuts and photographs make it most attractive.—*The Orange*.

Lasell Leaves—Yours is an excellent paper. The literary department of the Xmas number was especially interesting and well written.—*The Keene Chronicle*.

We are always glad to add to our list papers of such high standards as the *Lasell Leaves*. An artistic cover, fine photographs, and cuts give an very attractive appearance. A supplement for Alumnae is an original idea. The Supplement contains letters from graduates, reports from Alumnae clubs, and other items which undoubtedly increase the interest of former students of the school.—*The World*.

Lasell Leaves—Your paper is one of the most interesting, well arranged and well balanced exchanges in our reading room. Your cuts are exceptionally appropriate and original.

Lasell Leaves—Your paper is simply splendid! It is an inspiration to us, while the Exchange Department is a real help and we use it often. How on earth can you afford to maintain such an enormous Exchange list?—*The Spectator*.

"Oh it's work, work, work
At the foolish exchange page here
And every one hates our work
Tho' we do our best to cheer
But theres one sweet thought we cherish
When the outlook seems most drear
Some other crazy sap heads
Will hold this job next year."—*Ex*.

PLEASE HEED

Other papers oft remind us
We can make our own sublime
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little
Story, news-notes, song or jest,
If you want a good school paper
Each of you must do your best!—*Ex*.



THE SUPPLEMENT

FOR ALUMNAE AND FORMER STUDENTS

"Once a Lasell girl, always a Lasell girl"

FOREIGN NUMBER

All articles or "bits of gossip" for the Supplement should be sent to the Supplement editor,
Lillian M. Packard.

MISS BLAISDELL'S MESSAGE

Dear Lasell-Girls around the World:

As I sit at my desk, busy with the many intricate and perplexing problems, little known to you in the business life at Lasell, I still find time to think of you all. Some of you were my pupils, some of you received your first lessons in keeping your personal accounts from me, all of the money which has been given with generosity and sometimes with self-sacrifice by your parents has gone through my hands. By these ways I have come to have an interest in you all. Now when I get weary in the work but not of it, it rests me to know that many of you are my warm personal friends.

Lovingly,

"A. B."

LASELL GIRLS AND WORLD TRAGEDIES

We have written of Lasell girls in Club Work and in Business, now the current events of the day especially in Mexico have suggested the more thrilling head line, "Lasell Girls and World Tragedies."

Mexico

On my desk is a postal dated May 4 reading "Telegram from John last night says he

and family are at Very Cruz, Clementina at Puebla under French protection."—"John" is Dr. John Butler, the head of the Methodist Missions in Mexico, and the father of our Evelyn Butler Arnold who lives in Mexico City with her husband and children, and the brother of our Clementina who went there this winter for a few months visit and work.

India, Sepoy Rebellion

Thinking of them carries us back to the stories we have heard his father Dr. William Butler and "Mother Butler" tell of their heart-breaking experiences in the midst of the horrible mutiny in the Sepoy Rebellion in India many decades ago in which they were central factors.

Boxer Troubles, China

When the whole Christian world was stirred by the Boxer troubles in the latter part of the nineteenth century, shut up in Peking within the compound in which the foreigners were protected were two of our girls, Ruth Cranston and Laura Conger, (now Mrs. Buchan) in common with the other women who were there they made bags of every available material, cheap or costly for the fortifications.

Armenian Massacres

When years ago the Turks carried on their

heartless attacks upon the Armenians and Harpoot, Turkey in Asia was one of the centers of attack, one of the bombs that was hurled into the city fell within the walls of the home of Emma Barnum (now Mrs. Riggs.) It was only one of the many hard experiences of those days.

Turkish Atrocities

Some years later when there were Turkish atrocities again, this time in Tarsus, the home of St. Paul, and a few Americans lost their lives, the first victim was the brother in law of Anna Christie.

Spanish-American War

Lasell girls in common with many New England students have for many years been interested in the International Institute for Girls in Spain. It has a double interest for us as its founder Alice Gordon Gulick was once a student here. Its home is in Madrid. At the time of the Spanish-American War Dr. and Mrs. Gulick and the American teachers thought it would be safer for them to leave the country and to their surprise and gratification all their Spanish pupils followed them into exile, even though Spain was at war with America.

Revolution in Nicaragua

At the time of the outbreak of the Revolution of 1909 in Nicaragua, Anna Andrews Barris and her husband were spending a few months in that country. I quote a few paragraphs from a newspaper report printed about that time. "More than once Mr. and Mrs. Barris had visions of being obliged to pass a part of their days in the proverbial southern prison. Mrs. Barris was followed through the streets by government soldiers who shouted at her and called her insulting names." In an interview, she says: "Many of our letters were opened: in fact we received only about half the mail that was sent us. When we left my husband was the bearer of a message from some of the people to President Taft."

The Titanic

On the ill-fated Titanic was Eloise Hughes

Smith, just returning from her wedding trip. She reached home in safety but her husband lost his life.

The San Francisco Earthquake

Annie Alexander, Daisy Hartshorn Cope, and Pauline Collins Ham, were living in the city and Elizabeth Warnock and her sister were visiting them. Barbara Vail Bosworth and her guest Emma Genn were in Berkeley. There were doubtless others also.

The 1913 Tornado

A number of our Council Bluffs and Omaha girls must have experienced this. We heard Nina Dietz named in connection with relief work.

The Ohio Flood

Helena Pfau Fitton's home suffered from this terrible flood. Her sister Gussie was not with her at the time.

Sophie Mayer '08, one of the post graduates this year tells us a vivid story of her experiences. The home in Hamilton was flooded to the second story and she and her family were taken from the second story in a motor boat to Cincinnati.

China

It seemed like a "world tragedy" when our sweet singer Mai Chisholm Brown was recalled from the world's work she had chosen in China to this country on account of the serious illness of her husband. The last two or three years have been mostly spent in what she so touchingly calls the "Shrine in the Desert" in southern California. But health has come back to her husband and a dear little boy blesses their home and now they are looking forward to a return to the country in which such transformations have been made since their departure. But she has been bringing Lasell and China together in these years at home by using the annual gifts sent by the Lasell Missionary Society, for her to use as she thought best, in building a Lasell Mission Chapel. If you will look very hard at the panel on the left of the door you may read Lasell Chapel.

FOREIGN MAIL

Meerut, India—Tell the girls that their gift will support one of our High School girls for six months. I am hoping she will be worthy of all you are doing for her.....This year besides my teaching I have the city Zenana

that you send money for my education. Although I cannot do anything for you I pray to my Heavenly Father to give you happy year and long days.....I send you my salutation and gratitude.—*Dziadzan Vartanian.*

(*A Lasell Protege*)



LASELL MISSION CHAPEL, YEN PING, CHINA

deal of time but that is what we are here for. I have the oversight of four day schools among the low caste children.....last of all, hold your breath, I am church organist! Esther has charge of the Kindergarten.....Tell Dr. Winslow I am learning to serve overhand work, it is enjoyable though it takes a good at tennis, have not got it to a fair point yet but hope to before 1917. I do *wish* I could see you all. *Anna Blackstock '06*

Harpoot, Turkey—I am thankful from you

Tokyo, Japan—The thrill with which I saw a letter for me with the Lasell mark on the corner of the envelope was increased to find that you are who still at Lasell were thinking of me.....I have never, never ceased to look back at Lasell with love, and have never forgotten the teachers or the girls who did so much to make my year one of the very gladdest memories of my life.....The Aoyama Io Gakuin where I am a teacher is in Tokyo and I am able to live at home, a very unusual

privilege for one working in a so-called foreign land. I am teaching English. There are about three hundred girls in the school and they are so bright and ambitious that the work is only pleasure.

The gift of the girls I shall use for a little group of Sunday School children gathered up from the street. I want to give the little black eyed mites some idea of the Christmas Spirit and Christmas love.....Love from Constance and myself.

Mary Ham Chappell

Angola, Africa—The money sent I shall apply on our Christmas. It will go for some of the clothes for our people. Will you express my thanks and say how very helpful it is coming just at this time. (This was sent through Lida Peck Green who went to Africa with her husband for missionary service. They were obliged to return on account of health but their interest is still there.)

Now we are all watching Mexico and our thoughts go often to our girls whose homes are within its boundaries. If our school record is correct the following are those whose homes are now in Mexico. Some of them have temporarily left the country, the others may have done so by this time.

Guanajuato, Mexico.

Mrs. Henry P. Smith (Josephine MacDonald), Mrs. Thos. L. Carothers (Argenta MacDonald), Mrs. Douglas Muir (Annie MacDonald), Mrs. Augustus MacDonald (Marriot Degen), Clara P. MacDonald (at school now).

Mexico City.

Mrs. Chas. I. Arnold (Evelyn F. Butler) 5 Gaute St., Mrs. Arthur I. Wren, (Harriet Lawrence). Mrs. C. M. Soule (Margaret Henderson) Asientas, Aguascalientes.

Tuxpam, Vera Cruz

Inez K. Payne, Apartado, No. 38.

Vera Cruz

Mrs. Sam D. Darman (Florence E. Bailey) Finca de la Florencia, San Juan Evangelista.

Our story is ended for this time, it has not been a very cheerful one, but emphasizes how little we know what is ahead of our girls.

Let us not forget to be grateful that through all of these experiences our girls have come unharmed.

FOREIGN NOTES

Miss Potter expects to sail for Europe with a party of Lasell girls, from Boston to Liverpool on June sixteenth, S. S. *Coronia* of the Cunard Line.

Bon voyage.

Bessie Shepherd sails with her party from New York on June thirtieth to Naples on S. S. *Hamburg*, of Hamburg-American Line. *Auf wiedersehen.*

Grace and Marguerite Vicary delighted their Lasell friends with a call this month. They were to sail the next morning with their father and mother for Naples.

Just as these "notes" are going to print, the mail brings this opportune note.

Laura Conger Buchan with her husband Captain Fred E. Buchan, 9th Cavalry, U. S. Army and her little daughter Sarah sailed February fourth via the transport *Sherman* for the Phillipine Islands where they are to be stationed for three years. Winnie Ewing Coffin '89 waved them farewell from the docks in San Francisco and Mercy Sinsabaugh Ingalls '87 welcomed them at Manilla.

Received on same mail (Did these girls know this supplement was specializing in foreign items?) "We are appointed to North China. Expect to start East May eighteenth, to return to San Francisco to sail August first. Greet all the friends for me.

Mae Chisholm Brown.

Julia Hamilton's sister and Hazel Bauer are members of Miss Potter's European Party.

Christine Ryrie writes recently from Porto Rico.

The Lasell Room in the International Institute in Spain in the Alice Gordon Gulick Memorial College Hall is the "Needle Work Room."

WELCOME MICHIGAN LASELL CLUB

First Luncheon was held at the Detroit Club, on Friday, May eighth, twelve-thirty o'clock.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLUB

The Annual Luncheon of the Southern California Club Lasell was given at Hotel Huntington, Pasadena, at one o'clock, February twenty-fourth, and was a delightful time. The following were present.

Mrs. Bertha Gray Richards, 1211 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, Mrs. Virginia Johnson Milbank, 2607 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Miss Cora Cogswell, 2607 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Miss Ellen Chase, 224 No. Soto St., Los Angeles, Mrs. Isabelle Bowers Church, 5907 Echo St., Los Angeles, Mrs. May Church Cottle, 1649 St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, Mrs. Mable Lord Preston, The Hershey Arms, Los Angeles, Mrs. Grace Bliss Stewart, The Hershey Arms, Los Angeles, Mrs. Louise Whitney Weaver, 1044 Grand View St., Los Angeles, Mrs. Anita Wade Ambrose, 2835 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Mrs. Marriott Degen MacDonald, 1517 W. 45th St., Los Angeles, Mrs. Grace Thomas Fonda, 231 E. Hazel St., Los Angeles, Mrs. Emilie Kothe Collins, 1251 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles, Mrs. Ruth Young Casson, cor. 17th Street and Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Fraulein Adele Roth, 154 So. Euclid Ave., Pasadena, Miss Margie M. Schuberth, 831 So. El Molino, Pasadena, Miss Jeanette L. Kiser, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 38, Pasadena, Miss Flora Joannes, 885 So. Madison Ave., Pasadena, Mrs. Caroline Ebersole Martin, 662 Prospect Square, Pasadena, Mrs. Grace Coon Palmer, 80 Ford Place, Pasadena, Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, 75 No. Grand Ave., Pasadena, C. C. Bragdon, 75 No. Grand Ave., Pasadena, Mrs. Belle Bragdon Barlow, 75 No. Grand Ave., Pasadena, Miss Martha E. Ransom, 75 No. Grand Ave., Pasadena, Mrs. Bessie Mattison Behr, 295 W. California St., Pasadena, Mrs. Irene Vedder Reighard, 272 W. Bellevue Drive, Pasadena, Mrs. Kate Wheldon Plumb, 2041 Ashburn Drive, South Pasadena, Mrs. Annie MacDonald Muir, 1005 So. Fair Oaks Ave., So. Pasadena, Miss Hilda MacDonald, 1005 Sol Fair Oaks Ave., So. Pasadena, Miss Gladys Lawton, 648

Olive St., San Gabriel, Miss Carolyn Lawton, 648 Olive St., San Gabriel, Miss Marion Spelger, Algonquin Apts., Seattle, Washington, Mrs. Helen Huntington Berryhill, Des Moines, Iowa.

The recent floods had carried away bridges so that Elizabeth Lum couldn't come from Whittier, or Lillian Douglas from Covina, or Maud Snyder Davis from Azusa. Miss Lum greeted us with a telegram. It is the first luncheon she has missed. The officers for next year are: *President*, C. C. Bragdon, *Vice President*, Cora Cogswell, '83, *Secretary*, Margie Schuberth, '96 *Treasurer*, Anita Wade Ambrose.

The Club fixed the date for Annual Luncheon as the last Tuesday in February.

C. C. B.

POSTSCRIPTS

In Club Work—Nellie Feagles Kattelle '97 is the National secretary of the Drama League.

Anna Bartlett Shepard (here 1878-80) is the vice president of the New Hampshire State Federation.

Anna Andrews Barris, President of "The Starr Club" Lynn, Mass, Membership 200. Waiting list 50. This club meets in an \$80,000 club house belonging to the federated clubs of Lynn. It carries on work in many lines. Carrie George Sumner is one of its members.

✓ Auburndale has a new Woman's Club with a charter membership of over two hundred and fifty. Mrs. Winslow is its first vice president and a number of the faculty are on its membership list. ✓

In Business—Anna Conant '09 is now a graduate nurse and writes to Miss Potter an interesting account of her first case.

FACULTY NOTES

Fraulein Heinrich has during the last year supervised the publication of a life of her

brother Wilhelm Heinrich, whose delightful recitals at Lasell in former years will long be remembered. This memorial tribute was written by Edith Lynwood Winn, a teacher of violin at the seminary for several years.

Miss Kendrick now holding the Helen Gould professorship of Biblical History at Wellesley College lost some of her valuable papers in the Wellesley fire but was more fortunate than many of her co-workers.

Several of the faculty took an active part in the Suffrage Parade May 2.

Miss Rand conducts the Friday morning chapel hour with a discussion of Current Events. The students have a share in it.

Miss Chamberlayne took lunch with us a few weeks ago and her cheery call was much enjoyed. She had with her our Miss Caldwell, now Mrs. McDonald.

This is a the first of series of stories and articles written by our girls which will appear from time to time. This Decoration Day story is taken from Frances Bent Dillingham's little book, "A Christmas Tree Scholar and Other Stories, A Book of Days." It has been necessarily somewhat condensed.

I.

DOROTHY'S CAPTAIN

"Good morning, Captain Baker: I thought I'd come over and see you," and Dorothy came dancing up the path to the porch where the old soldier sat. 'I've just moved into the house across the street and somebody told me you used to be a soldier so I came over to ask you how you enjoyed the war?'"

"Well, I don't know as I can exactly say as I enjoyed it, Miss—Miss—"

"Dorothy—Dorothy Seaton."

"Miss Dorothy; but I stood it as long as I could until I got a bullet in my leg."

"Oh, how dreadful! did the bullet hurt?"

"Well, bullets mostly do hurt," admitted the captain. Just then a figure appeared in the open doorway.

"How do you do, Mrs. Baker?" Dorothy said politely; "I thought I'd come over and call on the captain."

"Why, he ain't a captain."

"I know he isn't but I didn't believe Mr. Baker would mind if I called him that. He was telling me some stories about the war and the bullet he got in his leg; it must have hurt him awfully."

"Now don't go to telling that child any stories about all the dreadful things that ever happened to you," Mrs. Baker suddenly turned upon the lately titled captain who murmured hastily, "I wa' n't goin' to."

"It's nice he didn't get killed in the war," Dorothy suggested.

"Well if he had died somebody might have got the pension money he didn't seem to know how to get."

"Now, Miranda that wa'n't my fault," the captain protested but to Dorothy's great dismay this only started her with new vehemence on this subject. The captain said with dignity, "There, there, Miranda, that'll do before our neighbors," and his wife subsided and went into the house.

Dorothy breathed a little more freely and tried to think of some comforting remark. "It's too bad you haven't got a little girl, captain," she said after a healing silence.

"I did have one once; I'll show you her picture," and the captain drew from his worn vest pocket a little black case. The portrait was hard to distinguish and the little girl in Dorothy's estimation was not exactly pretty.

"She seems like a very nice little girl," Dorothy said in truthful compliment.

The Captain looked at it with pride. "Yes, you remind me some of her, I think you look kinder like her."

"Is she grown up now?"

"No, she died while I was off at the war."

Mrs. Baker must have felt dreadfully bad too," Dorothy ventured rather doubtful as to the effect of grief on that lady's temperament.

"Oh, she wa'n't Susie's mother, Her

mother died and I married again. I hope you'll come and see me real often; I git kinder lonesome sometimes."

Mrs. Baker stood in the doorway, and Dorothy stood upon the lowest step to say, "Good-by, Present Mrs. Baker."

"I've got a new friend," Dorothy announced at luncheon. He's an old soldier and he's got rheumatism in one leg and a bullet in the other, but he's very pleasant. He's got a wife, too, the Present Mrs. Baker and she's rather exhausting when she talks and she doesn't like it 'cause the captain didn't get any pencil money."

The acquaintance grew more delightful and each grew fond of the other for a number of reasons.

But there came a sudden interruption to the friendship one fair spring day. The captain had taken his usual constitutional and was removing his rubbers on the front porch—for he was a careful man and always wore both galoshes, despite his cork foot. Now the captain being a stout man was finding great difficulty in removing his footgear when Dorothy appeared walking up the path.

"Oh, Captain Baker," she cried, "let me help you!" And before the breathless captain could remonstrate she was sitting on the step tugging at the obstinate rubber. Dorothy exerted all her strength for a final effort. She heard something snap, the captain called, "Take care!" and horror of horrors! Dorothy found herself pulling off, not merely the rubber, but the boot, and not merely the boot, but the foot, and indeed the captain's very leg seemed coming toward her. With an awful shriek she fled down the garden path, and sped to her own home. She burst into the reception room with wild sobs. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "send for the doctor quick, quick! The captain's leg was cracked in the war and I've broken it right off!"

It was sometime before explanations could be given that the captain had lost his own leg in the war and now had a cork leg. When these astonishing facts were made known to

(continued on page 248)

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her she asked no questions but for some time she neither visited nor spoke of the captain.

As the soldier's day drew near Dorothy felt that there must be a conciliation between herself and her captain friend. Decoration Day was not made much of in this small town but this year the ceremonies were to be more impressive. A dignitary from Washington was to make an opening speech by the soldiers' monument and was afterward to be entertained at Dorothy's house.

On Decoration Day, at the last moment before the procession started for the cemetery her mother sent her with a message to her father at the hall and Dorothy seized this opportunity to take her bunch of apple blossoms and japonica in the carriage with her. There was much bustle when she reached the hall but she walked straight up to the most distinguished person to be seen, a great man in brass buttons, gilt cord, and gold lace and offered him the flowers.

"If you please, I should like to have these flowers put on Captain Baker's grave," she said.

"And who was Captain Baker, my little lady?" he asked graciously.

"He is a great friend of mine," she said in happy pride, "and he lives right near my house."

"Why I thought you wanted to put these flowers on his grave," the gentleman exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," Dorothy hastened to explain, "but not on the grave of the whole of him, he only lost part of him in the war. I wanted you to put these flowers on his leg's grave." "You see," Dorothy eagerly went on, "they didn't even give him a pension and they ought to, for he's a very nice man."

"Why, Dorothy," said her father's voice from behind, "Where did you come from?" She gave him her mother's message, and when the gentleman said he was coming to her home and would talk about the pension she rode home in a very contented frame of mind.

She gathered another bunch of flowers and

started for a visit to the neglected captain. Since his estrangement from Dorothy, Captain Baker had been most miserable. He sat by the window this Decoration Day in a most despondent mood. He was beginning to feel like a very old soldier now and answered with unusual impatience Mrs. Baker's twentieth twitting remark, "I wish to gracious I was dead with the rest of the soldiers." Then he went out on the porch. Suddenly he saw Dorothy coming across the road and up the garden path, and his face brightened like the face of one thankful for a long and happy life.

"How do you do, Captain Baker?" Dorothy's sweet voice said. "I thought I'd come over and joyful you up 'cause its Decoration Day." and the little lady held out her hand as a sign of reconciliation.

The captain shook it warmly. "It's real good of you to remember an old soldier," he said heartily.

"That's more'n anybody else does," Mrs. Baker murmured.

Dorothy turned toward her with a bright smile; "There's a man that lives in Washington coming to our house tonight, present Mrs. Baker, and I'm going to talk to him about the captain's money pension."

The captain feebly protested. "Well, I don't know," he said. "I wa'n't in the army but two years and wa'n't nothing but a private, and didn't amount to much as I know of."

Wouldn't you really like to have it?" Dorothy questioned. "I think it would make Present Mrs. Baker feel real pleasant."

"So it would, Dorothy, so it would."

"I was sorry you couldn't go to the cemetery and see them decorate the graves," Dorothy said abruptly.

"Why didn't you go?" the captain asked suddenly.

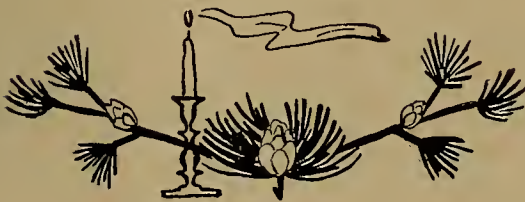
Dorothy flushed. "I—I thought p'raps you might be lonesome."

The captain coughed spasmodically and limped to the end of the porch.

"Oh, Captain!" cried Dorothy, "see the procession! They're marching right down this way." She dashed into the house to call Mrs. Baker, and together the three stood, Dorothy waving her flowers, Mrs. Baker her apron, and the captain his stick, as the soldier boys came down the road. Suddenly they lined up on either side of the street with a salute. Then down between the ranks came the carriage and the chief man of the day, and stopped directly in front of the captain's little house. Then the great man from Washington stood up and spoke about soldier Baker's bravery in the war and how it would be more materially rewarded. (That means the pension," Mrs. Baker whispered from the doorway"), and how he had lost a leg in the service of his country (Dorothy was afraid that might hurt the captain's feelings); and the speech ended with the words, "Though today be for a memorial for the dead let it also be a time of honor for the living." Then a boy in bright uniform presented a boquet to Captain Baker with a military salute.

"Oh," cried Dorothy when she recognized the boquet she had taken to the hall, "I'm 'fraid they didn't find the grave," but nobody heard the remark, for the troops gave three times three for brave soldier Baker, then they cheered for little Miss Seaton with a hearty will. The carriage moved on and left three flushed but smiling people on the captain's little porch.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the captain, "bless my soul!" I declare if I'm not glad I'm a live soldier after all.



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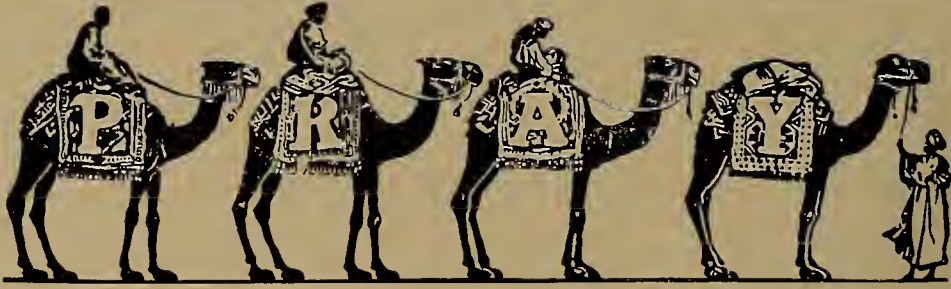
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Vol. XXXIX

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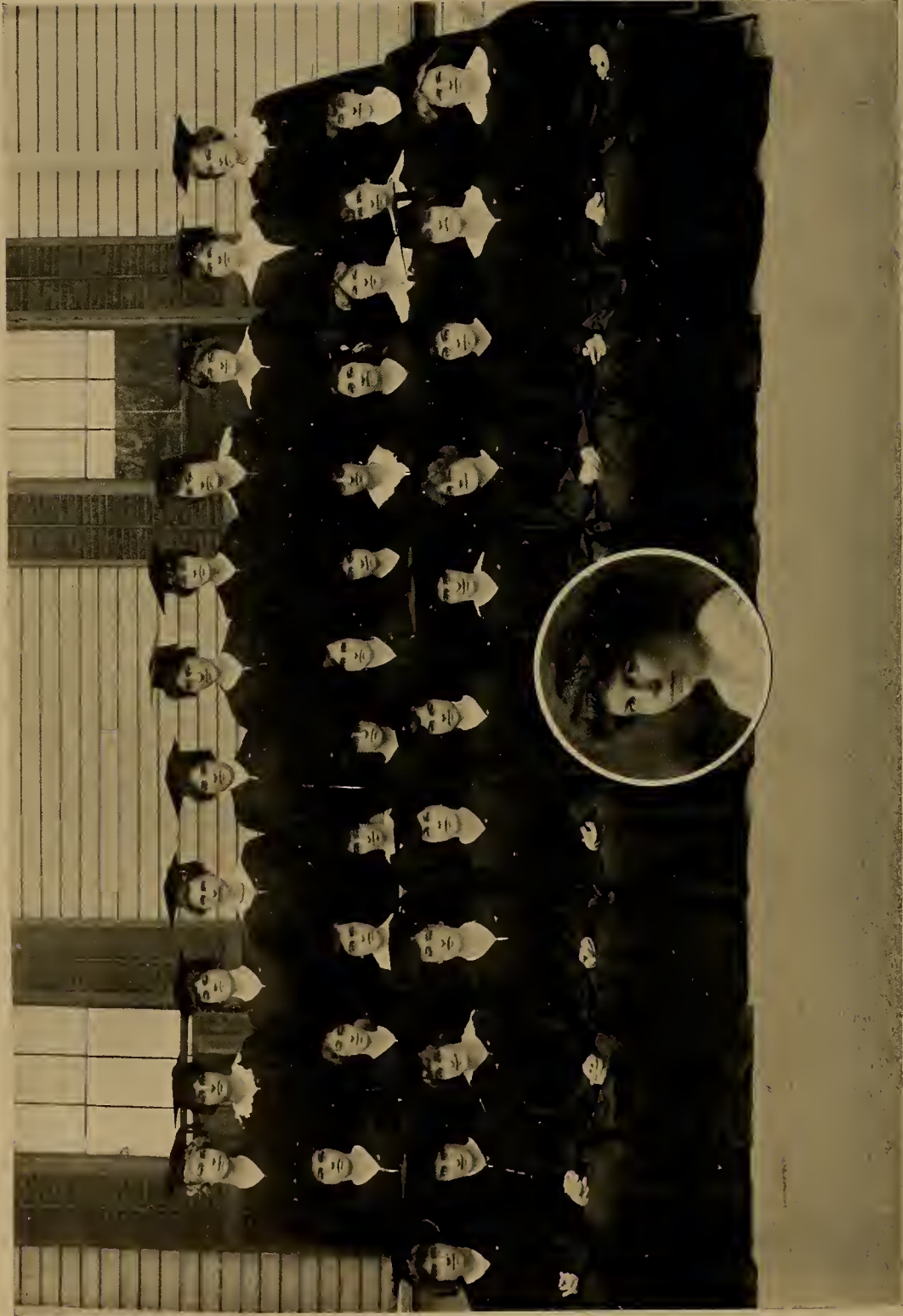
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CLASS OF 1914
RUBY NEWCOMB, PRESIDENT, IN CIRCLE

Literary

HER ANSWER

It was a warm day in the latter part of August. The country showed signs of drought. The dirt in the roads was like powder several inches deep and all the grass and foliage by the roadside was laden with dust. On the outskirts of the village, however, where there was less travel and the woods were thicker, the effects of the dry season were less noticable. It was here that Albert had planned to drive with Ruth that afternoon.

Ruth was a sweet girl, impulsive and at times a little stubborn. She had always been a leader among her friends and while some had resented her leadership, Albert had always submitted quietly. The time had come when he realized that he must have her companionship always. Only a few days ago he had told her so and this was the day for the answer.

Both were happy as they climbed into the carriage. Albert took up the reins. As the horse moved in answer to the command, a bell sounded. The thought came to each, "What is it." But in another second as peal upon peal came in quick succession they looked understandingly into each other's

faces. Ruth's face bore an expression of disgust, Albert's one of disappointment. It was the church bell wildly ringing a signal of fire.

Ruth spoke first, "Are you going?"

"Ruth, you know what it means," came the answer seriously and quietly, "Every man must do his duty."

"But you wouldn't go and leave me today would you?" inquired Ruth indignantly.

"I am very sorry but it seems to be my duty."

"But," continued Ruth, "who will ever know whether you go or not? It is just a shame to spoil our day."

Albert spoke again. He was displeased and a little angry that Ruth should behave in this manner for she knew as well as anyone in Roby, that every man was compelled by law to respond to a fire alarm. However, his voice did not reveal his emotions as he said firmly, but tenderly, "Ruth, dear, I wouldn't spoil today for anything if I could help it. But you know I must go. Now shall I leave you here, or—" a gleam came into his eyes, "You used to like to see fires; would you care to go where you could watch?"

"No, thank you," was the curt reply, "You may leave me here," and without waiting for

assistance, she climbed out energetically. Albert drove quickly to his home a few houses away, got a pair of overalls, and a couple of pails and shovels.

The fire proved to be one in the woods by the railroad. A spark from the early afternoon train had started the fire which had rapidly spread beyond the control of the section men because of a high wind as well as because of the very dry foliage. When Albert arrived a tract of some thirty or forty acres was in flames which were rapidly spreading. It was no avail to use water. The only thing to do was to dig trenches a certain distance away from the burning expanse and be prepared to smother the flames with dirt, when they should approach the limit. This preparation for the fight required a couple of hours of continuous digging.

In the meantime, Ruth, who had at first been sulky and disagreeable, had finally been persuaded by her chum to go over to the fire. They both liked to see a good fire, especially if it was not destroying homes or endangering life.

As they approached they could see through the dense smoke which rolled away over the hills like clouds, the higher flames, as they leapt up one stately tree and in an instant swept to another. As they drew nearer, they could see the whole flaming mass of trees and underbrush. By this time, the trenches had been dug and the fire checked to some extent. Just now the men and boys, or most of them, were standing about resting on their various implements, shovels, spades, brooms. A few were still working beating out the flames around the edges.

Ruth looking about, discovered that Albert was one of these. As she caught sight of him a series of thoughts went through her mind. What good was he doing anyway? There were plenty of men who were not working at all. He might just as well be driving. Well she didn't know as she wanted to be driving with him anyway. She won-

dered if he would see her! No, he was too busy tending to his duty.

With thoughts like these passing through her mind, she stood unconsciously watching his every movement. Still watching, she saw a wind-blown flame catch the branches of the tree at his back. In an instant, the whole tree and the brush around, was in flames. It was fully a minute before Ruth came to her senses and realized that Albert was trapped and was madly fighting for escape. "Some one help, quick!" screamed Ruth excitedly, pointing toward Albert. In an instant, twenty men were beating out the flame. Ruth watched beathlessly, until, when a couple of minutes later a chance was afforded, Albert jumped over some of the lower burning brush. He leaned exhausted against one of the men. She waited another minute or two until she was sure he would be all right when rested, then she quickly went to a sheltered place where she might be alone. How hateful she had been. She was sorry. But she couldn't face him yet.

It was nearly supper-time when the fire was under control so that it could be left in charge of the section men. From her hiding place Ruth watched for Albert as the men left singly and in groups. Finally among the last she saw him. As he left his companions to get his horse which was tied not far from her she rose from the log on which she sat and waited for him to draw nearer. He was tired, she could see by his walk. His clothes were scorched and torn: his face was wet with perspiration and streaked with dirt. Ruth rushed to him. Hot, dirty, ragged though he was, she threw her arms about him exclaiming, "Oh, Albert, I am so sorry for what I said. I never knew how much I loved you until"—her voice broke.

"Never mind," returned Albert tenderly and happily. "Don't try to say it. It was an awful experience but I'd go through it again for this."

Helen Pope.

FORENSIC

The home influence is one of the greatest things in a girl's life, but like a great many other things there can be too much of it. A girl needs a change, not only to make her realize how much she has to learn outside of her home, but also to make her realize how much good there is in her home.

Every parent wishes his daughter to be as well prepared for future life as possible; and the broad-minded, far-seeing parent realizes that a knowledge of Latin, Greek and Music does not complete her education or prepare her for life. He realizes that a girl must know herself, what she thinks and believes and more than that what other people believe; that she must broaden her mind. This he realizes must be accomplished by sending his daughter away from her home to school or college.

Of course this going away to school is possible only to the well-to-do girl, but it is more often the girl of this class who needs the kind of training she could get away from home, because she is usually so sheltered that she does not acquire independence in thought or action, but becomes very narrow-minded.

With these considerations in mind, it seems to me that every able American girl between the ages of sixteen and twenty, who can afford it, should go away from home to school for at least a year.

The average American girl comes to a time, I believe, between the ages I have mentioned of sixteen and twenty years, when she believes that she knows a little about every subject mentioned, when she accepts her own views as *the* views and expects everyone else to. That is, she forms her views in a very narrow way, before she has had time to understand people or the world. While I do not mean that a girl can get to understand people and the world by a year or two at school, I do mean that this year or two away from home and among people of different views will start her away from that self-satisfied idea to a larger and a broader view of things. In her home

she has probably had her views accepted and her wishes granted, for what parents, no matter how stern, do not wish to make their children happy? However, when the young lady found herself in a school she would realize that there were dozens, perhaps hundreds, each entitled to the same privileges and wishes and opinions that she would be. She would soon find that strangers are only strangers and that friends at best will not listen to one's wishes as one's parents do. At first she might be very much surprised and disappointed, but if she were an average American girl, her character would receive one of the greatest helps it could for her self-centeredness would be changed into a desire to learn. She would be happy that she had not continued longer in a narrow-minded way.

In school away from home, too, comes that realization that big questions and likewise small ones, must be settled by one's self. A girl has no one to run to in a hurry in case a decision must be made and so after a few things have been decided independently, she no longer feels the need of an advisor. Once a girl's sense of independence is established, it will last her for a life time. It will help her to spend her money wisely, to feel responsible for a certain amount of money and to supply her needs for a certain length of time, if she has an allowance. If she hasn't, her common sense would show her how to spend the money. In either case she would feel responsible for her money and the good use of it, thus adding to her character. You may say that an inexperienced girl cannot help making some mistakes, but I tell you it would not be equal to the amount of good her character would receive, for, have not some of our wisest men said that "Experience is the best teacher"? So I tell you, that by going away from home to school, a girl learns self-reliance and independence in taking care of herself and her money.

Of course we all agree that education of any kind broadens the mind, but an education received among people one is not used to,

among people of wide and varied views, will give this result more quickly than a home education; for at a school one hears so many different questions discussed in so many different ways. Girls from different parts of the country think very differently on nearly every subject, yet when they hear other girls' views there maybe an almost general agreement. By hearing a girl talk about her particular part of the country others may learn more than they probably would learn in years, from books. For instance, it rather amused me when a Michigan girl asked me if we had bears walking around all the time in the villages of Maine, for we consider ourselves as much civilized as anyone, yet this girl had heard so much about Maine woods and sporting camps that she totally forgot our cities. A few such experiences as this and the mistaken one's ideas will be guided to a truthful and definite view of things.

After this brief consideration, I think that you will agree with me that the benefits, such as strengthening the character, broadening the mind and the learning of independence are just what every girl should wish to gain. Since these can be more easily acquired by going away from home to school, I believe that every American girl between the ages of sixteen and twenty years who can afford it, should go to school away from home for at least one year.

Cora Hasty.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

"We are the roadside flowers
Straying from garden grounds;
Lovers of idle hours
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden
He makes his sun to rise
And his rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty—
The task of the wandering breed—
To better the world with beauty
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows."

Bliss Carman.

NIGHTFALL

"The dear, long, quiet summer day
Draws to its close
To the deep wood I steal away
To hear what the sweet thrush will say
In his repose.

"Beside the brook the meadow rue
Stands tall and white
The water softly slips along,
A murmur to the thrush's song,
To greet the night.

"Over and over, like a bell
Her song rings clear;
The trees stand still in joy and prayer
Only the angels stir the air
High heaven bends near.

"I bow my head, and lift my heart
In thy great peace;
Thy Angelus, my God, I heed.
By the still waters wilt Thou lead
Till life shall cease."

Alice Freeman Palmer.



LOCALS



DRILL

At three o'clock, Monday, the twenty-fifth of May, the Lasell Battalion, with Cadet Major, Dorothy Payne in command, marched over to the Carpenter lawn, to the music of a military band, and there gave one of the best exhibitions in years, of their skill and training in drill.

Genevieve Bettcher, Captain of Company A, drilled her company first; Dorothy Canfield, Captain of Company C, second; and Clara MacDonald, Captain of Company B, third. This was followed by the drill of the individual prize squads; the Junior squad being commanded by Cadet Captains Bettcher, Canfield and MacDonald, and the Senior squad by Cadet Major Dorothy P. Payne.

Then the Battalion was quickly formed; to many this seemed the prettiest and most impressive part of the drill. The girls, in their new white uniforms and hats, looked very well indeed, and more than one person remarked

upon the attractive appearance of the Battalion as a whole.

After the Battalion parade, the presentation of the prizes was made by Captain Julian J. Chamberlain, Adjutant, Eighth Infantry, M. V. M. The following girls won the respective prizes: Captain Clara MacDonald, won the company drill and received the banner which from year to year has been handed down to each winning company; Carol Rice, private in Company A, won the first individual prize of the Junior squad, and Rita Spiro, private in Company C, the second; Clara Paton, private in Company B, won the first prize of the Senior squad, and Helen Baird, first Sergeant of Company A, received honorable mention.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm shown by the girls who did not take part in the drill, and this was appreciated by those who did take part.

The three judges were Captain Julian J.



COMPANY B



INDIVIDUAL PRIZE WINNERS

Rita Spiro, Clara Paton, Carol Rice



CAPTAINS BETTCHER, McDONALD and CANFIELD

Chamberlain; First Lieutenant Charles J. Jeffers, and Second Lieutenant Harry J. Dougan, all of the eighth Infantry, M. V. M.

In the dining room, after-dinner speeches were made by Dr. Winslow, Captain Randlett, the three judges and Cadet Major Payne, thus closing the day of another very successful military drill.

LUCILE SCOTT'S RECITAL

A charming song recital was given by Lucile Scott, pupil of Miss Goodrich, in the gymnasium on May 14. The prolonged applause which greeted each number and the beautiful flowers which were carried to the platform proved the delight of her hearers at this opportunity of having an entire program of her songs.

Mr. Shepherd accompanied her and played with his usual fine appreciation. The program was as follows:

A Violet	Mozart
The Mermaid Song	Hayden
A Pastoral	Carey
To a Nightingale	Brahms
On Manzanares	Jensen
Impatience	Schubert

Down in the Forest.	Ronald
To a Violet	LaForge
Expectancy	LaForge
Condescend	MacFarland
Fairy Pipers	Brewer
Ectasy	Rummel

ORPHEAN CLUB CONCERT

The Orphean Club Concert was given on Wednesday evening, May 14, under the able direction of the conductor, Mr. Henry M. Dunham. The first part of the program consisted of a fine rendering of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*. The solo parts were splendidly taken by Miss Marguerite Neekamp, soprano, and Miss Florence Jepperson, contralto. The Club showed the results of careful training and sang with good effect the difficult choruses. The second part of the program consisted of miscellaneous numbers, one of the most pleasing of which was the *Serenade*, written by Mr. Dunham for two violins, the piano and the organ. In the *Serenade* as well as in several of the accompaniments the audience thoroughly enjoyed the artistic playing of Mr. Goldstein, and Miss Herron, violinists, Miss Curtiss, organist, and Mr. Currie, pianist.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

Saturday night, May 23, the Glee Club had their annual concert. The music was charmingly selected and the girls sang in a very pleasing way, showing the effects of Miss Goodrich's untiring efforts to make the evening a success. A number of encores, which were particularly appreciated on account of the familiarity of their subjects, added a great deal to the enjoyment of the evening. The following was the program:

PART I

On Music's Wing	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
In the Time of Roses	<i>Riechardt</i>
Music When Soft Voices Die	<i>Allcock</i>
Eastern Song	<i>Josephine Sherwood</i>
Mandolin Club	
Down the Dewy Dell	<i>H. Smart</i>
Spring Chorus	<i>Saint-Saens</i>
Oh Boat Upon the Waters.	<i>Napolitan Air</i>
	<i>Arranged by Wm. Rees</i>

PART II

Kerry Dance	<i>Molloy</i>
Darling Nellie Gray	<i>B. R. Hanley</i>
	<i>Arranged by Frank J. Smith</i>
Solo Part—Miss Benson	
The Romance of the Cake Shop	<i>Josephine Sherwood</i>
Fairy Fingers	<i>Brewer</i>
	<i>Miss Scott</i>
Summer Fancies	<i>Metra</i>
Spring Song	<i>Soar</i>

MARION NEWLAND'S RECITAL

The second song recital of the year was given on June 5, by Marion Newland, pupil of Miss Jepperson. Miss Newland's voice has developed noticeably during her course of study and the rendering of her varied and difficult songs were greatly enjoyed and praised.

Her program was as follows:

With Verdure Clad (Creation)	<i>Hayden</i>
A Birthday	<i>Woodman</i>
From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water	<i>Cadman</i>
Flower Rain	<i>Cadman</i>
One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly)	<i>Puccini</i>
Oh That We Two Were Maying	<i>Nevin</i>
The Yellowhammer	<i>Lehman</i>
The Owl	<i>Lehman</i>
Sunshine Song	<i>Grieg</i>
Waltz Song (Romeo and Juliet)	<i>Gounod</i>
Prelude	<i>Ronald</i>

Spring Song	<i>Borch</i>
The Elf Man	<i>Wells</i>
In Maytime	<i>Loud</i>

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

As usual the Commencement Concert which took place on the evening of June 3, was one of the most delightful affairs of Commencement week. The following program was given:

PART FIRST

PIANOFORTE Preludium from Eerste Moderne Suite	<i>MacDowell</i>
	<i>Miss Irene L. Bollman</i>
VOICE An die Music	<i>Schubert</i>
	<i>Miss Martha C. Schumann</i>
PIANOFORTE Valse de Salon	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
	<i>Miss Hazel E. Harris</i>
VOICE Bois Epais (from Amadis)	<i>Lully</i>
	<i>Miss Ruth A. Hall</i>
PIANOFORTE Liebestraum, A-flat major	<i>Liszt</i>
	<i>Miss Doris R. Waller</i>
VOICE Ave Maria	<i>Schubert</i>
	<i>Miss Helen L. Benson</i>

PART SECOND

ORGAN Benediction Nuptiale	<i>Dubois</i>
	<i>Miss Ruth Cammack</i>
PIANOFORTE Etude Romantique	<i>Chaminade</i>
	<i>Miss Mildred Cutting</i>
VOICE Waltz Song (from Romeo and Juliet) Gounod	
	<i>Miss Marion H. Newland</i>
PIANOFORTE Andante from Quartet, Op. 5 Sinding	
	<i>Miss Frances L. Johnsen</i>
	<i>Organ part by Mr. George S. Dunham</i>
VOICE a. Oh that We Two were Maying	<i>Nevin</i>
b. Flower Rain	<i>Adams Loud</i>
	<i>Miss Avalon Wilson</i>
VOICE The Voice of Philomel	<i>Chadwick</i>
	<i>Miss Genevieve A. Kerrissey</i>
PIANOFORTE Ballet music (from "La Belle au bois dormant")	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
Misses Ruth Cammack, Katherine Hoag, Hazel Harris	
Lucile Scott	



RIVER DAY

River Day this year, was looked forward to with much eager anticipation, because the crews were so evenly matched that the outcome was most uncertain. The races were held in the morning of June 1, and were pronounced better than ever before as the crews kept to their courses so well. Although the

Saturday night, May 9. the Athletic Association entertained with a dance in the gymnasium. The programs with gay pencils attached were used in the place of tickets, and for several days the cry was: "Give me a dance." The appearance of the "gym" was changed most decidedly by the addition of



BLUES WINNING CANOE RACE

Stroke—Florence Evans, Hazel Harris, Maude Hayden, Ruth Davis, Dorothy Bevans,
Gratia DeZouche, Cora Hasty, Carol Rice. Mary Taylor, *Captain*.

Reds gained at several times, the Blues went ahead in the first four or five strokes and held their position to the finish, for their long, even strokes were more effective than the short, snappy ones of the Reds. The members of the winning crew received "L" sweaters, and those of the winning singles received cups, as seen in the account of the last chapel exercises.

couches and pillows, making the room very attractive. An excellent pianist kept the girls merrily dancing, only stopping to refresh themselves with punch or icecream cones. Several features were introduced in the dancing, thus making the girls very loath to bring to an end such a joyous evening.

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR PARTY

The Juniors are always a happy crowd but on one day not long ago they were happier than usual; for on this day they received the invitations to the Senior-Junior party. They found that it was to be one of the most delightful and enjoyable treats of the year, namely a trip to Nantasket Beach. The day, Saturday, May 16, was a faultless one. The party left school loaded with wraps, kodaks

late in the afternoon to attend the gymnasium exhibition of the Sargent School. Those who remained said that to explore Nantasket and to try "Bumping the Bumps" and other joys was more fun than many exhibitions.

The trip back was one of the pleasantest parts of the day. The fitting climax came when Miss Williams and Miss Rand invited all the girls to Carter Hall practice kitchen for cinnamon toast and tea.



COMPANY X. Y. Z. AT NANTASKET

Maidie Dealey, *Captain*

and lunch boxes, knowing just what a good time awaited them. From the South Station the girls went to Rowe's Wharf, to take the excursion boat for the Beach. The trip was delightful but nearly everyone, upon arrival, was ready for lunch which was eaten on the sand, picnic-fashion. After lunch the more daring spirits went in wading, braving the chilling deep, and declaring the water wasn't cold.

Part of the girls came back with Miss Warner

The day and the party were perfect and the Juniors unanimously declared the Seniors the most delightful of hostesses.

SENIOR-SPECIAL PARTY

On Tuesday, May 26, the Senior-Special party spent a jolly evening at Norumbega Park and Boathouse. Thanks to the protection of company X. Y. Z. no one got lost, and thanks to our wonderful hostesses, the Seniors, every one had the happiest sort of time.

RECEPTION AT GARDNER

On Wednesday, May 27, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow assisted by Miss Potter, Miss Warner and Miss Howes gave at Gardner a most delightful reception to the residents of Auburn-dale. The house was very prettily decorated with bridal wreath. Punch was to be had on the big cool porch and delicious refreshments were also served in the "dining room." The seniors assisted in serving refreshments and in conducting guests over the attractive house. The Glee Cub and Lucile Scott delighted the company by several musical numbers.

Those of us who are leaving Lasell with diplomas are, of course, taking with us many pleasant memories of the friends, the work, and the play of the last few years.

But no part of our school life has left a more lasting impression than our work with Mrs. Martin. She has done more than teach us text-book lessons; she has taught us to think, to live. We shall not forget her class-room talks and her stimulating friendship.

A Senior.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS EXHIBIT

A particularly dainty and attractive exhibit of the Household Economics Department was given Thursday, June 4, from three until five. Everywhere were effective decorations of ferns and different flowers. The two sewing rooms were fascinating with their array of pretty dresses, hats and all sorts of dainty needlework. This exhibit was unusually large this year, on account of so many girls taking sewing.

In the practice kitchen, the display of the many kinds of dishes was most tempting. The arrangement was carried out in such detail that not a few said it was the prettiest one ever held. The practice dining-room was charmingly decorated in yellow, the color-scheme being carried out in all of the courses of the dinner, which was ready to be served. Iced tea and sandwiches were served to the guests who all expressed their pleasure in a most complimentary way.

The instructors in both branches of this Department should be proud of their year's work.

The Art Studio also had an exhibit and served light refreshments. The work of this year showed talent plus hard earnest work. The number and quality of the paintings, sketching, drawings, and brass work was most creditable. The studio was transformed from a work-shop into a perfectly delightful art gallery, which every one took great pleasure in seeing.

The hearts of summer girls are inns
Where guests make transient stay;
But here's to the girl whose hearts are homes
Where we may dwell alway.—*Ex.*

He failed in Latin, flunked in French,
We heard him fiercely hiss,
"I'd like to find the man who said
"That 'Ignorance is bliss.'"—*Ex.*

COMMENCEMENT RECEPTION

The parlors of Cushman Hall were crowded on Saturday evening, June 6, with the Seniors, their guests and other friends of Lasell. The Juniors skilfully assisted in presenting the guests to the receiving line which consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Rev. Brewer Eddy and Miss Newcomb, the last two being members of the class of 1914. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining-room which like the parlors was decorated with palms, roses and feverfew. The usual cordial Lasell spirit prevailed, thus assuring a delightful evening for all.



Commencement week was more attractive than ever this year on account of a number of innovations in the program. One of these took place Friday night, June 4, on the lawn in the hollow beneath the Crow's Nest, where Miss Warner's aesthetic dancing classes gave a very pretty and unique demonstration of their work. The program included folk dances, a Russian Cossack, a sailor's hornpipe, a Scotch reel, besides several distinctly aesthetic dances and a Japonica, which in its individuality made a fitting close. The costumes were very attractive, especially some white, fluffy ones. Their artistic effect was increased by the soft play of light and shadow. We all hope that this innovation of Miss Warner's may become a permanent feature of Commencement week.



LATEST CHAPEL MUSIC

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

The plans for Baccalaureate Sunday had been thoughtfully made and they were successfully carried out. By the courtesy of the Congregational church members, their auditorium was again used for the morning service. It had been tastefully decorated, by Mrs. Winslow, Miss Genn and Miss Chase, with American Beauty roses and enough

white sweet peas and feather-few to relieve the masses of palms and ferns.

Appropriate music was furnished by the church choir. The prayer by Dr. Butters of the Auburndale Methodist Church was marked by that genuine faith and kindliness which are exemplified in the life of this good friend of Lasell.

The speaker of the morning was Dr. Willis H. Butler, assistant pastor of the New Old South Church of Boston. He read in an impressive way the eleventh chapter of Paul's letter to the Hebrews and took as his text the words found in Luke 5: 4: "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught."

A part of Dr. Butler's penetrating and inspiring sermon was as follows:

"Is not much of the restlessness of modern life, and much of the dissatisfaction with existing conditions which expresses itself in so many ways, an indication that people are beginning to feel that they are not getting enough out of life? Whether this be so or not it is a fact that in many departments of life we are subjecting our activity to searching tests.

"We are asking whether the remarkable development of our schools and colleges on the material side, their splendid equipment, their elaborate courses of study, their highly trained teachers in specialized branches of learning, whether all this results in a corresponding and proportionate development on the part of the boy and girl who goes to school and college.

"Is the character of the student any stronger and finer than it was when the road to learning was rougher? We are asking whether the returns are commensurate with the labor expended. It is not because we are lazy that the returns are small. People are working day and night at a fast and furious rate of speed and when they are not working they are playing, just as fast and furiously.

"The harder the task, the more strongly

it appeals to us; especially if we think there is any possibility of breaking a record.

"The reason we have so little to show for our labor is because most of us are content to fish along shore and hesitate about braving the dangers of the deep. We skim around on the surface, busy enough but blind to the meaning of the process which is at work above and beneath us. Only a shocking calamity awakens us to a realizing sense of our dependence upon a power that is mightier than ourselves.

"Did you ever stop to think where you would be if there had not been in every generation a few fearless spirits who did not hesitate to go a little farther out than anybody had ever gone before? The call comes to you at this time 'to put out into the deep' to be thorough going in everything you do, to mean business with whatever you undertake, to take new soundings and to go to the bottom of the problems which demand a solution."

The vesper service was held in the gymnasium which was filled with the students and their parents and friends. Dr. McCollester, Dean of the Tufts Divinity School, gave the address. He chose as a fitting theme, "*The Unfoldment of Life*." In a very happy way he told of great souls in art, in literature, in music, in social service who have come into full development by submission to "that power outside ourselves which makes for righteousness." The latent powers in each of us are exhaustless. To realize these powers however, we must be like the temple-builder of whom Emerson speaks in his poem, "The Problem:"

"The *passive* Master *lent* his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

CLASS NIGHT PROCESSIONAL

As we Seniors all come here tonight
A mighty class you see,
Though we've struggled hard to do the right
We bear the victory.

Our comrades come from East and West,
We are a well known band,
Our leader ne'er can equalled be
In many and many a land.

CHORUS

Hail, dear Lasell, your daughter's true
Will ever loyal be,
Nineteen fourteen will honor you
Though we stray from sea to sea,
Whate'er of fame may come to us
You will our laurels share,
That we may repay your love some day
And your constant watchful care.

We choose our colors, red and white,
For love and purity,
And to those emblems fair and bright
We'll ever faithful be.
Our flower is the rose so red,
Of love, a symbol too
And "Non Nobis Sed Allis"
Is everything we do.

And so tonight with happy hearts
We greet our friends so dear
Who share with us the closing night
Of this our Senior year.
We'll tell you something of our past
And of our future too,
Before you go, you all may know
What nineteen fourteen can do.

Dorothy F. Hartshorn

Class Night, the night of all nights of the year, was enjoyed more than ever this Commencement, for, much to the delight and appreciation of everyone, the exercises were held out-of-doors. The hollow beneath the Crow's Nest was transformed into a veritable amphitheatre, with a well-lighted stage down by the entrance of Carter Hall. Proceeded by Frances Harris '16 bearing their banner, the Seniors, carrying a daisy chain from shoulder to shoulder, marched in from behind Carter Hall, around the audience and down the center aisle, singing their song of greeting. When in their places on the stage, an address of welcome was given by Ruby Newcomb, the President of the Class.

Miss Newcomb began her address as follows:

"It is my great privilege as president of the forty-seven members of the class of 1914 to extend to you a cordial and most hearty welcome to our class night revels and gaities. Like the happy fairies of old, we dedicate this hour to jest and jollity and promise you not a note of sadness, even though it be farewell."

She then went on to greet in a graceful way the parents, the friends, the schoolmates, Dr. Winslow and the faculty, bidding them each and all a hearty welcome.

Then followed a song, which in turn was followed by a clever Roll Call of the Class of 1914 in which Ruth Thresher delighted her audience very much as all of the mementos given to the girls when they responded to their names, were particularly well chosen.

The Seniors then sang to their sister class, the Sophomores. The Class Poem, written by Helen Rollins, was a beautifully expressed appreciation of the happy school days of the Class of 1914. A charming song of farewell was then sung by Lucile Scott and then in the Prophecy, Dora Goodwillie and Ruth Davis, as two witches, predicted the future of each of their class mates with the help of pictures thrown upon a screen.

A very clever "Faculty" song was sung before Maidie Dealey bestowed the Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1914 to various members of the school and finally to the Junior Class as a whole, finishing by the entire Senior class singing a most humorous song to their friends, the Class of 1915.

A splendid Farewell was given by Lena Vee Kelley, and then the Recessional was sung.

The Seniors marched up in front of Cushman Hall where they were met by torch-light bearers, the humiliated Juniors of a short time previous. At Cushman a loving Farewell was given by Dorothy Hartshorn. Then the procession made its way to Carpenter, where Mildred Cutting gave the Seniors' Farewell. Next at Gardner a touching last greeting was given by Ethel Vance. Then the procession marched back, and around the campus halting by the Crow's Nest where Eunice Votaw's sad adieus

were made. At each place the entire Senior Class sang, also, a farewell song.

Then near the foot of the hill, with Evelyn Schmidt presiding, the girls gathered around a bonfire into which they threw some one thing to which they were glad to have a chance to say, "Burn!" "Fry!" "Fricasee!" The force with which the hated things were sent into the flames, together with the corresponding witty verses, delighted the audience very much. Then, the girls, with their arms around each other's shoulders formed a ring and sang the old traditional loving-cup song, drinking a toast to each other from the cup passed by Frances Harris, the president of their sister class, each vowing loyalty and friendship forever more.

RECESSIONAL

Now the time has come for parting;
Now the Seniors bid farewell;
But fond memories forever
Deep in our hearts will dwell.
Even though schooldays are ended,
And our laurels here are won,
"Non Nobis, Sed Allis" leads us
To a work that must be done.

Strong the friendships that will bind us
To the school upon the hill,
And thought far away we wander
Keep her fame and honor still.
With her guidance we'll not falter,
In our struggle for the right:
Bravely let us face the future,
With our motto e'er in sight.

So in this last hour of parting
Sadly now we bid farewell,
Yet our hearts will ever cherish
Loving memories of old Lasell.
Happy days ne'er forget their cheer,
And our love for'er unite us
To our Alma Mater dear.

Hazel K. Harris

FAREWELL AND PRESENTATION

We have listened tonight with smiles and laughter to the humorous and ridiculous episodes of our school-life, and have caught glimpses of ourselves frescoed upon the canvas,

and heard our illustrious futures foretold, yet, withal, we have felt an undertone of sadness, for tonight we must say farewell to Lasell.

Our experience during our years here has enriched our lives and characters with the beautiful and the good, and implanted in our hearts forever, a deep and abiding love for Lasell. And now that the time has come for us to leave, we admit we dread to go, yet we carry with us thankful hearts for the privileges of our school. There are some things to which farewells can never be said; some things which will never be forgotten. We can never forget the firm friendships made here; nor our good times together; we can never forget our happy environment, and the inspiration given us by our teachers.

Now we are about to go, we wish to leave some memento to our Alma mater. There is no one room in school which means more to us than the chapel. Never shall we forget the inspiring services held there by Dr. Gordon and others; nor the interesting and instructive lectures; nor the kindly words of wisdom of Miss Potter; nor the constant inspiration of Mrs. Martin. Because the room calls up so many memories, we leave our gift, a clock, which you will find, ticking away its hours upon its walls.

Dear classmates: when the heart is full 'tis best that words be few. Our close association here has bound us in a bond of true friendship and although we part tonight, that bond can never be broken.

"Oh, precious hours—oh golden prime,
And affluence of love and time,
Even as a miser counts his gold
These hours our hearts will ever hold—
Farewell and ever."
Farewell!
Farewell!

JUNIOR SONG

We have the grandest Junior class,
That ever came to town!
They let us do what ere we want,
Without even a frown.
Our pins and tables we did take,
Our caps and gowns as well,

We didn't know you were so slow,
But one can never tell,

Chorus.

Oh: Oh: Oh: you Juniors,
You are a trifle slow!
Oh: Oh: Oh: you Juniors,
We have to tell you so!
But everybody knows it,
So we thought that you had better too,
So maybe you'd get busy
And see what you could do.

II

Once you thought you had us,
So dummies you all fixed.
But our caps and gowns were far away
So you were slightly mixed.
Your honorary member
You called a great surprise;
But don't you ever think it,
For everyone was wise.

Chorus. —

III

In spite of what we've told you
We love you far and near.
We thank you for the spirit shown
To us throughout the year.
Your Allerlie will cherished be
By every Senior here
For we've been highly honored.
By you, our Juniors dear.

Oh: Oh: you Juniors,
We like you rather well,
And this to you we tell—
We thank you for the kindness shown
To us on River Day.
And now, Oh Junior class,
We've said all that we have to say!

SOPHOMORE SONG

The future years will find that we are dreaming
About a class so very dear.
Who always brought to us good cheer
While they not near, yet we will still remember,
The time they entertained us
Oh: they were sure some suffragettes.

Chorus.

Dear sister sophomore class,
We love you every lass;
And we hope that you love us too,
And always will be true.
Next year returning,

Will find us still yearning
 For you dear sister sophomore class.
 You will live in our hearts to the last.
 Still our love will never die,
 In the years that pass by,
 Dear little sisters,
 Dear little sisters,
 Dear little sisters of ours.

II

Now dear Sophomores—you've been so very faithful
 In everything you have done for us.
 You'll find that we are always grateful,
 Now dear sisters the time has come for parting
 We pledge that 1914
 To you, we will ever be true.

CLASS NIGHT SONG

(Solo by Lucile Scott)

Tune: Irish Folk Song *Arthur Foote*

We'll wander far and wide, dear,
 But we'll come back again;
 We'll come back to our Alma Mater
 And to you dear friends.
 Although the years may flee
 Our thoughts will ever be of thee,
 Of thee dear, Alma Mater;
 Oh—Alma Mater.

And now, our Alma Mater,
 We have to say farewell,
 For many happy hours we each have spent here at
 Lasell
 Nineteen fourteen will pledge to you
 That she will e'er be true.
 We'll be coming back, Alma Mater,
 Oh—Oh—Oh—Alma Mater,
 We'll be comin' back, Alma Mater.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

The sixtieth Commencement Day of Lasell although somewhat cool and cloudy, was free from rain and brought to a fortunate close a week favorable in every way to the Class of 1914, to their friends and to the former students of Lasell.

✓ The last chapel service was conducted by Dr. Winslow at the usual morning hour. In a few well-chosen words he expressed to

the graduating class his appreciation of the handsome Howard clock which they had placed upon the chapel wall as a parting gift to the seminary. ✓ He also spoke of their co-operation in maintaining Lasell's ideals and of the value of such help.

Certificates were then granted to the following students:

Piano—Irene L. Bollman, senior; Ruth Cammack, senior; Mildred Cutting, senior; Katherine A. Hoag, junior; Lucille Scott, senior.

Voice—Marion H. Newland, sophomore, Lucille Scott, senior.

Bookkeeping—Dora L. Goodwillie, senior; Louise E. Lucas, special student; Ruth A. MacGregor, junior; Cella Solovich, special student.

Home Economics—Helen C. Baird, senior; Sophie R. Barrett, senior; Edna M. Beaver, special student; Genevieve M. Bettcher, senior; Dorothy M. Bushnell, senior; Dorothy Canfield, senior; Constance H. Davis, special student; Ruth P. Davis, senior; Gratia de Zouche, senior; Griselda G. Downs, junior; Myra C. Eby, senior; Annie C. Gallagher, junior; Hazel E. Harris, senior; Dorothy F. Hartshorn, senior; Martha W. Keith, junior; Lelia P. Maddocks, special student; Sophie B. Mayer, post graduate; Ruby H. Newcomb, senior; Helen M. Patterson, special student; Mary L. Quick, senior; Helen S. Rollins, senior; Evelyn C. Schmidt, senior; Charlotte Swartwout, senior; Ruth Thresher, senior; Abbie L. Viener, senior; Avalon Wilson, special student; Nellie M. Youngers, senior.

Mildred Cutting was announced to be the first in scholarship in her class 1914.

For her services on the Student Council, Barbara Jones was given a Student Council pin and was made a permanent member of the council.

Dr. Guy M. Winslow, principal of the seminary, made the presentation of diplomas and also announced the prize winners. One of the most important of these from a

Lasell point of view is the award for excellence in bread-making.

First prize was awarded Miss Annie C. Gallagher of West Newton, a day student. Second prize went to Miss Clover Robley of Carrollton, Ill., another undergraduate; while the Misses Ethel G. Vance and Lena V. Kelley, seniors, received honorable mention.

Sophia Mayer, Charlotte Joseph, Dorothy Drane were given attractive school seals engraved with the number of credits earned in the graduate department.

The following were given sweaters with the insignia as specified, "L" indicating member of the winning crew, "B, B," member of Basket Ball Team, and "T, T," winner in Track (Team) Meet:—Mary Taylor, "L," "B, B,"; Cora Hasty "L," Gratia De Zouche "L," Ruth Davis "L," "B, B," "T, T," Carol Rice "L," "B, B," T. T.,; Hazel Harris, "L," and B. B.; Florence Evans, "L," "B, B," Dorothy Bevans "L," Maude Hayden "L," Velma Voltz, "B, B," Nell Woodward "B, B." and "T, T.," Clara MacDonald "B, B.," Genevieve Bettcher "T, T."

In the swimming contest Carol Rice won two silver cups in event for speed and for diving; Florence Gates was awarded one cup in plunge for distance.

Florence Gates and Elsie Doleman received cups as winners of the double canoe race while Dorothy Bevans was given, as prizes for winning the Tennis Tournament, the right to have her name inscribed on the large cup and a smaller cup as an individual gift.

The service closed with the singing of Dr. Winslow's favorite among the hymns in the school hymnal, "Be strong," and of the "Alma Mater."

THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

So many matters of interest had to be taken up at last chapel that only a short time intervened before the long line once more marched into the church to the Processional played by Mr. George Dunham. Prayer was offered by the Rev. H. Grant Person, of the Eliot

Congregational Church of Newton and two musical numbers, Mozart's "*Larghetto*" and Chadwick's *Reverie* were exquisitely played by Mr. Dunham assisted by Miss Virginia Stickney, violincellist. Before the presentation of diplomas Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield sang with a great deal of power the *Ave Maria*, Bach-Gounod.

The address was given by the Rev. Brewer Eddy, Assistant Secretary of American Board Honorary Member of the Class of 1914. In earnestness and effectiveness his message on *Our High Ambitions* must have satisfied even his own deep desire to "burn through the surface" to the heart of life and its motives. Not only the graduating class but all other hearers felt themselves stirred with a new purpose 'to scan again the field of their ambitions, to work with their hands at the world's business, to aim to be well-pleasing to *Him*, to "follow the Gleam."

Dr. Eddy took for his subject "High Ambitions," drawing a word picture of men pursued by ambition, forced into heroism, sacrifice and loss. He described ambition as one of the strong elements that separates man from the brute and as one of the dominating and formative factors in many of the lives that are starred upon the pages of history.

The climax of Mr. Eddy's address was drawn from the writings of St. Paul where he touches upon the lofty, spiritual ambition that must guide his own life. Three times the great teacher dwells upon the word "ambition." The first in the phrase: "Be ambitious to work with your hands." "No class of people in the world need this challenge more than the school girls of America, where everything is done for them and every gift heaped upon them. The modern feminist movement, which would give power to womanhood, demands this as its corollary: that the best-trained women of today must take a larger share of the world's work."

The second ambition is: "Be well pleasing

unto Him." "Young women of America are ready enough to recognize the claim of the first part of this command. 'To be well pleasing' is a large share of the life of the American girls. They receive the adoration and the service of American men as their right, but St. Paul goes deeper. He establishes the standard of the mind of Christ and the character of Christ as the measuring rod of true popularity. Such a text would find many a so-called 'popular girl' falling far short of excellence.

The last ambition is given in one of the closing messages of the Apostle, when he states that he had been ambitious to give his message to the world, not where other men had gone before, but where no other men had builded its foundation. Mr. Eddy applied this truth to the class motto, "Non nobis sed aliis," by making it clearer that the class of 1914 must not work in accustomed lines or in the overfilled branches, but must give themselves to work for others where the work was most needed.

Dr. Winslow then addressed the class, assuring them that they were not being 'mustered out but enlisted for life' in the struggle to maintain Lasell's ideals of conduct, of scholarship, of service. He closed with the charge which cannot be too often repeated: "The Seminary sends you forth to represent her. You bear her name; you must protect her honor."

Forty-six out of the forty-seven members of this, Lasell's largest graduating class, were present. Favorable news was reported from Mildred Smith who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis.

The list of graduates of Lasell's largest class is as follows:

Helen C. Baird, Austin, Minn.; Sophie R. Barrett, New York; Genevieve M. Bettcher, Short Beach, Conn.; Mary H. Bingaman, Plainfield, N. J.; Irene L. Bollman, Tuscola, Ill.; Lois M. Brader, Leighton, Pa.; Harriet A. Burnett, Minneapolis; Dorothy M. Bushnell, Mansfield, O.; Ruth Cammack, Hunt-

ington, W. Va.; Dorothy Canfield, Los Angeles; Mildred Cutting, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Ruth P. Davis, Galveston; Maidie Dealey, Dallas; Gratia de Zouche, Troy, N. Y.; Elsie L. Doleman, Greenwood; Myra C. Eby, Harrisburg, Pa.; Angeline E. Emery, Albany; Mabel C. Flagler, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Marcia J. L. Fogg, Biddeford, Me.; Dora E. Goodwillie, Oak Park, Ill.; Hazel E. Harris, Orleans, Vt.; Dorothy F. Hartshorn, Gardner; Mildred E. Hotchkiss, Ansonia, Conn.; Barbara A. Jones, Paris, Ill.; Mabel C. Jones, Brookline; Lena V. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.; Josephine E. Kenower, Huntington, Ind.; Marie H. Klenze, Davenport, Io.; Clara P. MacDonald, Guanajuato, Mex.; Carolyn B. Moore, Duluth; Ruby H. Newcomb, South Hadley Falls; Dorothy P. Payne, Tuxpam, Vera Cruz, Mex.; Mary L. Quick, Muncie, Ind.; Helen S. Rollins, Lakewood, O.; Evelyn C. Schmidt, Lynn; Lillian M. Schwartz, Cincinnati; Lucile Scott, Temple, Tex.; Florence M. Shields, Bombay, N. Y.; Mildred R. Smith, West Barrington, R. I.; Helen Soule, Freeport, Me.; Charlotte Swartwout, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Ruth Thresher, Pawtucket, R. I.; Esther L. Underwood, Summit, N. J.; Ethel G. Vance, Crookston, Minn.; Abbie L. Viener, Natchez, Miss.; Mary E. Votaw, Boston; Nellie M. Yongers, Geneva, Neb.

Dr. Peloubet's gracious words of benediction closed this inspiring exercises.

CROW'S NEST

After the Commencement exercises in the Church the Seniors gathered in the Crow's Nest and sang their farewell and handed it over to the care and good keeping of the Class of 1915. This class then walked up to the Nest between a double line of Seniors who had taken off their caps and stood with heads bowed; and after hanging up their 1915 banner, sang the time-honored Crow's Nest song, vowing sincere respect and deepest honor. Then resounded for the last time of the year, the "Alma Mater."

SONGS

FAREWELL TO CROW'S NEST

Good night old crows nest dear we love you.
When the skies are bright and clear,
We love you
Every senior once and all,
Happy memories will recall.
All the good old times are over,
We love you, we love you.

II

Now we sing farewell to you,
Crow's Nest dear.
To you we will e're be true
Crow's Nest dear.
Tho we may roam far from your sight
We'll never forget this night.
Now we sing a fond farewell,
Dear Crow's Nest, farewell.

JUNIOR'S CROW'S NEST SONG

Tune, The Watch on the Rhine.
Now once again the Juniors meet
To take the old tradition seat.
We take today what is our due,
What 1913 gave to you
This Crow's Nest where we take our stand,
We'll hold as Seniors grave and grand,
Hail to the shades of Seniors gone before!
Hail to 1914! Seniors no more.

We thank you for this cool retreat
From class-room toil and noon-day heat.
We'll hold tradition old and dear,
In hours of toil and days of cheer.
Now in this place where oft you've stood,
We'll think of you in loving mood.
Hail to the shades of Seniors gone before!
Hail to 1914! Seniors no more.

"Where is Mt. Aetna?" asked Miss Rand.
"In Italy," said Clover.
"That's warm, so it is," responded Miss R.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT

Customer—I think this meat is spoiled.

Meat Market Proprietor—Perhaps so, mum
but that meat came from a prize lamb, and
it may have been petted too much.—*Ex.*

Miss M. in History of Art: "In what part of
the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is the *Crea-
tion of Man?*"

Clara Mac: "In the top."

Query: "What is so rare as Lowell's day in
June?"

Answer: "Nothing unless it's Tennyson's
'Perfect Day.' "





VESPERS

On May 31, Dr. McClure of the Newton Episcopal Church addressed the girls at Vespers. He spoke of "discernment of values" as being the most desirable result of our school training and illustrated his point by telling of the danger many people are in of not being able to tell the difference between a man and a street.'

We were favored at other vesper services in May by hearing such able speakers as Dr. Howland of Mexico, Miss Marie Wilson of the Brookline Deaconess' Training School, and Dr. Marshall L. Perrin, of Boston University.

Tuesday, May 12, the Christian Endeavor service was led by Hannah Bingamen who took for her topic: "Things to be forgotten and things to be remembered" We were once more reminded that "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it doesn't behove any of us to talk about the rest of us."

Tuesday, May 19, Myra Eby led the meeting and spoke on "Duty: to ourselves, to others, to God."

The last Christian Endeavor meeting of the

year was led by Barbara Jones, the President of the Society. All the girls were asked to tell how Lasell had helped them Genevieve Bettcher sang a beautiful song and Dorothy Payne played one of Nevin's pieces on the violin. This evening was enjoyed very much by every one there.

Miss Goodrich's pupils in voice gave their last recital of the term May 24. It was a very creditable one. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. E. J. Winslow and Mrs. Scott of Temple Texas, were the guests.

SCHOLARSHIP CREDITS

Mildred Cutting, 5 subjects, 93%, 3 credits.
Martha Schumann, 4 subjects, 92%, 2 credits.
Florence Skinner, 3 subjects, 93%, 2 credits.



EDITORIAL

Well, it is all over! What the Seniors had planned for all the year, what the under-class men had delighted in describing to those who did not know, and what the new girls had watched and waited to have take place—Commencement week with all of its accompaniment! We can most truly say that we who remain are sorry that it is over, in that the gate has been opened for so large a group from our number to go out and on into the world. To the Class of 1914, however, we extend our congratulations that they have won the right to pass through the gate, and that

"The world is all before them, where to choose." The season of Commencement for them is truly just opening. Our warmest good wishes will follow them in what ever beginnings they undertake.

For the rest of us, also, there are constantly seasons of fresh beginnings; and, though not as inspiring as the delightful days just passed, their value should not be under-estimated.

✓ The gift of the Class of 1914 symbolizes as Dr. Winslow has said, what they have tried to do for Lasell; namely to set a correct standard. This splendid clock has a marble face set in a casing of rich mahogany, and bears above it the numerals of the Class. It is of just the right proportions to set in a space on the chapel wall where it will remind us constantly of the generous thoughtfulness of the Class of 1914. /

It can be said with truth that our school

year, 1913-1914 has been an especially successful one. There have been many reasons for this success. The presence of a strong Senior class has been a help. Under the leadership of their able president they have not only managed their class affairs without friction but they have been ready to waive their rights at times for the sake of making school affairs go smoothly. The dignity and tone which they have helped to give to our school life has shown that already they have learned the significance of their motto, "Non nobis sed aliis."



PERSONAL



MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE

After luncheon on Commencement Day, I heard some undergraduate say, "Well, it's all over until next year!" But to many of the "Old Girls" it had just begun, for the Alumnae Meeting means more to us every year, and the thirty-ninth meeting of the Association in the Seminary Chapel, Tuesday afternoon, seemed more than usually interesting and inspiring.

Mrs. Etta Stafford Vaughnn '86, who is President of the Alumnae Association, in a very gracious welcome to the Class of 1914, made everyone appreciate the privilege of membership, and Mrs. Frances Barbour Sonntag '89 gave much pleasure by opening the meeting with very charming vocal selections. Mrs. Sonntag's class were this year celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary and seven of the eleven members were present, the other four being unavoidably absent. Especially fortunate was this class in having present

with them their honorary member Miss Blaisdell, who was observing her forty-first Commencement.

The Class of 1857 have contributed scholarships in organ study and stenography, and a hearty "Ho-e-la" was given, acknowledged by the four who were present out of the class of fifteen members.

There were two members present from the class of '56, and last year's graduating class made a fine showing with sixteen representatives.

The "Enthusiasm Committee" has made a splendid start toward kindling and keeping aflame the spirit of Class Reunions, and several pleasing and distinctive features of dress and decoration encouraged other classes to plan for some attractive means of establishing class identity another year. Hasn't every class a "live wire" like "Jo" Woodward to start them in the right way? She was unanimously voted "Marshal" for next June, and those who do not

come to the Alumnae Meeting and see the "Parade" in 1915 will regret it ever after!

The absence of Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon was noticed with much regret and a whole-hearted greeting was sent to them.

The Association learned with sorrow of the death of Annie Mitchell Martin '87, Mrs. John Sturgis Potter '59 and Miss Charlotte Alley '09.

With the Treasurer's report came valuable suggestions regarding payment of Alumnae dues, and several were glad to pay Miss Richards their dollar, realizing that money in the bank accumulates interest, that postage stamps cost two cents each, and that every cent helps swell the fund which we hope to make a helpfully large one. No loans were needed this year, but the desirability of the plan is recognized.

The motion carried that bills shall be sent to all Alumnae whether or not members of other Lasell Clubs as the Alumnae Fund is one of central interest, and the smaller clubs entirely optional as to membership. Not that dues are in any case compulsory, but a Lasell graduate, wherever located, is a Lasell alumna, and privileged to share in whatever benefits the Association may bestow. It was also moved that Associate Members be received from the non-graduate body upon payment of one dollar annually, and who shall enjoy all rights except that of voting.

Of the fifty-two dollars and six cents available from the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund, fifty dollars was given to a waitress, the amount being duplicated by Dr. Winslow as before, and a rising vote of thanks acknowledged his generosity.

Miss Lucile Scott '14 delighted everyone by her sweet singing, most beautifully accompanied by Lois Brader, and Miss Packard spoke of the "Typical Lasell Girl" in such an interesting way that each one yearned to emulate the ideal character that she presented and what is even better, *believes* in.

Dr. Winslow gave us his ever-cordial greet-

ing and a message from Dr. Bragdon sending "Lots of love."

Of course every meeting is better than the one preceeding and next year we expect the classes of 1910-1905-1900-1895 and especially the class of 1890 to make a special effort to demonstrate the real "Lasell spirit."

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83, *Vice Presidents*, Miss Lela Goodall, '08, Mrs. Barbara Vail Bosworth '05; *Secretary*, Mrs. Maude Simes Harding, '06, *Treasurer*, Mrs. Cushing '73; *Executive Committee*, Miss Lillie R. Potter, Mrs. Irene Sauter Sanford '06, Miss Jessie McMillan; *Mid-Winter*, Miss Elizabeth Linn '13, Mrs. Grace Harvey Hall '11, Miss Mabelle Whitney '03; *June Committee*, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper '84, Miss Ruth Crandall, '98, Mrs. Ada Wells Burnham '05; *Committee on Class Reunion*, Mrs. Lena Josselyn Lamson, Mrs. Mildred Peirce Fuller '06, Miss Josephine Woodward.

Maude Simes Harding, '06,

Secretary.

FORMER PUPILS AT COMMENCEMENT

Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick '56, Mrs. Mary Shaw Rogers '56, Mrs. Fannie Sykes Davis '57, Mrs. Emma Sears May '57, Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson '57, Caroline Spear '57, Angeline C. Blaisdell '67., Mrs. Fanny Barker Coffin '68, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg '79, Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce '70, Lillie R. Potter '80, Jessie J. Macmillan '82, Lillian W. Packard '83, Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper '84, Mrs. Etta Stafford Vaughan '86, Mrs. Lina Jones Bourne '88, Mrs. Helen White Fogg '88, Mrs. Mary Packard Cass '89, Mrs. Winifred Ewing Coffin '89, Mrs. Maude Oliver Harding '89, Grace C. Huntington '89, Mrs. Elizabeth Harwood Fones '89, Maude Matthews '89, Mrs. Frances Barbour Sonntag '89, Mrs. Lu Sargeant Warren '91, Mrs. Desdemona Milliken Bevans '92, Mrs. Josephine Chandler Pierce '96, Mrs. Norinne Burroughs Dillingham '97, Mrs. Lena Josselyn Lamson '97,

Martha A. Baker '98, Ruth Crandall '98, Jane Myrick '98, Mrs. Alice Jenckes Wilson '99, Mrs. Ida Mallory Lyon '03, Mabelle H. Whitney '03, Ella W. Hazelton '04, A. Katherine Jenckes '02, Leslie White Alling '05, Mrs. Helen Darling Tillinghast '05, Mrs. Edith Anthony Carlow '06, Mrs. Mildred Peirce Fuller '06, Mrs. Maude Simes Harding '06, Mrs. Dorothea Turner Moulton '06, Mrs. Irene Sauter Sanford '06, Agnes Bullard '08, Sophie B. Mayer '08, Lelia H. Goodall '08, Charlotte P. Ryder '08, Anna L. Conant '09, Maria L. Riker '09, Florence Swartwout '09, Julia E. Crafts '10, Mildred V. Goodall '10, Marion L. Hale '10, M. Cornelia Stone '10, Josephine L. Woodward '10, Kathaleen W. Knight '11, Helen R. Thirkield '11, Dorothea C. Africa '12, Mrs. Ruth Coulter Bierer '12, Miriam K. Flynn '12, Mildred J. Hall '12, Ethel Moore '12, Marjorie Risser '12, Clara Trowbridge '12, Juliette B. Beach '13, Alma L. Bunch '13, Isabella M. Collins '13, Mary Louise Cummings '13, Georgina Fankboner '13, Mary A. Fenno '13, Dorothy Fink '13, Theresa Gordon '13, Charlotte G. Joseph '13, Ernestine Lederer '13, Bertine W. Libby '13, Elizabeth H. Linn '13, Margaret S. Livermore '13, Edna Mathias '13, Inez K. Payne '13, Ada E. Swanger '13, Ruth E. Trowbridge '13, Mrs. Emma Fernald Brock, Marion Briggs, Mrs. Nellie Briggs Chandler, Elizabeth Bailey, Mrs. Susan Hallcock Couch, Gladys L. Davis, Marjorie Davis, Mrs. Ethel Lasell Decker, Ruth Decker, Myrtle Ellis, Alice W. Fuller, Mrs. Blanche Busell Hoffman, Patrice Hannigan, Gertrude Knickerbocker, Marion Keefer, Carolyn Lawton, Ethel Lindstedt, Helen B. Mayer, Florence Myers, Florence McKittrick, Edna Nichols, Mrs. Sarah Buck Proctor, Ruth Perry, Mrs. Emma Wall Pinkham, Mrs. Etta MacMillan Rowe, Marion Stevens, Mrs. Mary K. Wales Smith, Dorothy Steele, Katherine Steele, Margaret Thatcher, Ruth Thatcher, Alva Thomas, Edith Totten, Katherine Vinton, Sophie Wendt, Violet Irene Wellington, Margaret Williams, Mrs. Winifred Adams Hamilton, Mrs. Mildred Marshall Hayden, Mrs. Edna Thurston Follett, Edna Woolson.

PERSONAL

June is the proverbial month for announcing weddings and we have some most interesting ones to announce.

On Monday, May 18th, occurred the marriage of Sadie Gladys Kivlan and Mr. Philip Martin King at Fitchburg, Mass.

On Tuesday evening, June second, Ruth Arend became Mrs. Louis Tracy Girdler at Newtonville, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Girdler will be at home at Muskegon, Mich., after September first.

On June tenth, occurred the marriage of Grace E. Rowe '05 to Mr. Charles Herbert Vail at Glens Falls, N. Y.

Elizabeth Louise Thielens became Mrs. Thomas Scott Miller on Thursday, June eighteenth, at Chicago, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home after September first at 6711 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The announcement of the marriage, April twenty-fourth of Augusta Halberstadt ('04-'05) and Ridgway Espy has just reached us.

Our hearty good wishes to brides and grooms with a hope that in time each one will report at the home school where they will always receive a cordial welcome.

Helen Carter Marcy, '06, sends through a friend the announcement of the birth, on May 6, of a little daughter, Constance. This same friend also sends us the happy news of the birth of Madeleine T. Ellis, daughter of Florence Halberstadt Ellis.

Grace Harvey Hall, '11 is now the proud mother of a little son, George Harvey Hall, born May seventeenth; while from far away Montana comes the joyous news that Julia Hamilton Peters '10 is rejoicing over the birth of her little daughter, Elizabeth. East and West alike, Lasell's loving congratulations are sent to the happy parents.

Mary Fenno '13 is one of our Commencement guests and reports a happy winter in the West. Shortly after Christmas she visited her old roommate, Ruth Ketcham '13, and while in Chicago her Lasell hostess gave a luncheon at which Margaret Jones '11, Mary Goodwillie, '12, Florence Jones '12, Edna

Mathias '13, Georgina Fankboner '13, Alma Bunch '13, Florence Myers, Evelyn Houser, Helen Ehrman and Olive Parker (who was visiting Helen at the time) were present. Later, at an afternoon function, she met two other Lasell girls, Elsa Haase and Katherine Norris. Edna, Flo, Mary Goodwillie, Alma and Florence and Margaret Jones gave beautiful luncheons, too, for the visiting guests. Later Mary visited Indianapolis where she was the guest of Charlotte Lesh '12. On her way home she stopped at Marion, Ind., as the guest of Georgina Fankboner '13. Here again she enjoyed royal hospitality and met Ruth '10 and Emily Butterworth '12, Ada Swanger '13, Lillie Reincke, Mabel Holmes and Esther Morey '12. Mary's visit extended nearly three months and she is still loud in her praises of the Westerners and Western hospitality.

Hannah Proctor Bonner '10 wrote to our preceptress shortly after her wedding trip. She expects soon to be in her own and new home at Rockville Center, New York. She described her recent visit at Asheville, N. C., with enthusiasm, declaring "the weather was fine and the Blue Ridge Mountains wonderful." Lasell was especially honored in having among her guests River Day, Hannah's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Proctor, and her brother. The two crews will not soon forget the courtesy of the gentleman who "treated" them at the close of the races.

After a year's absence, Irene Sauter Sanford '06 suddenly, to our delight, appeared at the Seminary for a short visit. Mr. Sanford was called to Boston on business and this gave Irene an opportunity to "come home." We only hope the next time she will bring her husband with her.

Carrie Steinmetz '09's last message to the editor is to have forwarded the "Leaves" for the past two years. She closes with best love to the "Leaves and twigs."

Jessie Tucker, in a message dated May 28, tells some most interesting news; in other words, announces her coming marriage which

is to occur this month. Mr. Frost, the "fortunate man" was graduated from Stanford in '09, is a lumber merchant in San Diego, and we happen to know belongs to one of the fine old San Diego families. Jessie speaks with enthusiasm of the fact that she will soon put to use her domestic science training which she so enjoyed while at Lasell. She also adds, "Nell Quirk '97 lives here. She graduated from Smith and is prominent in club and social circles." Thank you, Jessie, for the word. Our hearty congratulations go with this acknowledgment of your courtesies.

We are thankful to report that Kathleen Knight '11 is almost well again. In her message she writes, "I have been ill practically all winter." Notwithstanding her long siege, she has found time to inaugurate a drill for a girls' club in Brockton and formed it after the Lasell drill. She writes, "I was surprised to find that I remembered so much." The girls seemed very enthusiastic and she was planning to bring a number of them out to Lasell on Drill Day, which friendly plan we are glad to report she carried out.

Mabel Whitney '03 also brought out on Drill Day six young women whom she, too, is drilling after the fashion of Lasell. We are proud of these two Lasell girls who are generously sharing their training with others.

Martha Baker '98 sent an enthusiastic note to our preceptress declaring her good intention of reporting at Lasell on Commencement Day and bringing with her as many "old girls" as possible. We shall be glad to see them one and all and hope many will be moved with a like praiseworthy intention.

Among Miss Potter's European party this year will be Ruth Hall, Phoebe Hallock, Hazel Bower, Abbie Hamilton (Julia's sister), Susan Tiffany, Sophie Wendt and Dorothy Canfield '14, and Mary E. Van Arsdell.

Through the kindness of one of the "old girls," we have received an interesting account of Julia De Witt Read's '10 wedding which occurred in her home at Newark, N. J., and from this account we gather that Julia

was a bonnie bride. She wore a gown of white moire crepe draped with Honiton lace. The gift of the bridegroom to the bride was a seal crest ring. Among the "old girls" present were Louise Morrell '08, Florence Swartwout '09, Mildred Goodall '10 and Gladys Stults. Mr. and Mrs. Read will reside at 114 Johnson Ave., Newark, and will be at home after June first.

Among the graduates at Muhlenberg Hospital this spring we find the name of our Anna Conant '09, and we were rejoiced to have her among our this year's Commencement visitors when we could tell her face to face how proud we are of her.

Martha Stone Adams and her husband gave us a delightful surprise during these Commencement days. We appreciated their loyalty and kindness in coming. It seemed good for just a few moments even to talk over old days and "old girls" with Martha. We hope on her next visit she will bring with her three stalwart sons.

From Amy Brannan '10, our principal and his wife received an invitation to the Commencement exercises of Wells College. We congratulate Amy, who is receiving her second diploma.

Elinor Ryan '12 takes time in the midst of her busy college work to compliment the editor of the *Leaves*, and declares that the most interesting part of the paper to her is the "Personals." Here is a suggestion for other readers. If you know anything good about any Lasell girl or former teacher send it along to the *Leaves* and so share it with many other interested folk. Elinor is now honorary member of Theta Sigma Phi, the journalistic sorority of the Ohio College. That sounds fine but we know it will not spoil our former editor.

Ruth Marston Arey '06 in the midst of her busy new life takes time to give an account of the wedding of Ruth Butterfield '06 to Mr Roland Morris Jones, notice of which was given in a former issue of the *Leaves*. Ruth was the matron of honor at this wedding and she gives us a charming picture of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are now living at Brownville Junction, Maine.

We are glad again to receive a few interesting items from our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon. We have not quite forgiven him for failing to appear at this Commencement time, but we will be forgiving if he will promise "never to slight us again". His notes are as follows:

"Mabel and Margaret Jones '11, with father and mother called here lately. They are on their way to the wedding of their brother (the whole family will be there) in Portland, Ore., to the girl who was Mabel's mate at Lasell. Edith Moulton '99 is spending a time on the Pacific Coast. She says she is henceforth a "booster" for Southern California. Clara Eads Leving's '93 mother died here recently. Clara and her husband and two bright children have spent the winter here in Hollywood."

Cards have been received announcing the engagement of Clara Prince to Mr. Donald Dickerman.

The Michigan Lasell Club has started out with enthusiasm and we have Ella Puchta Knight's ('10) word for it that they had a splendid time at that first luncheon which was held at the Detroit Club. There were about twenty present including the following "old girls:" Mrs. A. O. Dunk, Irene Stroh, Lurella Krentler, Zella Robinson Hakes '97, Florence Hovey, Cora Nicholson and Ella Puchta Knight '10 from Detroit; Lucy Aldrich Birston '10 and Marion Jackson from Flint; Ethel M. Clarke and Grace Lawrence from Ypsilanti; Marion Cole Mackenzie '01 from Ann Arbor; Jennie Hamilton '04 from Port Huron; Edessa Warner from Farmington; Luella Dadman Brooks '74 and Mrs. A. R. Ginder from Saginaw; and Myrtle Ellis from Battle Creek. "Not many minutes passed before all were well acquainted and saying 'Do you remember!'" Luella Dadmun Brooks who came down from Saginaw told us about Lasell as it was in 1874 when she was there. We also had a letter from Dr. Bragdon which was read, as well as one from Dr. Winslow. After the luncheon, the following officers were elected: President, Ella Puchta Knight; Vice President, Mrs. A. O. Dunk; Secretary and Treasurer, Eleanor Stroh."

EXCHANGES



Lasell Leaves acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following May exchanges:—

The Hermonite, The Archon, The School Review, Shortridge Daily Echo, The Maroon and White, New Trier Echoes, The Elgin High School Mirror, The Folio, The Cap Rock, The University School News, The Student, John Marshall Record, The World, The Black and Red Review, The Bulletin, The Oracle (Montgomery, Ala.), *The Hallock School Record, The Vindex.*

AS OTHER SEE US

Lasell Leaves is the most wide-awake magazine we have received. It is filled with delightful surprises and abounds in cuts. It seems to reveal good school spirit. We hope that *Lasell Leaves* will continue to have us among its exchanges.—*The Sage.*

The girls who publish *Lasell Leaves* must have a fine time in the winter, for the magazine contains several fine photographs of them snow-shoeing and ski-ing.—*John Marshall Record.*

Lasell Leaves—Yours is an excellent paper. The literary department of the Christmas number was especially interesting and well-written.—*Keene Chronicle.*

Lasell Leaves—Your paper is very complete. Your photographs and cuts add much to its appearance.—*The Scroll.*

Lasell Leaves—Your magazine is very interesting, and we are glad to have you on our Exchange List.—*The Red and White.*

Lasell Leaves—A good publication with interesting and exceptionally good cuts.—*The Golden Rod.*

Lasell Leaves—Best cuts and illustrations.—*Shamokin High School Review.*

The *Lasell* girls have about the neatest paper we have come across in many moons. It is filled to the brim with interesting reading and lively photos. The staff photographer is evidently a busy person.—*The Folio.*

Lasell Leaves is a well "gotten up" magazine. The stories are interesting, the departments are well-arranged, and the cuts extremely attractive.—*The Student.*

Lasell Leaves—The snapshots and sketches add much to your well-arranged paper.—*The Maroon and White.*

WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS

The April number of *The Advance* is excellent. The author of the poem, "Spring-tide" is to be congratulated on his good work. Your literary and joke departments are fine, also. Would not a table of contents be a help to all your readers?

The Oracle—The April issue of your paper is very well gotten up. "Sparks From the

Third Rail" is very clever. Your athletic department is also good.

The April number of *The Orange and Green* is very good. The Reconciliation" is entertaining, and your athletic department is complete.

THE BREAD-MAKING CONTEST

Over thirty girls entered with zest into the bread-making contest this year, fully half of them, being on hand at six-thirty in the morning which was the first hour set for starting the bread. Although only two prizes were offered, all the contestants deserve praise for their enthusiasm and for the way in which they watched the ovens from the moment the bread was put in until it was removed and ready to be labeled. The winner of the first prize, a gold loaf, was Annie Gallagher; the winner of the second prize, a silver loaf, was Clover Robley. Honorable mention, Lena Vee Kelley and Ethel Vance.

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